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THE HUNDRED WORST BOOKS

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SOME years have passed since Sir John Lubbock offered assistance to the bewildered reader by sifting the world's literature and selecting the Best Books. Since then many lists of the Best Books, in tens and multiples of ten, have been presented to the public. Enterprising publishers have put forth sets sold by subscription and warranted to be ornaments to any library.

I am not in a position to know whether the Best Books when organized into a battalion are more resorted to than before. I suspect that, like a company of the Ancient and Honorables, they are admired by the commonalty, and not subjected to very hard service.

But admirable as is the effort to mark the best, it is not a sufficient method of charting the vast sea of literature. The lighthouse is not placed in the middle of the channel, but on the dangerous reef. The mournful bell-buoy tells the mariner where *not* to go. For purposes of instruction in literature, the reefs and shoals should be properly marked. It seems strange that those who are interested in the study of literary style have not given more attention to the work of compiling lists of the Hundred Worst Books.

Here is a fascinating field for difference of opinion; and the debates can be carried on without acrimony. There is something unseemly in the controversies over the comparative merits of Shakespeare and Bernard Shaw, especially when, for chronological reasons, Bernard Shaw must have the last word. It is different when two deservedly obscure writ-

ers contend amiably for the lowest seat. No ill feeling can be provoked when each bows to the other and says, "After you."

The question, what constitutes bad writing, has been complicated by the fact that teachers of English have so largely confined their attention to good, or at least to mediocre, writers. When therefore they have had occasion to use horrible examples, they have generally been content to point out the occasional slips which they discover in the better sort of books; unless, indeed, they are hard-hearted enough to use Freshmen examination papers as clinical material.

In this way they put undue emphasis on minor faults, while not doing justice to those which are fundamental. For reproof and instruction there is nothing better than the thorough analysis of a book which has no redeeming qualities to distract from its main fault. It must be one of unimaginativeness all compact. There should be a careful anatomy of its melancholy. What is the secret of total lack of charm? How is it that words can be made not only to conceal thought, but also to stifle all natural curiosity concerning the thought that might be concealed? In what fields were the poppies grown from which this opiate was distilled?

It is only in the first-hand study of consistently bad writing that we outgrow the schoolboy point of view: that bad writing consists in breaking the rules, and good writing in obeying them. At first sight, the rules of rhetoric seem as adamant as the moral law. The

commandments against barbarisms and improprieties are uttered with a stern menace. Such a natural locution as a split infinitive evokes the thunders of the law. The young writer grows timid, seeing that he is liable to give offense where none was intended. By purifying his style of all its natural qualities, he seeks through self-abnegation to follow the counsels of perfection and attain to "clearness, elegance and force."

At last he discovers, with a sense of injustice, that the penalties are visited only on those who, in good faith, are trying, though unsuccessfully, to obey the laws. All is forgiven one who transgresses willfully and deliberately.

"I do not care to be clear," cries the new favorite; "you will notice what pains I take to be obscure. As for elegance, I despise it."

"Come to my arms, child of genius," cries the delighted critic. "Who cares for clearness and elegance in one who is strong enough to succeed without them?"

The painstaking literary workman has a sense of injustice when he observes that virtue is not rewarded and that disobedience is praised. Elsewhere the good person is one who does what he is told to do and who performs the work that is expected of him. In literature, all this goes for nothing when measured against a bit of originality. Now, originality consists in not doing what is expected. When all eyes are fixed upon the target the trick is to hit something else. The thoroughly bad writer is one who in three hundred and fifty pages tells you exactly what you expected, in precisely the way you expected him to tell it. The business-like fidelity with which his plan is carried out renders it unnecessary for you to inspect the work. You feel that you can trust the author absolutely. A glance at the table of contents is sufficient; you know that it will be carried out. You can acknowledge your indebtedness in the labor-saving formula of the polite tradesman, "Thanking you in advance for your favor."

It is not my purpose to furnish a list of the Worst Books. I do not think it would be within the power of any one to make a selection that would be universally accepted. The compilers of the lists of Best Books have the advantage that they are by well-known authors and have had the judgment of successive generations. One does not need to have a really comprehensive knowledge of literature to express a preference for the historic Milton over the inglorious Miltons, who might have written as well, but who unfortunately did not.

It is more difficult to distinguish the worst books. Like all the lower organisms, poor books multiply prodigiously, though the total number is kept down by a corresponding mortality. Here, as elsewhere, "the destruction of the poor is their poverty." The worst books sink speedily into the depths of oblivion. It is in these black waters that we must dredge for our specimens.

We must expect to take fisherman's luck. It is as hard for some things to be forgotten as it is for others to be remembered. There, for example, was that sturdy Elizabethan, John Marston, who had the singular taste to dedicate his poems to Everlasting Oblivion. He says,

Let others pray
Forever their fair poems flourish may,
But as for me, hungry Oblivion
Devour me quick, accept my orison,
My earnest prayers which do importune thee
To veil both me and my rude poesy.

Instead of which, a new edition of the complete Works of Marston has been issued within a few years.

It is evident that no two lists of the Hundred Worst Books can be alike. There can be no consensus of the competent in regard to that which the competent usually shun. It is not necessary that there should be elaborate tests. All that can reasonably be expected is that a reader, remembering his least happy hours, should indicate the books which on the whole seemed preëminent in the quality of unreadableness.

It should be remembered that the habit of making collections of books on the ground of their worthlessness is not common, and the collector meets many discouragements from those who do not appreciate his point of view. I had an experience of this kind in Oxford. I had noted the absence in the English newspapers of those colored supplements which lend distinction to our Sunday newspapers, and which throw such a lurid light upon our boasted sense of humor.

I wondered as to what provision was made for the literary proletariat of Great Britain. A slight investigation at the news stands revealed the fact that the same pabulum was furnished to the public, only on a somewhat different plan. In Great Britain it is served *à la carte* instead of, as with us, *table d'hôte*. There are a host of little journals, of which *Ally Sloper's* seemed the most popular, which contain the matter which is thrust upon us in the huge supplements. It occurred to me that it might be pleasant to make a selection of these papers of the *Ally Sloper* variety, and compare them with our more pretentious productions in the same line. An analysis of this literature, which was evidently devoured in Oxford in large quantities, might serve as the basis of an essay to be entitled "Under the Shadow of the Bodleian."

I had made a selection, and was about to complete the purchase, when the keeper of the news stand handed me the *Hibbert Journal of Theology*, saying with a firmness of conviction that overpowered my lighter desires, "This, sir, must be what you are looking for."

Though the systematic study of literary failures may be less attractive to some minds than the contemplation of successful efforts, there can be no question as to its usefulness. It stands in the same relation to formal rhetoric that pathology does to physiology. Certainly, a sound knowledge of the pathology of composition must be advantageous to one venturing upon so dangerous an occupation.

In compiling a list of the Hundred

Worst Books one should carefully consider the necessary limitations of the inquiry. In the first place, it should be remembered that the word worst is used, not in the moral, but in the strictly literary sense. The candidate for a place in the list must be bad, not as a man may be bad, but as a book may be bad. Now, the chief end of a book is to be read, and the lowest depth into which it can fall is to be unreadable. We must subordinate all other considerations to the effort to ascertain how it stands in this respect. Our judgment must be upon the degree of unreadableness. Is the book one which we should not read if we had anything better at hand, or is it of such a character that in a farm-house on a rainy afternoon it would not serve as a temporary alleviation of our disappointment at not finding a last year's Almanac?

In making tests, we must eliminate all prejudice. A book that awakens prejudice can have no place in the list of the Hundred Worst. A book that belongs there awakens nothing. If it makes you angry or scornful — it has done something to you. This is evidence of a certain degree of power. The test of really poor writing is that it produces no mental reactions.

Were there a popular contest, I suppose some one might propose the once well-known works of the Sweet Singer of Michigan. This would indicate that the essentials of poor literature are not understood. I have read every poem of the Sweet Singer with delighted surprise. The aberrations from ordinary usage gave a certain unforgettable quality to the work. On the other hand, I have read poems irreproachable in rhyme and rhythm, and when I had finished I not only did n't know what it was about, — which was a small matter, — but, what was more important, I did n't care.

In order to preserve the scientific character of the investigations, it would be necessary to rule out works by living authors, even though by so doing we exclude much interesting material.

By this exclusion we avoid the question whether literature is declining in quality, as it increases in quantity. The fact that there are vast numbers of poor books issuing from the press does not prove that there is any literary decadence. We should remember the way in which Junius in one of his letters to the Duke of Grafton denied that he had charged his Lordship with being a degenerate. "The character of the ancestors of some men has made it possible for them to be vicious in the extreme without being degenerate." The testimony of contemporaries in such a matter is notoriously unreliable. Read, for example, the *Tears of the Muses* by Edmund Spenser. Spenser would have us believe that the period in which he lived had reached the low-water mark of English genius. Each muse comes forward bathed in tears to lament the dismal heaviness of the times.

Clio reports that in her line there is "nothing doing." History is a lost art. She can

Finde nothing worthie to be writ, or told.

Melpomene bewails the fact that there are no longer any worthy tragedians.

But I that in true tragedies am skild,
The flowre of wit, finde nought to busie me :
Therefore I mourne, and pitifully mone,
Because that mourning matter I have none.

Gentle Thalia is in still worse plight.

O, all is gone ! and all the goodly glee,
Which wont to be the glorie of gay wits,
Is layd abed, and no where now to see ;
And in her roome unseemly Sorrow sits.

And him beside sits ugly Barbarisme,
And brutish Ignorance, yerept of late
Out of dredd darknes of the deep abysme.

One muse after another gives sad testimony. Only one person of real ability remains :—

Most peereles prince, most peereles poëtrese
The true Pandora of all heavenly graces
Divine Elisa.

With the exception of the divine Elisa, all were "borne of salvage brood." No wonder that each muse wept immoderately.

Eftsoones such store of teares shee forth did
powre.

As if shee all to water would have gone ;
And all her sisters, seeing her sad stowre,
Did weep and waile and made exceeding mone ;
And all their learned instruments did breake ;
The rest untold no living tongue can speake.

In spite of these lamentations, one cannot help thinking that the sixteenth century averaged up pretty well. To be sure, men of genius were not as thick as blackberries; they seldom are.

Of course the same difficulty besets the compilers of the Best Books, when they allow contemporaries to compete. The author of a book of reminiscences of Oxford in the middle of the nineteenth century tells of a question put to the great Dr. Louth, then the head of Magdalen College and a great authority on literature. "If the English Language were to become a dead language, who would be remembered and hold the place of a classic, as Cicero in the Latin?" Dr. Louth answered that in his opinion the name that would survive the general wreck of English literature would be that of Thomas Warton. Such judgments serve to point a wholesome moral: not to be too sure. Fame is like an absent-minded hostess. She receives her distinguished guest graciously and assures him of her undying regard. When, a little while after, she meets him, she inquires, "What name, please?"

As my present purpose is simply to call attention to some of the most salient characteristics of poor writing, I shall confine my attention to two or three books that happen to be in my own library. I speak in this matter, not as an expert, but as an amateur. I have read a good many poor books, but I do not flatter myself that I know the worst. Nor do I feel that I have the ability ever to do so. There are books at which I can only gaze trustfully, as upon some land where no man comes or hath come since the making of the world. I have not the courage to explore these verbal wildernesses. If I were to choose a volume out of my limited collec-

tion to illustrate what a book ought not to be, it would be a modest little volume, published in the middle of the last century by the Religious Tract Society of London, and entitled *Our Domestic Fowls*. I have no doubt but that there are worse books than *Our Domestic Fowls*, but its faults are of such a typical character as to make it excellent material for a literary clinic.

The author, Mr. Martin, was capable of constructing sentences which were clear and which sometimes attained to a degree of elegance, but the effect of his work as a whole was to confound the understanding.

The reason is not far to seek. Like most poor books, *Our Domestic Fowls* was made to order. In the introduction we are told that the Committee of the Religious Tract Society had resolved to publish a volume each month adapted to the growing intelligence of the times. "The series will be Original, Scriptural, Popular, Portable, and Economical; that is to say, the twelve volumes of a year will cost less than three half-pence per week."

Such were the austere requirements of the committee. It appears that the more attractive subjects had been treated already by other authors. The *Life of Julius Cæsar*, *Wild Flowers*, *The Solar System*, *Ancient Jerusalem*, *Self-Improvement*, *The Atmosphere*, and *Man in his Physical, Intellectual, Social and Moral Relations*, had been developed in such a way as to "supply valuable reading to a large number of people who could spare only time enough for the perusal of a small volume, and whose means would not allow of a more costly purchase." The cream had been skimmed off before Mr. Martin appeared, but there was left for him one subject, *Domestic Fowls*, which he was required to treat in the same Original, Scriptural, Portable, and Economical fashion that characterized the rest of the series.

Here Mr. Martin made his fundamental mistake, which was in undertak-

ing to write the book. Had he been left to choose his own subject, he might have done very well. Apparently he was a man of sound theological views, who at the same time had had some experience in poultry. Had he undertaken to write on either Systematic Theology, or Chicken-Raising, he might have got on. It was in the attempt to do both at the same time, in order to fulfill the requirements of the committee, that he came to grief.

I have no doubt that the one hundred and ninety-two pages of this little book were the cause of much mental anguish to Mr. Martin. The evidence of divided aim is but too apparent. No sooner did he become interested in describing the raising of ducks than his conscience would smite him with the thought that some reader was hungering for a scriptural application, and he would suddenly remark, "Whether ducks, geese, or other waterfowl were used as food by the Ancient Hebrews does not appear from any passage in the scriptures. They do not seem to have been interdicted, and as the Hebrews must have witnessed the extensive consumption of these birds while sojourning in Egypt, especially ducks and geese, they perhaps may have adopted their use." On the other hand, he says that it is just as likely "that, influenced by their feelings of aversion with respect to Egyptian rites and ceremonies, the Hebrews *may* have regarded ducks and geese with disgust."

The arguments on either side are alike plausible, but they serve to interrupt the train of thought of one interested in the more practical aspects of the subject.

Mr. Martin begins his work by stating that "the only history of man in his primeval condition is that contained in the book of Genesis." Though Adam was given dominion, not only over the fish of the sea, but also over the birds of the air, it is doubtful whether he exercised this dominion in the case of domestic poultry. The author finds much difficulty in elucidating the question of the relation of the patriarchs to poultry, com-

ing reluctantly to the conclusion that the patriarchs did not keep hens. He takes much comfort, however, in a "casual and little noticed expression in the First Book of Kings," that indicates that in the days of Solomon the domestic fowl was kept in Judea.

These investigations take Mr. Martin far afield. There is an apologetic note in his treatment of the turkey and guinea-fowls. "As the guinea-hen and the turkey were originally imported from Central Africa and America, we can of course find no allusion to them in Scripture, but it is somewhat strange that the pheasant should not be noticed." He attempts to explain the omission in two sentences, which I will quote as an example of Mr. Martin's learned and clear style. After several readings, I confess I have not been able to follow his line of thought. He says, "We think, however, that an easy explanation may be given: when the waters of the deluge were assuaging, Noah selected two birds by way of experiment, the raven and the dove. The ark was left dry on Mount Ararat, probably in Armenia; we have then a brief narration of a series of important events extending over a period of three hundred and twenty-seven years, and a list of generations, till we come to the injunction laid upon Abraham to leave his country and kindred. He passed with Lot to the land of Canaan, and thence into Egypt, with flocks and herds, his property; thenceforth he and his descendants led a nomadic life in Syria and Egypt, feeding their flocks and herds, their asses and camels. Consequently, that neither this elegant bird nor any other excepting turtle-doves and young pigeons common in Syria, and used as offerings, should be alluded to in the history of the patriarchs, may be readily accounted for."

Mr. Martin was a good Protestant. Speaking of the guinea-fowl, he says that while it was originally from Africa it was carried to America, "where it had been introduced with human bondsmen torn from their native soil to supply the place

of the miserably slaughtered population of the Western World, and condemned to labor for the conquering white man, for him whose only passion was, under the veil of popish religion, the accursed thirst for gold." One would hardly have expected that the discussion of the guinea-hen would have given such a good opportunity to get a whack at the Papacy.

Mr. Martin's condition is described in the title of one of Tennyson's poems, "Confessions of a Second-rate Mind not at Unity with Itself."

Here is a paragraph in which Mr. Martin struggles with different phases of his subject with his usual lack of success:—

"Of the utility of the fowl as an article of food, and of the goodness of its eggs, little need be said, all are aware of the great numbers of the former consumed in the metropolis alone, and, with respect to the latter, thousands are annually imported from France to meet the demands of the market. In all ages the cock has been celebrated as the harbinger of the morn, the herald of the sun, whose clarion sounds before the break of day. Watch ye therefore, for ye know not when the master of the house shall come, at even or at midnight or at the cock-crowing."

The lack of unity in this paragraph must strike the most uninstructed reader, and yet it arises from conscientious motives. The writer is always going back to the subject as prepared by the committee. It is the same fatal impulse which is said to lead the murderer to revisit the scenes of his crime. Mr. Martin cannot forget for a moment his great responsibilities. He is always afraid lest his moral should get away from him. His motto is Poultry and Theology, one and inseparable.

When he is calculating the profits arising from hens that can be induced to devote their energies to laying eggs rather than to sitting on them, he rises into the sphere of Natural Theology. "It must have struck even the most superficial observer that the extraordinary fecundity of gallinaceous fowls is a wise and most benevolent dispensation of Providence to

provide more abundant food for man."

Having made this edifying observation, he feels that he has discharged a spiritual duty and may return to a more utilitarian treatment of the subject.

For a hundred and eighty-nine pages Mr. Martin struggles manfully with his subject. He is about to give us information as to the breeding of swans, when he suddenly determines to bring his dissertations to an end.

"Here, then, we may close our account of the birds legitimately coming under the head of domestic poultry. A few words may be permitted on another subject." This subject is really number 14 of the Series, "Man in his Physical, Intellectual, and Moral Relations." It is this subject which Mr. Martin has been hankering for all the time. He has only four pages, but he devotes it to *The Fall of Man*. "Man fell from his first estate, and the human race now stands as guilty, as criminal, as condemned by the law, to break one tittle of which is to break the whole."

Gathering together the threads of argument which he had left at loose ends in the various chapters on the gallinaeous fowls, he makes a fervent appeal to the sinner, and ends his book in gentler tone, with a few comforting reflections for the saints. "Even now the day is brightening, Christianity can number among its sincere professors men of every clime, from the ice-bound north to the sunny isles of the southern seas, the skin-clad Greenlander familiar with the waves, the hardy Russ and Slavonian, the Anglo, the Frank, the Hindoo, the Negro, the Red Rover of the American forest, and the fierce Polynesian, once an idolater and a cannibal."

With this elegant peroration, Mr. Martin brings his book on *Our Domestic Fowls* to an abrupt conclusion.

This work is useful in suggesting the cause of much unfortunate writing. The author has not a free hand. It is a case of too many cooks spoiling the broth. A committee may do many things well, but

it cannot produce good literature. To draw an illustration from the field with which Mr. Martin was familiar, we may say that in literature artificial incubation is not a success.

One may observe the effects of outside influences in the labored style of government reports, inaugural addresses, orations on important occasions, and in prize poems and essays.

The dreariness of the official productions of the poets laureate of England is a case in point, for many of these gentlemen in their private capacity have been real poets. But their style invariably took a turn for the worse when they began to write as contract laborers.

The productions of this sort are like the early attempts of the heavier-than-air flying machines. The machine was first lifted to an elevated platform. After that its flight consisted of laborious flopping that concealed, but did not overcome, the force of gravity.

Colley Cibber, who, after being made Poet Laureate, was elevated to the position of hero of "*The Dunciad*," complained that there was nothing which the unmannerly wits of his day liked better than "a lick at the laureate." It is a sport which is still enjoyed.

Why do the favorites of royalty write so badly when they are elevated into a place of such dignity? Boswell reports Dr. Johnson as saying of Cibber: "His friends give out that he *intended* his birthday Odes should be bad; but that is not the case, sir." This charitable view seems also the reasonable one. It is not necessary to suppose that the almost uniform badness of official poetry comes from deliberate malfeasance in office. The honest poet does his best to earn his salary, and to give his patrons their money's worth. But something happens to him. It is impossible for him to deliver the goods.

Suppose Robert Burns, in an unfortunate moment, to have been honored with the laureateship. He receives an order to produce a short poem for the king's

birthday. "Throw off just a simple little thing, like the lines you wrote when you were ploughing. His Majesty prefers simplicity."

Poor Burns! He cannot make King George seem as interesting a subject as a field mouse. All the felicities of speech desert him. He can only render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, which, truth to tell, are quite dull.

If patrons in former times were the cause of much bad writing, publishers in these days are not without their burden of guilt. The unwary writer commits himself to a literary project which is foreign to his genius. The conflict between what he wants to write, and what he is paid to write, destroys all spontaneous charm. The commercialization of literature bears its own penalty. The literature that is made to order, following the specifications of the buyer without regard to the moods of the producer, is bound to be bad. Under these circumstances the production of a skilled writer will not be so bad as the work of a novice, but at best it will only be a merchantable specimen of his own worst manner. It must necessarily be so, as it is his work with himself left out. The inability to write well unless one has something he wants to write is, as the author of *Our Domestic Fowls* would say, "a wise provision."

I have confined my attention to prose. To carry the investigation into poetry would be too painful. I have only one book of poems which I purchased because I suspected that it was bad, and in this adventure I hazarded only fifteen cents. I was attracted by the title, *Poems by Jones*. If the author's initials had been given I should not have bought the book. The stark title promised something rigidly unpoetic, and the promise was fulfilled.

Jones published his poems in 1759, and, with the exception of a lady who left some rose-petals between the leaves, I flatter myself that I am the only person in one hundred and fifty years who has read the book.

The principal poem is entitled "Philosophy, a poem addressed to the ladies who attended Mr. Booth's lectures in Dublin." Mr. Booth, it appears, lectured on natural philosophy.

Jones describes the way in which the ladies listened to the lecture and watched the experiments in physics:—

What pleasing fervours in each Bosom rise
What deep attention and what fixed surprise.

We can almost see "the fixed surprise" of the eighteenth-century ladies as the experiments came out just as the lecturer said they would.

Well does the poet say, —

Thrice happy few, that wisely here attend
The voice of Science and her Cause befriend.

To you bright nymphs whose wisdom charms
us most,

The pride of Nature, and Creation's boast,
To you Philosophy enamoured flies
And triumphs in the plaudits of your eyes.

That was very flattering, and I like to think that the rose-petals were left in the book by one of the lecture-going ladies of Dublin when it was last opened in the winter of the year 1759.

In the title of another poem, Jones unconsciously lets us into the secret of the Art of Poetry as it has been practiced in all ages by the world's poets. It is a poem entitled, "To the Reverend Dr. Mann, occasioned by the author's asking him for a subject to write on, and his saying he could think of none."

The poet, having no ideas of his own and being unable to borrow any from his friends, falls into a gentle melancholy. In attempting to express this melancholy sense of intellectual destitution, he is greatly surprised to find that he has written a poem of considerable length.

Standing on the same shelf with *Our Domestic Fowls* is another little volume of the same period — *The Young Lady's Aid to Usefulness and Happiness*. It is difficult to tell what is the matter with this book. There are no obvious faults to attract the attention. There are no sentiments which could do the least harm to

the delicate young lady portrayed on the frontispiece. Yet it has only been by a great effort of will that I have been able to read more than one sentence at a sitting. Dip into the book at any point, and you feel that you have read that page before.

Here is a specimen sentence, on page 122: "The particular suggestions are that the great object of education is to draw out, exercise, and develop the various faculties of our nature, that books and studies are the means of accomplishing this object, but as the strength and development of the mental powers depend upon the actual exercise of these powers rather than upon the particular studies and subjects on which the mind is exercised, it sometimes happens that those who are deprived of books and studies do by similar exercise of their minds upon the actual duties and trials of life, obtain the same or similar valuable results with others, and that consequently those young ladies who enjoy great advantages should remember that the value of their education will depend upon their own faithfulness in the right exercise of their mind, rather than upon the high character of the advantages they enjoy, while those who are deprived of these privileges may be encouraged to seek for the same valuable results in rightly meeting and rightly discharging the duties of life."

This is what in the language of penology would be called an "indeterminate sentence."

The obvious criticism is that it is too long, and the attempt might be made to improve it by chopping it up into small pieces. This would be a makeshift like that of the cook who, when a piece of meat is too tough and tasteless to be served whole, has it minced.

There was a poem which I learned in my childhood in which the question is propounded:—

How big was Alexander, Pa,
The people call him Great?
Was he like old Goliath tall,
His spear, a hundred weight?

The answer was one that appealed to common sense:—

'T was not his stature made him great
But the greatness of his mind.

So one may say of the sentence in the *Young Lady's Aid*, it is not its length that makes it tedious, but the tediousness of the author's mind. This is apparent when we compare it with an equally extended sentence of Milton on the same subject.

Milton's sentence sweeps everything before it. It fills every nook and cranny, and we are carried along by its uncontrolled energy. The sentence in the *Young Lady's Aid* moves also, but it moves on a pivot. The same phrases reappear like the gilt chariots in a merry-go-round. To be reminded once of the trials and duties of life is salutary, but when the same trials and duties which gave solemnity to the first half of the sentence reappear in the second half, and we are again assured of the valuable results of education, the result is intellectual vertigo.

A comparison between selected passages from the Hundred Best and the Hundred Worst Books might throw light on the question how far education affects literary style. There is a field in which instruction avails. There are obvious faults that can be corrected, and there are excellences that can be attained, by training. But there is, beyond that, the field for native qualities.

There is an incommunicable grace of language which is "the glory of gay wits." We may be taught to recognize it and to enjoy it, but we cannot be taught to imitate it. In any bit of writing it is either there or it is not there. If it is there, we are glad; if it is not there, the best teacher cannot correct the deficiency.

If the best is inimitable, so fortunately is the worst. The poorest writing must be accepted as a gift of Nature. Lord Chat-ham said of the members of Lord North's cabinet, "They have brought themselves where ordinary inability never arrives, and nothing but first-rate geniuses in

incapacity can reach." A study of the works of first-rate geniuses in literary incapacity will show that by no rearrangement of sentences or application of formal rules can they be greatly improved; for, in each case, the style is the man. The fact to be considered in regard to the worst writer is, not that he makes mistakes, but that he *is* a mistake.

We come back to the theory of the "Dunciad," where the Goddess Dulness, is described:—

Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, and blind,
She ruled in native anarchy the mind.

A learned footnote explains: "Dulness is here to be taken, not contrastedly for mere stupidity, but in the enlarged sense of the word for all slowness of apprehension, shortness of sight, or imperfect sense of things. It includes (as we see from the poet's own words) some degree of boldness, a ruling principle, not inert, but turning topsy-turvy the understanding and inducing a confused state of mind." No educational device has yet been invented by which sweetness and light may be extracted from this confused state of mind.

IS IMMORTALITY DESIRABLE? ¹

BY G. LOWES DICKINSON

It may be thought, a man must be very bold or very shameless who is prepared to discourse on such a theme as mine. For either, it would seem, he must profess to know what the wisest have admitted to be beyond their ken, or he must be a charlatan, ready to talk about matters of which he knows nothing. These are hard alternatives; but they do not, I hope, exhaust the possibilities. For the Immortality of Man is one of those great open questions which, to my mind, are of all the most worth discussing, even though they may never be resolved.

But, in saying that, I have already, no doubt, said what some of my readers will dispute; for to some, in all probability, the question is not open, but closed. There may be those who are convinced, on grounds of revealed religion, that Man is immortal. To these I do not speak, for anything I could say must be an irrelevance or an impertinence. There may be others who are equally assured, on grounds of science, that man is mortal. Against them I shall not argue; but I

must state briefly that I do not agree with them, and why.

The scientific denial of immortality is based upon the admitted fact of the connection between mind and brain; whence it is assumed that the death of the brain must involve the death of that, whatever it be, which has been called the soul. This may indeed be true; but it is not necessarily or obviously true; it does not follow logically from the fact of the connection. For, as Professor James has ably set forth in his lecture on "Human Immortality," that fact may imply, not the production, but the transmission, of mind by brain. The soul, as Plato thought, may be capable of existing without the body, though it be imprisoned in it as in a tomb. It looks out, we might suppose, through the windows of the senses; and its vision is obscured or distorted by every imperfection of the glass. "If a man is shut up in a house," Dr. McTaggart has remarked, "the transparency of the windows is an essential condition of his seeing the sky. But,"

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he wittily adds, "it would not be prudent to infer that if he walked out of the house he could not see the sky, because there was no longer any glass through which he might see it." My point is, that the only fact we have is the connection, in our present experience, of body and mind. That the soul therefore dies with the brain is an inference, and quite possibly a mistaken one. If to some minds it seems inevitable, that may be as much due to a defect of their imagination as to a superiority of their judgment. To infer wisely in such matters, one must be a poet as well as a man of science; and for my own part I would rather trust the intuitions of Goethe or of Browning than the ratiocination of Spencer or of Haeckel. For in making his hypotheses a man is determined, whether he knows it or no, by his habitual sense of what is possible; and in this curious universe so many things are possible which seem incredible to men who had never been astonished! Does it seem incredible that the body should be the habitation, not the creator, of the soul; that this should continue to live when that has died? I can only reply in the words of an American poet:—

Is it wonderful that I should be immortal as every one is immortal?

I know it is wonderful—but my eyesight is equally wonderful, and how I was conceived in my mother's womb is equally wonderful;

And passed from a babe, in the creeping trance of a couple of summers and winters, to articulate and walk. All this is equally wonderful.

And that my soul embraces you this hour, and we affect each other without ever seeing each other, and never perhaps to see each other, is every bit as wonderful.

And that I can think such thoughts as these is just as wonderful.

And that I can remind you, and you can think them and know them to be true, is just as wonderful.

And that the moon spins round the earth, and on with the earth, is equally wonderful;

And that they balance themselves with the sun and stars is equally wonderful.

I do not of course suggest that from

the intuition of poets anything can be finally concluded about the immortality of man. But I urge that when we approach the subject it should be with our imagination alert; that our hypotheses should be framed under a compelling sense of our own limitations and the vastness of the universe; and that, if we approach the matter thus, the notion that something we may call a soul or self survives death will not seem to be ruled out by any of the known facts of our experience.

Thus much I have said merely to clear the ground for the point I propose to discuss. Considering it to be an open question whether or no immortality is a fact, I shall devote the rest of my paper to the inquiry whether, and in what sense, it is desirable. In this inquiry I hope the reader will consider that I am addressing to him a series of questions; and though I shall not conceal my own opinions, it is not my object to impose them upon others. I have to deal with a number of different and mutually incompatible attitudes, resulting from different experiences and temperaments. These I shall pass in review, distinguish, and criticise; and each of my readers, I assume, meantime will be considering within himself what his own position is towards each of them.

The attitudes in question may be broadly distinguished as three. There are those who do not think about immortality, those who fear it, and those who desire it.

1. The majority of people I should suppose belong to the first class, except perhaps in certain crises of life. The normal attitude of men towards death seems to be one of inattention or evasion. They do not trouble about it; they do not want to trouble about it; and they resent its being called to their notice. And this, I believe, is as true of those who nominally accept Christianity as of those who reject any form of religion. On this point the late Frederick Myers used to tell a story which I have always thought very illuminating. In conversation after din-

ner he was pressing on his host the unwelcome question, what he thought would happen after death. After many evasions and much recalcitrancy, the reluctant admission was extorted: "Of course, if you press me, I believe that we shall all enter into eternal bliss; but I wish you would n't talk about such disagreeable subjects." This I believe is typical of the normal mood of most men. They don't want to be worried; and though probably, if the question were pressed, they would object to the idea of extinction, they can hardly be said to desire immortality. Even at the point of death, it would seem, this attitude is often maintained. Thus Professor Osler writes:—

"I have careful records of about five hundred death-beds, studied particularly with reference to the modes of death and the sensations of the dying. The latter alone concern us here. Ninety suffered bodily pain or distress of one sort or another, eleven showed mental apprehension, two positive terror, one expressed spiritual exaltation, one bitter remorse. The great majority gave no signs one way or the other; like their birth, their death was a sleep and a forgetting."

2. It cannot, then, I think, be said that most men desire immortality; rather they are, in their normal mood, and even at the point of death, indifferent to the question. But most men perhaps in some moods, and some men continually, do reflect upon the subject and have conscious and definite desires about it. Of these, however, not all desire immortality; and some are so far from desiring it that they passionately crave extinction, and would receive the news that they survive death, not with exultation, but with despair. The two positions are to be distinguished. On the one hand, a man may simply have had enough of life without having any quarrel with it, and may prefer to the idea of continued existence that of oblivion and repose. Such, according to Metschnikoff, would be the normal attitude of men if they were not habitually cut off before the natural term of

life, a term which he puts at well over a hundred years. And such seems, in fact, to be the attitude of some men even under present conditions. It is beautifully and classically expressed in the well-known epitaph of the poet Landor, on himself:—

I strove with none, for none was worth my strife;

Nature I loved and next to nature, art;

I warmed both hands before the fire of life;

It sinks and I am ready to depart.

On the other hand, there are those who not merely acquiesce in, but desire extinction; and that because they believe, on philosophic or other grounds, that any possible life must be bad. These are the people called pessimists; they are more numerous than is often believed; and they are apt to be regarded by the plain man with a certain moral reprobation. That this should be so is an interesting testimony to the instinctive optimism of mankind. But the optimism, it will perhaps be agreed, is commonly less profound than the pessimism. Whatever may be the promise of life, it is, as we know it, to those who look at it fairly and straight, very terrible, unjust, and cruel. And if any conceivable subsequent life must be of the same character as this, no freer from limitation, no richer in hope, no fuller in achievement, then the pessimist has at any rate a strong *prima facie* case. And this brings us to the obvious point, that the desirability of a future life must depend upon its character, just as does the desirability of this one. So that it is relevant to ask those who acquiesce in or desire extinction, whether or no there is some kind of life which, if offered to them securely, they would be willing to accept after death.

3. Let us turn then to our third class, those who desire immortality, and ask them what it is they desire, and whether it is really desirable. For a number of very different conceptions may be covered by the same phrase. And first, there are those who simply do not want to die, and whose desire for immortality is merely the expression of this feeling.

Old people, so far as I have observed, often cling in this way to life; more often, indeed, than the young. Yet, if they could put it fairly to themselves, they would, I suppose, hardly say that they would wish to go on forever in this life, with all their infirmities increasing upon them. Nothing surely is sadder, nothing meaner, than this desire to prolong life here at all costs. The sick, the infirm, the aged — that we care for them as we do may be creditable to our humanity. But that they desire to be cared for, instead of to depart, is that so creditable to theirs? I will go further and say that to arrest any period of life, even the best, the most glorious youth, the most triumphant manhood, is what no reasonable man will rightly desire. To the values of life, at any rate as we know it now, the change we call growing older seems to be essential; and we cannot wisely wish to arrest that process anywhere this side of death. I shall suppose that my reader agrees with that, and pass to another conception.

It may be held that life, as we know it, is so desirable that though it would not be a good thing to prolong it indefinitely, it would be a good thing to repeat it over and over again. That we may treat this notion fairly, I will ask the reader to suppose that in none of these repetitions is there any memory of the previous cycles; for every one, I expect, would agree that the repetition of a life, every episode of which is remembered to have occurred before, is a prospect of appalling tediousness. Supposing, however, that memory is extinguished at each death, we have a position that may be worth examining. It is, as many of you will remember, the position of that remarkable man of genius, Nietzsche; and, if only for that reason, deserves a moment's consideration. Not only did Nietzsche believe it on physical grounds to be true, — a point on which I leave him to the tender mercies of physicists, — but, which is what interests us here, he welcomes it as the great redeeming hope. He christens it "eternal recur-

rence," and hails it in this passionate refrain: —

"Oh! How could I fail to be eager for eternity, and for the marriage ring of rings, the ring of recurrence?"

"Never yet have I found the woman by whom I should like to have children, unless it be this woman I love; for I love thee, O eternity!"

"For I love thee, O eternity!"¹

Thus Nietzsche; but we, do we agree with him? Do we, too, love this eternity? The answer seems plain. So far as a man judges any life, his own or another's, to be valuable, here and now, in and for itself, apart from any consideration of immortality, he will reasonably desire that it should be repeated as often as possible, rather than occur once and never again; for the positive value he finds in it will be reproduced in each repetition. On the other hand, so far as he finds any life in itself not to be valuable, or that its value depends upon some other kind of immortality, the prospect held out by Nietzsche will leave him cold or fill him with dismay.

This Nietzsche himself quite candidly recognizes. "Alas!" he says in another place, "Alas! man recurrerth eternally! The small man recurrerth eternally!"

"Once I had seen both naked, the greatest man and the smallest man — all-too-like unto each other — all-too-human, even the greatest man!"

"All-too-small the greatest one! That was my satiety of man. And eternal recurrence even of the smallest one! That was my satiety of all existence."

"Alas! loathing! loathing! loathing!"

We may say, then, with Nietzsche's clear approval, — and I am sure common sense agrees with him, — that such an immortality is valuable only for valuable lives. And Nietzsche, I fear, would not admit value in the lives of any who chance to read this article, for the valuable men are the men yet to come, the over-men. Still, we may, many of us,

¹ *Thus spake Zarathustra*. Eng. trans. by A. Tille: Works, vol. viii, p. 341.

differing from Nietzsche, think our own lives valuable, in and for themselves, and in that case we may reasonably desire the only immortality Nietzsche can promise us. On the other hand, there is no reason, that I have been able to discover, for accepting Nietzsche's cosmology. Quite other possibilities may, for aught we know, be open to us. And we may proceed to examine whether there are not conceptions of immortality which we should hold to be more desirable than this. Hitherto we have been dealing with the idea of prolongations or repetitions of life on earth. Let us now extend our imaginations to possibilities farther from our experience.

(4) And first, let us take the Christian conception of immortality; and let us take it in its simple uncompromising form, the Last Judgment, and then heaven or hell for all eternity. I am aware, of course, that it is not in this form that many or most Christians now conceive the life after death. But the old and simple view is of philosophic as well as historic importance; and it is well worth considering here. Without discussing, at present, the exact nature of heaven and hell, and assuming the orthodox descriptions to be allegorical, let us assume that by heaven we mean all that the noblest men would desire, and by hell all that the basest men would fear; and let us ask, Would any immortality involving both heaven and hell be more desirable than extinction?

From the humanitarian point of view, which is now so prevalent, and with which I, at any rate, have no intention of quarreling, I believe most men would reply that extinction would be better. Most good men who might with reason expect heaven would, I suspect, prefer to resign it if they can only have it on condition that others — no matter though they be the wicked — are enduring hell. This, to my mind, is a notable advance on the morality exhibited in the often-quoted passage of Tertullian. But it must be remembered that spirits much

nobler and profounder than he have accepted with solemn and deliberate approbation the doctrine of hell. Remember the astounding words of Dante, written over the gate of his *Inferno*: "It was justice that moved my High Maker; Divine Power made me, Wisdom Supreme, and Primal Love."

Was Dante, then, less humane than smaller men of to-day? I doubt it; he had a deeper spring of tenderness as well as of sternness. But — and this is the point I want to have considered — he believed in Retribution. That I think is the root of the Christian idea, so far as it does not spring from mere cupidity or cruelty. That the wicked should be punished and the good rewarded; that, it affirms, is, in itself, a positive good far greater than happiness or perfection. The view is by no means extinct; it underlies, I believe, most men's attitude towards punishment, in spite of the superficial prevalence of utilitarianism; it was passionately preached by Carlyle; and I have myself heard a philosopher (need I say he was a Scotchman?) argue that a world containing crime is better than a world free from it, because the punishment of crime is so transcendent a good. I leave it to the reader's reflections to what extent these views may be shared. For my own part, in my deliberate judgment, I regard them with something approaching horror. I do not hold that there is any value in punishment, except in so far as it improves the criminal or deters others from crime. Whether, and to what extent, the idea of hell has ever deterred from crime I do not now inquire. In any case, it is the idea, not the fact, that has deterred; so that, from this point of view, the most that could be said to be desirable would be that the idea should be maintained, not that there should exist any corresponding fact. Even that much, however, I could not myself admit; for I believe the penalties of human law to be a surer deterrent, so far and so long as such deterrents are necessary at all. I do not think, therefore, that even the

idea, much less the fact, of hell, has any justification from that point of view.

And as to the improvement of the criminal, that is ruled out in the Christian hell, for it is precisely part of his punishment that he is, and knows himself to be, eternally wicked. I judge then, and I expect that most of my readers will agree with me, that if we desire immortality, it is not for the sake of retribution, regarded either as a good in itself or as a means to good; and that being so, the notion of hell, left stripped of that support, is so dreadful that we should prefer universal extinction to an immortality involving that.

If this contention be accepted, it is natural next to suggest that the immortality that is desirable would be some kind of heaven not conditioned by the existence of a hell. But, in that case, what are we to mean by heaven? If I am not much mistaken, there are few intelligent people who look forward with real satisfaction to the traditional Christian heaven. It has always been extraordinarily difficult to picture a condition of perfect satisfaction and goodness. The *Paradiso* of Dante is indeed, for its superhuman beauty, an achievement one might have thought must be impossible to human genius. Yet do we feel exactly that we wish to enter it? And no one is likely, I think, in such a matter to surpass Dante. My conclusion is that the object of our desire is in fact unknown to us, and unimaginable save in the faintest and most symbolical adumbrations. Does it follow then that we have no more use for heaven than for hell? I do not think so. But rather that by heaven we really mean the ultimate term of a process in which we are engaged, but of the end of which we can only say that it is good. I say "we;" and I say so because I think that there are many people who in this matter agree with me. But at this point it may really be more modest to say "I," to tell simply how I feel, and to ask the reader whether he feels the same.

I find then that, to me, in my present

experience, the thing that at bottom matters most is the sense I have of something in me making for more life and better. All my pain is at last a feeling of the frustration of this; all my happiness a feeling of its satisfaction. I do not know what this is; I am not prepared to give a coherent account of it; I ought not, very likely, to call it "it;" and to imply the category of substance. I will abandon, if necessary, under criticism any particular terms in which I may try to describe it; I will abandon anything except *Itself*. For *It* is real. It governs all my experience, and determines all my judgments of value. If pleasure hampers it, I do not desire pleasure; if pain furthers it, I do desire pain. And what I feel in myself, I infer in others. If I may be allowed to use that ambiguous and question-begging word "soul," then I agree with the poet Browning that "little else is worth study save the development of a soul."

The distinctions between people that finally matter are not those of wealth or rank, or of what is called success or failure; they are those of growth of soul. This is to me the bottom fact of experience. And no one can go any further with me in my argument who does not find in my words an indication, however imperfect, of something which they know, in their own lives, to be real. What then is it that this which I call "the soul" seeks? It seeks what is good; but it does not know what is ultimate good. As a Seventeenth-century writer has well put it: "We love we know not what, and therefore everything allures us. As iron at a distance is drawn by the loadstone, there being some invisible communication between them, so is there in us a world of Love to somewhat, though we know not what, in the world that should be. There are invisible ways of conveyance by which some great thing doth touch our souls, and by which we tend to it. Do you not feel yourself drawn by the expectation and desire of some great thing?"¹ This "great thing" it is our

¹ Traherne, *Centuries of Meditations*, p. 3.

business to find out by experience. We do find many good things, but there are always other and better beyond. That is why it is hazardous to fix one's ideal, and say finally, "This or that would be Heaven." For we may find, as the voyagers did in Browning's "Paracelsus," that the real heaven lies always beyond; beyond each good we may attain here; but also, which is my present point, beyond death.

The whole strength of the case for immortality, as a thing to be desired, lies in the fact that no one in this life attains his ideal. The soul, even of the best and the most fortunate of us, does not achieve the good of which she feels herself to be capable, and in which alone she can rest. The potentiality is not fully realized. I do not infer from this that life has no value if the Beyond is cut off. That, I think, is contrary to most men's experience. The goods we have here are real goods, and we may find the evil more than compensated by them. But what I do maintain is that life here would have infinitely more value if we knew that beyond death we should pursue, and ultimately to a successful issue, the elusive ideal of which we are always in quest. The conception that death ends all, does not empty life of its worth, but it destroys, in my judgment, its most precious element, that which transfigures all the rest; it obliterates the gleam on the snow, the planet in the east; it shuts off the great adventure, the adventure beyond death.

Every one almost, I cannot help thinking, who feels at all on such matters, must feel with me on this point, if he could give his feelings full sway unchecked by his denials or his doubts. Every one not immediately in the grip of intolerable evil, but looking back with impassioned contemplation on good and evil alike, must desire, I believe, to voyage on in the quest of good, whatever evil he may encounter on the route. Americans at least, I like to suppose, will respond to their own poet when, in the passion of his visionary voyage from west to east, from

present to past and future, he calls on his soul to embark for an adventure more hazardous and more alluring:—

Passage, immediate passage! the blood burns
in my veins!
Away O soul! hoist instantly the anchor!
Cut the hawsers—haul out—shake out every
sail!
Have we not stood here like trees in the ground
long enough?
Have we not grovel'd here long enough, eating
and drinking like mere brutes?
Have we not darkened and dazed ourselves
with books long enough?
Sail forth—steer for the dark waters only,
Reckless O soul exploring, I with thee, and
thou with me;
For we are bound where mariner has not yet
dared to go,
And we will risk the ship, ourselves and all.
O my brave soul!
O farther, farther sail!
O daring joy, but safe! are they not all the
seas of God?
O farther, farther, farther sail!

My contention, then, is that immortality is desirable, if immortality means a fortunate issue of the quest of our souls. But the use of the word soul reminds me of a whole series of ambiguities and confusions which I must not pass over in silence. My subject is the "Immortality of Man," and "Man" might conceivably be taken to mean Humanity. Positivists hold that the only immortality which an individual can expect is the perpetuation of his influence and of his memory among future generations. This abiding memory and record Comte named "subjective immortality," and held out, as the great stimulus to good conduct, the prospect of admission into the company of positivist saints.

A similar view is held by many men of more imagination and less system than Comte. Thus Mr. George Meredith is constantly exhorting us to live in our off-spring, physical or spiritual, and to dismiss from our minds, as at once silly and base, any desire for a continuation of personal life. That this kind of immortality may really be to some minds desirable, I do not dispute; nor do I deny it a certain

nobility. But it is not what men commonly have in mind, nor what I have had in mind, in considering this question. I have meant the perpetuation of one's "self" beyond death, the realization of one's ideal in one's self, not in some other people to be possibly produced in some indefinite future.

But, then, what is this "self" of which I argue that it is desirable it shall be perpetuated? This is a very difficult question, on which I can here only touch; but it may be worth while to distinguish two views.

First, the soul or self may be regarded simply as a substance; and in postulating it as immortal we may mean merely that the substance is not destroyed by death. In this view no continuity of consciousness is assumed. It is held that we shall survive death but shall not be aware of it, just as there may lie behind our present lives a series of other lives of which we have no knowledge. The identity of the person, in this view, consists not in his knowing himself to be the same person, but in his being so in fact. The whole series of his actions and feelings in one life are determined by those of a previous, and determine those of a subsequent life. Every lesson learned, every faculty acquired, every relation formed at any stage, is carried over into the next; so that, for example, the musical faculty of an infant prodigy might be the consequence of musical training in a previous life, and love at first sight the consequence of affections fostered in earlier incarnations. The question then for us to raise is, whether that kind of immortality would be desirable? Most people, I believe, would be inclined, to begin with, to answer in the negative. For, they might urge, it is to all intents and purposes exactly the same thing whether my present personality is determined completely by my ancestors and my environment, as it is on the positivist assumptions, or whether it is determined by some substance which you call "me," but of which I have not and never shall have

any memory or care, and which again, in some future phase, will have no memory or care for the present "me."

This view is plausible and natural, but I think I dissent from it. I am inclined to agree with my friend Dr. McTaggart, when he argues that a survival of the substance of one's self would be desirable, even though it carried with it no consciousness of survival. It is, I think, a really consoling idea that our present capacities are determined by our previous actions, and that our present actions again will determine our future character. It seems to liberate us from the bonds of an external fate, and make us the captains of our own destinies. If we have formed here a beautiful relation, it will not perish at death but be perpetuated, albeit unconsciously, in some future life. If we have developed a faculty here, it will not be destroyed, but will be the starting-point of later developments. Again, if we suffer, as most people do, from imperfections and misfortunes, it would be consoling to believe that these were punishments of our own acts in the past, not mere effects of the acts of other people, or of an indifferent nature over which we have no control. The world, I think, on this hypothesis would at least seem juster than it does on the positivist view, and that in itself would be a great gain. I agree, therefore, with Dr. McTaggart that an immortality which should imply the continuance of a self-substance, even without a self-consciousness, would be desirable. But I also hold that much more desirable would be an immortality which carried with it a continuance of consciousness. Let us now take that hypothesis and consider how much or how little is implied in such continuance.

To begin with, then, our present experience tells us that complete memory is not essential to continuity of consciousness. The content of our memory is, in fact, always changing. Some things drop out and others come in. Parts of our past may disappear, temporarily at least, from our consciousness, so that to be told of

them is like being told of the experience of some other person. Again, every night, in sleep, there is a complete break in continuity. So that we may say that we should consider ourselves the same person after death if there were just enough continuity for us to know and judge that we, who are dead, are that same person who just now was alive. True, much more than this is implied in what most people who take any interest in the subject demand or hope from immortality. They hope, in particular, to meet again friends they have loved here; and there must be few people who, in the face of death, have not felt this desire. It is, of course, possible that this might occur, and I am inclined to agree that it would be desirable. But I think that perhaps in that one may be mistaken. All that I am quite clear about is, that it would be desirable that this same person that now is should continue to exist after death, and to know that he is that same person; and that this continued existence should involve the possibility of a development of latent faculties for good up to that perfection after which, without being able fully to define it, we are always seeking. As to the whole content of what would be desirable, I should think it wise to reserve judgment till fuller experience and knowledge enlighten us.

In particular, I hesitate to dogmatize on one point which is raised by the philosophies and religions of mysticism. Is it conceivable that what would really be good would be that our self should somehow be taken up into a larger World-self? I use purposely the ambiguous phrase "taken up" because I wish further to distinguish. If it be meant that our self should be absorbed in another, so as to lose its identity and consciousness, then I cannot see in that anything good or desirable. But if it were possible to be included in a larger self without losing one's own self, so that one could say, "I am somehow that Self," then, for aught I know, that might be good and the best. But since most of us in the West should,

I suppose, admit that such a condition is one of which we have not even proximate experience, this notion can only remain for us a mere idea or possibility that we cannot begin to fill in with the imagination.

To sum up, then, the immortality which I hold to be desirable, and which I suggest to the reader as desirable, is one in which a continuity of experience analogous to that which we are aware of here is carried on into a life after death, the essence of that life being the continuous unfolding, no doubt through stress and conflict, of those potentialities of good of which we are aware here as the most significant part of ourselves. I hold the desirability of this to be a matter of plain fact, and that in putting it forward I am giving no evidence of superstition, weakness, or egotism, but on the contrary am recognizing the deepest element in human nature. Some of you, probably, will agree with this; others will strongly disagree; and to those who disagree I have no further arguments to address; we disagree invincibly and finally. But there is one point on which I must touch in conclusion. For even those who agree with me on the question of desirability may hold that it is of little use to put forward as desirable something which we cannot know to be true, or which, as they may hold, we know not to be true. With this point I began, and with it I will finish.

I must repeat, then, that it is mere dogmatism to assert that we do not survive death, and mere prejudice or inertia to assert that it is impossible to discover whether we do or no. We in the West have hardly even begun to inquire into the matter; and scientific method and critical faculty were never devoted to it, so far as I am aware, previous to the foundation, some quarter of a century ago, of the Society for Psychical Research. There are, and always have been, a number of alleged facts suggesting *prima facie* the survival of death. But these facts have always been exploited by superstition and credulity, or repudiated by the prejudices of enlightenment. They

are now, at last, being systematically and deliberately explored by men of intelligence and good faith, bent on ascertaining the truth. It would be premature to suggest that any truth on this subject has been ascertained; but it is my own opinion that the recent investigations conducted by the society, and published in their "Proceedings," have very greatly increased the probability that persons survive death. The fact of survival would not indeed carry with it the proof of immortality in the strict sense of the term; but it would destroy the principal argument against it. Such inquiries, therefore, it might be supposed, and such results, would excite a very widespread interest.

Yet such is not the case; and I believe the reason to be, as Mr. Schiller has pointed out, that there is no general conviction that the question is one of immense importance to the value of life. My contention is that it is; that there is a kind of immortality which, if it were a fact, would be a very desirable one. To ask the question, as I have been doing, whether you, my readers, agree with me in this,

to invite you to sift your feelings and to make yourselves clear as to what they really are, is therefore, in my opinion, a procedure which has a direct bearing upon the pursuit of positive knowledge. For unless you think it really important to know the truth, you will never pursue it nor encourage those who do. You will content yourselves with a lazy acquiescence either in the dogmas of religion or in those of science, and will regard inquirers who take the question seriously either as harmless cranks or as disreputable charlatans. Many of them are, but some of them are not, and none of them need be from the nature of the topic. And in asking you, as clearly as I can, the question, Do you want immortality, and in what form? I conceive myself to be doing something very practical. I am not merely asking you — though that in itself is important — to become clear with yourselves on a point of values; I am asking you further to take seriously a branch of scientific inquiry which may have results more important than any other that is being pursued in our time.

THE OTHER MRS. DILL

BY ALICE BROWN

MRS. DILL and her husband, Myron, grown middle-aged together, and yet, even through the attrition of the years, no more according in temperament than at the start, sat on opposite sides of the hearth and looked at each other, he with calmness, from his invincible authority, and she fluttering a little yet making no question but of a dutiful concurrence. She had bright blue eyes behind gold-rimmed glasses, a thin face with a nose slightly aquiline, and reddish hair that was her cross, because it curled by nature and she constrained it. Sometimes, when

it kinked unusually, either in moist weather or because she had forgotten to smooth it, and when the pupils of her eyes enlarged under cumulative excitement, she looked young and impetuously willful; but the times were rare, and perhaps her husband had never, since their courting days, noted any such exhilaration. He was a large, imperious-looking man, with a cascade of silvery beard which he affected to tolerate because the expenditure of time in shaving might be turned with profit into the channel of business or of worship; but his wife, noting how he

stroked the beard at intervals of meditation, judged that he was moved by something like pride in its luxuriance. Then she chided herself for the thought.

It was balmy spring weather, but they had taken their places at the hearthstone from old habit when a matter of importance had to be considered. Their two chairs were the seats of authority in the domestic kingdom.

Mrs. Dill stooped, took up the turkey-wing, and gave the clean hearth a perfunctory flick. Then she returned the wing to its place and leaned back in her chair, gazing absently at the shining andirons.

"Well," she said, "Henrietta Parkman was in this mornin', and she told me you 'd bought the medder; but I did n't hardly believe it."

"Yes," said Myron. He spoke in rather a consequential voice, and cleared his throat frequently in the course of talking, as if to accord his organs a good working chance. "The deeds were passed last week, and it's bein' recorded."

"What you goin' to do with it?"

"I bought it because it lays next to the Turnbull place, and when that come into my hands last fall, I knew 't was only a matter o' time till I got the medder, too."

"Well, what you goin' to do with it?"

A tinge of anxiety was apparent in her voice, a wistful suggestiveness, as if she could conceive of uses that would be almost too fortunate to be hoped for. Myron hesitated. It often looked as if he judged it unwise to answer in any haste questions concerning the domestic polity, and Mrs. Dill was used to these periods of incubation. She had even thought once, in a moment of illuminative comparison, that her husband seemed to submit a bill before one branch of his mental legislature before carrying it on to the next.

"I'm goin' to pasture my cows in it," he responded. "I shall buy in some more stock this spring, and I expect to set up a milk route."

"How under the sun you goin' to manage that?" She seldom questioned her lawful head, but the surprise of the moment spurred her into a query more expressive of her own mood than a probing of his. "You can't keep any more cows 'n you've got now. The barn ain't big enough."

"The Turnbull barn is. I've seen the day when there was forty head o' cattle tied up there from fall to spring."

"The Turnbull barn's twenty minutes walk from here. You can't go over there mornin' and evenin', milkin' and feedin' the critters. You'd be all the time on the road."

"Yes," said Myron, "'t is a good stretch. So I've made up my mind we'd move over there."

A significant note had come into his voice. It indicated a complexity of understanding: chiefly that she would by nature resist what he had to say, and then resume her customary acquiescence. But for a moment she forgot that he was Mr. Dill, and that she had promised to obey him.

"Why, Myron," she said with a mild passion, warmed by her incredulity, "we've lived on this place thirty year."

"Yes, yes," said her husband. "I know that. What's the use o' goin' back over the ground, and tellin' me things I know as well as you do? What if 't is thirty year? Time we got into better quarters."

"But they ain't better. Only it's more work."

Myron got up and moved back his chair.

"I don't think o' movin' till long about the middle o' May," he rejoined. "You can kinder keep your mind on it and, when you get round to your spring cleanin', pick up as you go. Some things you can fold right into chists, blankets and winter clo'es, and then you won't have to handle 'em over twice. If Herman comes back from gettin' the horse shod, you tell him to take an axe, and come down where I be in the long lot, fencin'. I want him."

He paused for a hearty draught from the dipper at the sink, pulled his hat on tightly, and went out through the shed to his forenoon's work. Mrs. Dill rose from her seat, and stepped quickly to the window to watch him away. She often did it when he had most puzzled her and roused in her a resistance which was inevitable, she knew by long experience, but also, as her dutiful nature agreed, the result in her of an unconquerable old Adam which had never yet felt the transforming touch of grace. When his tall, powerful figure had disappeared beyond the rise at the end of the lot, she gave a great willful sigh, as if she depended on it to ease her heart, put her apron to her eyes, and held it there, pressing back the tears. Herman drove into the yard, and she did not hear him. She went to the fireplace now, and leaned her head against the corner of the mantel, looking down at the cold hearth with a bitter stolidity. Herman unharnessed, and now he came in, a tall brown-haired fellow with dark eyes full of softness, and a deep simplicity of feeling. As his foot struck the sill, his mother roused herself, and became at once animated by a commonplace activity. She did not face him, for fear he should find the tear-marks on her cheeks; but when he had thrown his cap into a chair, and gone to the sink to plunge his face in cold water, and come out dripping, she did steal a look at him, and at once softened into a smiling pleasure. He was her handsome son always, but to-day he looked brilliantly excited; eager, also, as if he had something to share with her, and was timid about approaching it.

"Mother!" said Herman. He was standing before her now, smiling invitingly, and she smiled back again and picked a bit of lint from his collar for the excuse of coming near him, and proving to herself her proud ownership. "I've had a letter."

"From Annie?"

He nodded.

"What's she say?" asked his mother. But before he could answer, she threw in

a caressing invitation. "You want I should get you a piece o' gingerbread and a glass o' milk?"

"No, I ain't hungry. She says she's kep' school about long enough, and if I'm goin' to farm it, she'll farm it, too. I guess she'd be married the first o' the summer, if we could fetch it."

Mrs. Dill stepped over to the hearth and sank into her chair. It seemed as if there were to be another family council. Her silence stirred him.

"I asked her," he hastened to say. "I coaxed her, mother. She ain't as forward as I make it out, the way I've told it."

"No," said his mother absently. She was resting her elbows on the chair-arm, and, with hands lightly clasped, gazing thoughtfully before it. Fine lines had sprung into her forehead, and now she took off her glasses and wiped them carefully on her apron, as if that would help her to an inner vision. "No, I know that. Annie's a nice girl. There's nothin' forward about Annie. But I was only wonderin' where you could live. This house is terrible small."

"You know what I thought," Herman reminded her. He spoke impetuously as if begging her to remember, and therefore throw the weight of her expectation in with his. "When father bought the Turnbull place I thought, as much as ever I did anything in my life, he meant to make it over to me."

His mother's eyes stayed persistently downcast. A little flush rose to her cheeks.

"Well," she temporized, "you ain't goin' to count your chickens before they're hatched. It's a poor way. It never leads to anything but disappointment in the end."

"Why, mother," said Herman warmly, "you thought so, too. We talked it over only night before last, and you said you guessed father'd put me on to that farm."

"I said I did n't know what he'd bought it for, if 't wan't for that," she amended. "Don't you build on anything I said. Don't you do it, Hermie."

Her son stood there frowning in perplexity, his hands deep in his pockets and his feet apart.

"But you said so yourself, mother," he persisted. "I told you how I'd always helped father out, long past my majority, and never hinted for anything beyond my board and clothes. And when I got engaged to Annie, I went to him and said, 'Father, now's the time to give me a start, or let me cut loose from here.' And he never answered me a word; but a couple of weeks after that he bought the Turnbull place. And last week it was, he said to me, kind of quick, as if he'd made up his mind to somethin', and wan't quite ready to talk it over, 'I've got a sort of a new scheme afoot.' And then 't was I wrote to Annie and asked her how soon she could be ready to come, if I was ready to have her. You know all that, mother. What makes you act as if you did n't?"

The argument was too warm for Mrs. Dill. She got up from her chair and began putting up the table-leaf and setting out the necessary dishes for a batch of cake.

"Your father wanted you should take an axe and go down where he is in the long lot," she remarked. "And I would n't open your head to him about what we've been sayin', Hermie. You talk it over with mother. That's the best way."

"Why, course I shan't speak of it till I have to." He took up his cap, and then with an air of aggrieved dignity turned to the door. "But the time'll come when I've got to speak of it. Lot Collins was tellin' me only this mornin' over to the blacksmith's, how his father's took him into partnership, and Lot's only twenty-one this spring. His father ain't wasted a day."

"Well, that's a real business, blacksmithin' is," his mother hastened to reply.

"So's farmin' a real business. And father's treated me from the word 'go' like a hired man and nothin' else. He's bought and sold without openin' his head to me. I wonder I've grown up at all. I wonder I ain't in tyers, makin' mud-

pies. If 't wan't for you and Annie, I should n't think I was any kind of a man."

His angry passion was terribly appealing to her. It made her heart ache, and she had much ado to keep from taking him to her arms, big as he was, and comforting him, as she used to, years ago, when he came in with frostbitten fingers or the dire array of cuts and bruises. But she judged it best, in the interest of domestic government, to quell emotion that could have, she knew, no hopeful issue, and she began breaking eggs into her mixing bowl and then beating them with a brisk hand.

"Father never was one to talk over his business with anybody, even the nearest," she rejoined. "You know that, Hermie. We've got to take folks as we find 'em. Now you run along down to the long lot. He'll be wonderin' where you be."

Herman strode away, after one incredulous look at her, a shaft she felt through her downcast lids. It demanded whether father and mother had equally forsaken him, and gave her a quick, sharp pang, and a blinding flash of tears. But she went on mixing cake, and battling arguments as she worked, and when her tin was in the oven, washed her baking dishes methodically and then sat down by the window to read the weekly paper. But as she read, she glanced up, now and then, at the familiar walls of her kitchen, and through the window at the trees just shimmering into green and the skyey intervals over them. This was the pictured landscape she had looked on, framed by these wide, low windows, for all the years she had lived here, doing her wifely duties soberly, and her motherly ones with a hidden and ecstatic buoyancy.

The house, the bit of the world it gave upon, seemed a part of her life, the containing husk of all the fruitage born to her. It was incredible that she was to give it up and undertake not only a heavier load of work but a new scene for it, at a time when she longed to fold her hands and

sit musing while young things filled the picture with beautiful dancing motions, and the loves and fears she remembered as a part of the warm reality of it, but not now so intimately her own. It was as if the heaped-up basket of earthly fruits had passed her by, to be given into other hands; but she had eaten and was content, if only she might see the banquet lamps and hear the happy laughter. She began to feel light-headed from the pain of it all, the pleasures and sadnesses of memory, the fear of anticipation, and turned again to her paper with the intent of giving her mind to safe and homely things. But something caught her eyes and held them. A window seemed to be opened before her. She looked through it into her tumultuous past. Or was this a weapon put into her hand for the exacting future?

That night Myron Dill came into the sitting-room after his chores were done, and lay down on the lounge between the two front windows. He composed himself on his back with his hands placidly folded, and there his wife found him when she came in after her own completed list of deeds. He did not look up at her, and she was glad. She did not know how her eyes gleamed behind the glittering plane of their glasses, nor how deep the red was in her cheeks; but she was conscious of an inward tumult which must, she knew, somehow betray itself. For an instant she stood and looked at her husband, in what might have been relenting or anticipation of the road she had to take. She knew so well what mantle of repose was over him; how he liked the peeping of the frogs through the open window, and what measure of satisfaction there was for him in the consciousness of full rest and the certainty that next day would usher in a crowding horde of duties he felt perfectly able to administer. Mrs. Dill was a feminine creature, charged to the full with the love of service and unerring intuition as to the manner of it, and she did love to "see men-folks comfortable."

"Don't you want I should pull your boots off?" This she said unwillingly, because she was about to break the current of his peace, and it seemed deceitful to offer him an alleviation that would do him no good after all.

"No," said Myron sleepily. "Let 'em be as they are."

Mrs. Dill drew up a chair and sat down in it at his side, as if she were the watcher by a sick-bed or the partner in a cozy conversation.

"Myron," said she. Her voice frightened her. It sounded hoarse and strange, and yet there was very little of it, deserted by her failing breath.

"What say?" he answered from his drowse.

"I found a real interestin' piece in the *Monitor* this morning. It was how some folks ain't jest one person, as we think, but they're two and sometimes three. And mebbe one of 'em's good, and t'other two are bad, and when they're bad they can't help it. They can't help it, Myron, the bad ones can't, no matter how hard they try."

"Yes, I believe I come acrost it," said Myron. "Terrible foolish it was. That's one o' the things doctors get up to feather their own nest."

"No, Myron, it ain't foolish," said his wife. She moved her chair nearer, and her glasses glittered at him. "It ain't foolish, for I'm one o' that same kind, and I know."

His eyes came open, and he turned his head to look at her.

"Ain't you feelin' well, Caddie?" he asked kindly.

"Oh, yes, I'm well as common," she answered. "But it ain't foolish, Myron, and you've got to hear me. 'Double Personality,' that's what they call it. Well, I've got it. I've got double personality."

Myron Dill put his feet to the floor, and sat upright. He was regarding his wife anxiously, but he took pains to speak with a commonplace assurance.

"We might as well be gettin' off to

bed early, I guess. I'm tired, and so be you."

"I've felt it for quite a long spell," said his wife earnestly. "I don't know but I've always felt it — leastways, all through my married life. It's somethin' that makes me as mad as tophet when you start me out to do anything I don't feel it's no ways right to do, and it keeps whisperin' to me I'm a fool to do it. That's what it says, Myron. 'You're a fool to do it!'"

Myron was touched at last, through his armor of esteem.

"I ain't asked you to do what ain't right, Caddie," he asseverated. "What makes you tell me I have?"

"That's what it says to me," she repeated fixedly. "'You're a fool to do it.' That's what it says. It's my double personality."

It seemed best to Myron to humor this inexplicable mood, until he could persuade her back into a normal one.

"That wan't the way I understood it," he told her, "when I read the piece. The folks that were afflicted seemed like different folks. Now, you ain't any different, rain or shine. You're as even as anybody I should wish to see. That's what I've liked about ye, Caddie."

The softness of the implication she swept aside, as if she hardly dared regard it lest it weaken her resolve.

"Oh, I ain't goin' to be the same, day in, day out," she declared eagerly. "I feel I ain't, Myron. It's gettin' the best of me, the other creatur' that wants to have its own way. It's been growin' and growin', same as a child grows up, and now it's goin' to take its course. Same's Hermie's grewed up, you know. He's old enough to have his way, and lead his life same's we've led ours, and we've got to stand one side and let him do it."

Her husband gave her a sharp, sudden glance, and then fell again to the contemplation of his knotted brown hands that seemed, like all his equipment, informed with specialized power.

"Well," he said at length, "I guess you need a kind of a change. You'll feel better when you get over to t'other house. There's a different outlook over there, and you'll have more to take up your mind."

She answered instantly, in the haste that dares not wait upon reflection. Her eyes were brighter now, and her hands worked nervously.

"Oh, I ain't goin' to move, Myron. I might as well tell you that now. I'm goin' to stay right here where I be. I don't feel able to help it. That's my double personality. It won't let me."

Her husband was looking at her now in what seemed to her a very threatening way. His shaggy eyebrows were drawn together and his eyes had lightning in them. She continued staring at him, held by the fascination of her terror. In that instant she realized a great many things: chiefly that she had never seen her husband angry with her, because she had taken every path to avoid the possibility, and that it was even more sickening than she could have thought. But she knew also that the battle was on, and suddenly, for no reason she could formulate, she remembered one of her own fighting ancestors who was said to have died hard in the Revolution.

"That was old Abner Kinsman," she broke out; and when her husband asked, out of his amaze at her irrelevance, "What's that you said?" she only answered confusedly, "Nothin', I guess."

At that the storm seemed to Myron to be over, and his forehead cleared of anger. He looked at her in much concern.

"I guess you better lay late to-morrer mornin'," he said, rising to close the windows and wind the clock. "I'll ride over and get Sally Drew to come and stay a spell and help you."

Something tightened through her tense body, and she answered instantly in a clear, loud note, —

"I ain't goin' to have Sally Drew. Last time I had her she washed up the hearth with the dish-cloth. If I want me

a girl, I'll get one; but mebbe I shan't want one till Hermie brings Annie into the neighborhood to live."

She stood still in her place for a moment, trembling all over and wondering what would happen when Myron had wound the clock and closed the windows and turned the wooden button of the door. He did not look at her, nor did he speak again, and when she heard his deep, regular breathing from the bedroom she slipped in softly, made ready for bed, and lay down beside him.

She slept very little that night. He seemed to be a stranger, because there had been outward division between them; and yet, curiously, she felt nearer to him because she might have hurt him, and the jealous partisanship within her kept prompting her to a more tumultuous good will, a warmer service.

Next morning, when Hermie had left them at the breakfast-table, and gone silently to his tasks, his mother leaned across the table as if, for some reason, she had to attract her husband's attention before speaking to him. He was just taking the last swallow of coffee, and now he set down his cup with decision, and moved away his plate. She knew what the next step would be. He would push back his chair, clear his throat, and then he would be gone.

"Myron!" she said. She spoke as something within Myron remembered the school-teacher speaking, when she called him to the board. The something within him responded to it, and without knowing why, he straightened and looked attentive. "You noticed Hermie, did n't you?" she adjured him. "You noticed he did n't have a word to say for himself, and he would n't look neither of us in the face?"

"What's he been up to?" Myron queried, with his ready frown. "He done somethin' out o' the way?"

"No, he ain't. I should think you'd be ashamed to hint such a thing, Myron Dill, your own boy, too! All he's done is to stay here, and work his fingers to the

bone, and no thanks for it, and he's right down discouraged. I know how the boy feels. Myron, I want you should do somethin'. I want you should do it now."

Myron gave his chair the expected push, but he still sat there.

"Well," he said, "what is it? I've got to be off down to the medderlands."

"I want you should make over the Turnbull place to Hermie, and have him fetch Annie there as soon as ever she'll come, and let him farm it without if or but from you and me."

Myron was on his feet. He looked portentously large and masterful.

"You better not think o' packin' the chiny," he said, in his ordinary tone of generalship. "We can set it into baskets with a mite o' hay, and it'll get as fur as that without any breakages."

His wife slipped out of her chair, and went round the table to him. She laid a hand on his arm. Myron wanted, in the irritation of the moment, to shake it off, but he was a man of dignity, and forbore. His wife was speaking in a very gentle tone, but somehow different from the one he was used to noting.

"Myron, ain't you goin' to hear me?"

"I ain't goin' to listen to any tomfoolery, and I ain't goin' to have anybody dictatin' to me about my own business."

"It ain't your business, Myron, any more 'n 't is mine. Hermie's much my son as he is your'n, and what you bought that place with is as much mine as 't is your'n. I helped you earn it. Myron, it's comin' up in me. I can feel it."

"What is?"

In spite of all his old dull certainties, he felt the shock of wonder. He looked at her, her scarlet cheeks and widening eyes. Even her pretty hair seemed to have acquired a nervous life, and stood out in a quivering aureole. Myron was much bound to his Caddie in his way of being attached to his own life and breath. A change in her was horrible to him, like the disturbance of illness in an ordered house.

"What is it?" he inquired again.
 "What is it you feel?"

"It's that," she said, with an added vehemence. "It's my double personality."

Myron Dill could have wept from the surprise of it all, the assault upon his ordered nerves.

"You spread up the bed in the bedroom, Caddie," he bade her, "and go lay down a spell."

"No," said his wife, "I shan't lay down, and I shan't give up to you. It's riz up in me, the one that's goin' to beat, no matter what comes of it, same as old Abner Kinsman stood up a'ginst the British. Mebbe it'll die fightin', same's he did, and I never'll hear no more from it, — and a good riddance. But Myron, it's goin' to beat."

Her husband was frowning, not harshly now, but from the extremity of his distress. He spoke in a tone of well-considered adjuration.

"Caddie, you know what you're doin' of? You're settin' up your will in place o' mine."

"Oh, no, I ain't, Myron," she responded eagerly, with an earnest motion toward him, as if she besought him to put faith in her. "It ain't me that's doin' it."

"It ain't you? Who is it, then?"

"Why, it's my double personality. Ain't I just told you so?"

Myron stood gazing at her in the futility of comprehension he had felt years ago, when Caddie, who had been "a great reader," as the neighbors said, before the avalanche of household cares had overwhelmed her, propounded to him, while he was drawing off his boots for an hour of twilight somnolence before going to bed, problems that, he knew, no man could answer. Neither were they to be illumined by Holy Writ, for he had offered that loophole of exit, and Caddie had shaken her head at him disconsolately, and implied that the prophets would not do. But when she had seemed to forget that interrogative attitude to-

ward life, he had settled down to unquestioning content in knowing he had the best housekeeper in the neighborhood. Now here it was again, the spectre of her queerness rising to distress him.

She looked at him with wide, affrighted eyes.

"You set here with me a spell," she adjured him. "I'll lay down on the sofy, and you take the big rocker. If you see it comin' up in me, you kinder say somethin', and maybe it'll go away."

Myron, though in extreme unwillingness, did as he was bidden. He wanted to bundle the whole troop of her imaginings out of doors, and plod off, like a sane man, to his fencing; but somehow her earnestness itself forbade. When they were established, she on the sofa, with her bright eyes piercing him, and he seated at an angle where a nurse might easiest wait upon a patient's needs, the absurdity of it all swept over him. The clock was ticking irritatingly behind him. He looked at his watch, and the vision of the flying day gave him assurance.

"Now, Caddie," said he, in that specious soothing we accord to children, "you lay right still, and I'll go out a spell and do a few chores, and then mebbe I'll come in and see how you be."

Caddie put out a hand, and fastened it upon his in an inexorable clasp.

"No, Myron," said she, "you ain't goin'. If I should be left here to myself, and it come up in me, I dunno what I might do."

Myron felt himself yielding again, and clutched at confidence as the spent swimmer reaches for a plank.

"What do you think you'd do, Caddie?" he demanded. "That's what I want to know."

"I can't tell, Myron," she returned solemnly. "True as I'm a livin' woman, I can't tell you. Mebbe I'd go over to the Turnbull house and set it a-fire, so 't I should n't ever live in it. Mebbe I'd take my bank-book, and go up to the Street, and draw out that money Aunt Susan left me, and give it to Hermie, so's

he could run away, and take Annie with him. If that other one come up in me, I dunno what I'd do."

Myron gazed at her, aghast.

"Why, Caddie," said he, "you can't go round settin' houses a-fire. That's arson."

"Is it?" she inquired. "Well, I dunno what it's called, but if that other one gets the better o' me, mebbe that's what I shall do."

Myron held her hand now with an involuntary fervor of his own, not so much because she bade him, but with the purpose of restraining her. An hour passed, and her blue eyes were fixed upon him with the same imploring force. He fidgeted, and at last longed childishly to see them wink.

"Don't you want to see the doctor?" he ventured.

"No," said Caddie, in the same tone of wild asseveration. "Doctors won't do me a mite o' good. Besides, doctors know all about it, and they'd see what was to pay, and they'd send me off to some kind of a hospital, and there'd be a pretty bill o' costs."

"I don't believe a word of it," Myron ventured, with a grasp at mental liberty. He essayed, at the same time, to draw away his hand, but Caddie seemed to fix him with a sharper eye-gleam, and he forbore.

"There's Hermie," she said. "I hear him in the shed, rattlin' round amongst the tools. You call him in here, and when he's here, you tell him he's goin' to have the Turnbull place, and have it now. Myron, you tell him."

Myron made a slight involuntary movement in his chair, as if he were about to rise and carry out her mandate; but he settled back again, and Herman, having selected the tool he wanted, went off through the shed and, as they both knew, down the garden-path.

The forenoon went on in a strange silence, save for the sound of the birds, and an occasional voice of neighbors calling to Herman as they passed. Myron had

still that sickening sense of illness in the house. The breakfast dishes were, he knew, untouched upon the table. The cat came in, looked incidentally at the sofa as if she were accustomed to occupy it at that particular hour, and walked out again. Myron drew out his watch, and looked at it with a stealthiness he could not explain.

"Why," said he, with a simulated wonder, "it's nigh half after eleven. Had n't you better see about gettin' dinner?"

"I ain't agoin' to get any 'dinner,'" his wife responded. "I don't know as I shall ever get dinners any more. Myron, it's comin' up in me. I feel it." She dropped his hand and rose to a sitting posture, and for a moment, yielding to the physical relief of the broken clasp, he leaned back in his chair and drew a hearty breath.

"Myron," said his wife. There was something mandatory in her voice, and he came upright again. "Now I'm goin' to do it. I don't know what 't is, but it's got the better o' me and I'm goin' to do what it says. But 'fore I give way to it, I'm goin' to tell you this. You've got as good a home and as good a son and as good a wife, if I do say it, as any man in the state o' New Hampshire. And you can keep 'em, Myron, jest as they be, jest as good as they always have been, if you'll only hear to reason and give other folks a chance. You've got to give me a chance, and you've got to give Herman a chance. I guess maybe I'd sell all my chances for the sake of turnin' 'em in with Hermie's. But you've got to do it, and you've got to do it now. And if you don't, somethin's goin' to happen. I don't know what it is. I don't know no more'n the dead, for this is the first time I ever really knew I had that terrible creatur' inside of me that's goin' to beat. But I do know it, and you've got to stand from under."

She turned about and walked to the side window, looking on the garden. She was a slight woman, but Myron,

watching her in the fascination of his dread, had momentary remembrance of her father, who had been a man of majestic presence and unflinching will.

"Herman," his wife was calling from the window. "Herman, you come here." That new mysterious note in her voice evidently affected the young man also. He came, hurrying, and when he had entered stayed upon the threshold, warmed with work and bringing with him the odor of the soil. His brown eyes went from one of them to the other, and questioned them.

"What is it?" he inquired. "What's happened?"

Myron got upon his feet. He had a dazed feeling that the two were against him, and he could face them better so. He hated the situation, the abasement that came from a secret self within him which was almost terribly moved by some of the things his wife had spoken out of her long silence. He was a proud man, and it seemed to him dreadful that he should in any way have won such harsh appeal.

"Herman," his wife was beginning, "your father's got somethin' to say to you."

Herman waited, but his father could not speak. Myron was really seeing, as in a homely vision, the peace of the garden where he might at this moment have been expecting the call to dinner if he had not been summoned to the bar of judgment.

"I guess he's goin' to let me say it," his wife continued. "Father's goin' to give you a deed o' the Turnbull place. It's goin' to be yours, same as if you'd bought it, and you and Annie are goin' to live there all your days, same's we're goin' to live here."

Herman turned impetuously upon his father. There was a great rush of life to his face, and his father saw it and understood, in the amazement of it, things he had never stopped to consider about the boy who had miraculously grown to be a man. But Herman was finding something in his father's jaded mien. It stopped him on the tide of happiness, and he spoke impetuously.

"She's dragged it out o' you! Mother's been tellin' you! I don't want it that way, father, not unless it's your own free will. I won't have it no other way."

It was a man's word to a man. Myron straightened himself to his former bearing. In a flash of memory he remembered the day when his father, an old-fashioned man, had given him his freedom suit and shaken hands with him and wished him well. Involuntarily he put out his hand.

"It's my own will, Hermie," he said, in a tone they had not heard from him since the day, eighteen years behind them, when the boy Hermie was rescued from the "old swimmin'-hole." "We'll have the deeds drawn up to-morrer."

They stood an instant, hands gripped, regarding each other in the allegiance not of blood alone. The clasp broke, and they remembered the woman and turned to her. There she stood, trembling a little, but apparently removed from all affairs too large for her. She had taken a cover from the stove, and was obviously reflecting on the next step in her domestic progress.

"I guess you better bring me in a handful o' that fine kindlin', Hermie," she remarked, in her wonted tone of brisk suggestion, "so's 't I can brash up the fire. I shan't have dinner on the stroke — not 'fore half-past one."

THE "SPECTATOR" AS AN ADVERTISING MEDIUM

BY LAWRENCE LEWIS

"It is my Custom in a Dearth of News to entertain my self with those Collections of Advertisements that appear at the End of all our publick Prints. These I consider as Accounts of News from the little World, in the same Manner that the foregoing Parts of the Paper are from the great. If in one we hear that a Sovereign Prince is fled from his Capital City, in the other we hear of a Tradesman who hath shut up his Shop and run away. If in one we find the Victory of a General, in the other we see the Desertion of a private Soldier. I must confess, I have a certain Weakness in my Temper, that is often very much affected by these little Domestick Occurrences, and have frequently been caught with Tears in my Eyes over a melancholy Advertisement." — ADDISON in "TATLER" No. 224, "From Tuesday September 12. to Thursday September 14. 1710."

To one not a miser of old books, nor a scholar, who is reasonably familiar with the essays of Steele and Addison, and is interested in the history, life, and letters of Queen Anne's England, the advertisements are the most significant of the distinctive features of a first edition of the *Spectator*. As one turns these half sheets, — which, as a correspondent said of the *Tatler*, are of "Tobacco Paper," and printed "in Scurvy Letter," but, after two centuries, are now little more faded than many a twenty-year-old file of a modern newspaper, — and as one notes the advertisements printed at the end of contributions from the most renowned wits of the day, many allusions, before obscure or absolutely meaningless, become clear. The advertisements, furthermore, fully explain many casual references in other writings of the time; they contain considerable matter worthy of careful study by historians of literature and politics; they furnish much valuable material for students of the manners and customs of the so-called "Augustan Age." Finally, they richly reward even cursory examination by editors and publishers who are interested in the *Spectator*, not merely as a collection of essays, but as the most representative periodical of the time. Although one of the earliest of daily publications, the *Spectator* affords

significant evidence of the rapid development of forms of advertisement with which we are familiar, and of relations between the editorial and business departments.

It is doubtful if, in any other collection of essays, is to be found a more happy and uniform combination of the qualities which appeal to all ages with a surprising "timeliness" in relation to events of the passing hour. Yet, because of this timeliness, the writers naturally took much for granted.

All Londoners understood at once what was referred to by the writer of the letter in Number 271 who offered to wait upon Mr. Spectator "in the Dusk of the Evening, with his *Show* upon his Back, which he carried about with him in a Box, as only consisting of a Man, a Woman, and a Horse." This rather fantastic letter is explained in later reprints of the essays by a note that is not needed by those who see the first edition. These papers, we know, were read, even "in the fens of Lincolnshire or the more distant wilds of Perthshire," by country gentlemen, who gathered on Sundays or on post-days for the purpose. Yet even to such of these as had never been in London, it was clear, as it may be to us, from current advertisements, that people of fashion, in order to gratify the insatiable craving for the

unusual of any sort which was especially characteristic of the age, were going in crowds "Just over-against the Muse Gate at Charing-Cross [to see] . . . these Rarities following, viz. a little Man 3 Foot high, and 32 Years of Age, strait and proportionable every way, . . . his Wife, . . . not 3 Foot high, and 30 Years of Age, who diverts the Company by her extraordinary Dancing . . . likewise their little Horse, 2 Foot odd Inches high, which performs several wonderful Actions by the word of Command, being so small that it's kept in a Box."

Besides explaining many allusions in the main essays, the advertisements in the *Spectator* make clear passing remarks in such contemporary writings as the *Journal to Stella*. Indeed a most excellent set of clear notes to the *Journal*, and to other writings of the time, might be made up solely of extracts from advertisements out of the *Spectator*.

Here and there, in books on the Queen Anne period, one finds quotations from the advertising sections of newspapers like the *Courant* and the *Postboy*, but almost none from those of the *Spectator*. Only the extreme rarity of complete collections of the original sheets can explain this failure of writers of literary and political histories to study these advertisements systematically.

The *Spectator* first appeared Thursday, March 1, 1711, and continued to be published daily, except Sundays, until Saturday, December 6, 1712. The 555 numbers issued in this period make up the "first series." Addison, without assistance from Steele, published on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, between June 18, 1714 and December 20, 1714, the 80 numbers which compose "Volume VIII," or the "second series." Of the first 555 numbers, there are a few incomplete files; but files, even incomplete, of the last eighty numbers are still more rare. There are comparatively few complete sets of all 635 numbers. Among the best known are the one in the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh, that in the private

library of Robert Hoe of New York, and the set, once Edmond Malone's, which was acquired in the autumn of 1906 by the Harvard College Library. It is to the last I have had access. Even the British Museum had no complete collection of the original numbers at the time of the publication of the last catalogue.

This may explain why even Thackeray was probably familiar only with later editions, although, while preparing his course of lectures on *English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century*, he steeped himself so thoroughly in all available material relating to the life and letters of the time of Queen Anne that he was presently able to compass such a splendid literary anachronism as *Henry Esmond*. For, even in the "delightful paper which pretends to be Number 341 of the *Spectator* for All Fools' Day, 1712," although borrowing for Colonel Esmond "not only Steele's voice, but his very trick of speech," Thackeray commits a glaring minor blunder of which no one familiar with the first edition could have been guilty. As Austin Dobson has pointed out, "although this pseudo-*Spectator* is stated to have been printed 'exactly as those famous journals' were printed . . . Mr. Esmond, to his very apposite Latin epigraph, unluckily appended an English translation — a concession to the country gentlemen from which both Addison and Steele had deliberately abstained" in the original papers, but which was made in later reprints of the essays.

Thackeray apparently is not alone in his unfamiliarity with the first edition. Even John Ashton, who compiled his *Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne* entirely from original sources, makes very few references to advertisements in the *Spectator*, although he frequently refers to those in less representative periodicals. Could students have had the opportunity to examine all the original sheets, they would have found in the *Spectator* advertisements conclusive evidence on such points in literary history as the day of first publication of pieces of litera-

ture about which there has been considerable controversy.

It has, I believe, been hitherto unsettled in which of two books was first published the story of Alexander Selkirk, or Selcraig, whose experiences were made the basis for *Robinson Crusoe*, which Defoe published in 1719. At his own request Selkirk had been put ashore in October, 1704, on the island of Juan Fernandez in the South Pacific, where he lived alone for fifty-two months, until he was rescued by an English privateering expedition. It is often said that the first printed narrative of Selkirk's adventures was a book which was advertised in *Spectator* No. 412, for Monday, June 23, 1712, as follows:

On Thursday next will be Published,

A Cruising Voyage round the World, first to the South Seas, thence to the East-Indies, and homewards by the Cape of Good Hope. Begun in 1708, and finished in 1711. Containing a Journal of all the remarkable Transactions, particularly of the taking of Puna and Guaiquil, of the Acapulco Ship, and other Prizes. A more particular Account of Alexander Selkirk's living alone four Years and four Months in an Island, than has hitherto been given. Also a brief Description of several Countries in our Course noted for Trade, especially in the South Sea. Together with a Table of every Days run cross that great Ocean from California to the Island Guam in the East Indies. Also Maps of all the Coasts of South America for 6000 Miles, taken from the best Spanish Manuscript Draughts. And an Introduction relating to the South Sea Trade. By Capt. Woodes Rogers Commander in chief of the Expedition with the ships Duke and Dutchess of Bristol. Printed for A. Bell and Bernard Lintott, and sold by Mr. Horn, Mr. Parker, and Mr. Philips by the Exchange, Mr. Mount on Tower-hill, and Mr. Tracey on London-bridge. Price bound 6s.

The former account hinted at in this advertisement was mentioned by Howell; but has not, I believe, been generally recognized to have preceded Rogers's book. Almost three months before the publication of this log by the commander-in-chief, Captain Woodes Rogers, his subordinate, Captain Edward Cooke,

who was second captain aboard the Dutchess, had printed what, I venture to say, was the first authoritative story about Selkirk. The notice of this book in *Spectator* No. 337, for Thursday, March 27, 1712, was as follows:—

This Day is Published

A Voyage to the South Sea, and round the World, performed in the Ships Duke and Dutchess of Bristol, in the years 1708, 1709, 1710 and 1711. Containing a Journal of all memorable Transactions during the said Voyage; the Winds, Currents and Variation of the Compass; the taking of the Towns of Puna and Guayaquil, and several Prizes, one of which is a rich Acapulco Ship. A Description of the American Coasts, from Tierra del Fuego in the South, to California in the North. (from the Coasting Pilot, a Spanish Manuscript.) An Historical Account of all those Countries from the best Authors. With a new Map and Description of the mighty River of the Amazons. Wherein an Account is given of Mr. Alexander Selkirk, his Manner of living and taming some wild Beasts during the four Years and four Months he lived upon the uninhabited Island of Juan Fernandes. Illustrated with Cuts and Maps: By Captain Edward Cooke. Printed for B. Lintott and R. Gosling in Fleetstreet, A. Bettesworth on London-bridge, and W. Innes in St. Paul's Church-yard.

From the advertisements, it appears that this privateering cruise appealed strongly to the popular imagination, and, at the time, was probably more celebrated than any other naval exploit of Queen Anne's reign except the Vigo expedition. An advertisement, not in the *Spectator*, announced that, at Elford's Coffee House, was "to be seen and read Gratis, the Journal of the famous Voyage of the Duke and Dutchess Privateer of Bristol, that took the rich Aquíapulco Ship containing many remarkable Transactions. Also an Account of a Man living alone 4 Years and 4 Months in the Island of John Fernando, which they brought with them." Public disposition of part of the booty was also advertised. So great was the interest in these "South Sea ships" that at least one other "Sale by Inch of Candle,"—a peculiar method of auction common at the time,—which had been

announced previously for the same day, was postponed.

This record of plunder taken from the Spaniards is not all that the advertisements tell of the campaigns carried on under letters of marque — an important minor phase of the War of the Spanish Succession which has been neglected by historians. The French also were sufferers, as is shown by notices of a very large number of auctions, such as that of "26 Puncheons of excellent Bordeaux and Coniacq Brandy, neat, full Proof, and of a true Flavour; taken from the French by a Guernzey Privateer, and condemn'd Prize in the High Court of Admiralty." Nor did the English commerce escape entirely, as Swift testifies in his *Journal*. In the *Spectator* for March 14, 1712, the famous wine-merchants "Brooke and Hillier give Notice, that they have now on the Road from Bristol an entire Cargo of the Johns Galley, (consisting of 140 Pipes of new natural Oporto Wines, Red and White) which is the only Ship except one more that has escaped the Enemy this year, loaden with those sort of Wines," etc.

Besides these numerous records of irregular warfare, there are many other advertisements interesting because of their bearing upon the history of the time. A large number, naturally, have to do with John Churchill, who, not very long before, had won his dukedom of Marlborough. While Swift was thundering in the *Examiner* against the speculations and intrigues of the victor of Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet, and was complaining of the enormous expenditure of public funds on the Captain General's splendid mansion, then being built at Woodstock in Oxfordshire, which had already cost the nation £200,000, and "not yet near finished," the following appeared in the *Spectator*: —

With Her Majesty's Royal Privilege and Licence, there is now Printing an exact Description of the Palace of Blenheim in Oxfordshire, in a large Folio. Illustrated with the Plans, Elevations, Sections and Perspectives,

Engraven by the best Hands on Copper Plates; several of which being already finished, are just Published in distinct Sheets by Jacob Tonson at Shakespear's Head over against Catharine-street in the Strand.

The bitterness of the struggle between political parties is suggested by two advertisements printed close together in the edition for December 18, 1711: —

This Day is Published,

A second Part of the Caveat against the Whigs, in a short Historical View of their Transactions; wherein are discovered their many Attempts and Contrivances against the Established Government, both in Church and State, since the Restoration of King Charles 2d. With a Preface to both Parts. Sold by J. Morphew near Stationer's-Hall, price 1s. Where is to be had the second Edition of the first Part.

This Day is Publish'd,

Tory Partiality detected: Or a True State of the Pole and Scrutiny of Broad-street Ward, on the Election of an Alderman in the room of Sir Joseph Wolf deceased; Begun Sept. 13 and continu'd by several Necessary and unavoidable Adjournments to the 27th of October following: Before Sir Gilbert Heathcote Kt. late Lord Mayor of the City of London. Printed for J. Baker at the Black-Boy in Pater-noster-Row. Price 3d.

Another notice which enforces the same point was printed as much as a year later.

Who Plot best; the Whigs or the Tories. Being a brief Account of all the Plots that have happen'd within these Thirty Years, viz Three Tory Plots, the Popish, the Abdication, the Assassination. Five Whig Plots, the Presbyterian, the Pinns, the Puppets, the Mohocks, the Band-Box. In a Letter to Mr. Ferguson. Printed for A. Baldwin, near the Oxford Arms in Warwick-Lane. Price 4d.

How bitterly religious controversy still raged, is shown by notices of two pamphlets from champions of the Church of England — one directed against the Roman Catholics, the other against the "dissenters," or "non-conforming" Protestants: —

This Day is Published a Neat Elziver
Edition of

Dean Sherlock's Preservative against Popery in two Parts. The first being some plain Directions how to dispute with Romish Priests. The Second shewing how contrary Popery is to the true Ends of the Christian Religion. Both fitted for the Instruction of unlearned Protestants. Printed for D. Brown, J. Walthoe, J. Nicholson, B. Tooke, J. Pemberton and T. Ward.

Just publish'd

A Sermon Preach'd at Patribourne, near Canterbury; proving that Dissenters are impos'd upon by their Teachers, and that they ought to conform to the Church of England, as by Law establish'd. With a Preface to shew their Mistake, about the Act of Exemption, and that they can have no Claim to that Indulgence, without certain Conditions therein mention'd. By J. Bowtell, B. D., Fellow of St. John's College in Cambridge. Printed for R. Knaplock at the Bishop's-Head in St. Paul's Church-yard. Price 3d.

The dissenters, however, were not without their own pamphleteer champions, as the following shows:—

The charge of Schism against the Dissenters, Discharg'd; in Reply to a Tract of the Reverend Mr. Norris on this Subject; wherein the Extent of the Toleration-Act is consider'd, and it's prov'd that by Virtue of it, the Dissenters are no longer Offenders against Human Laws by their Separation, and that they are not guilty of Schism by Virtue of any Law of God. By S. Brown, Minister of Portsmouth. Printed for J. Lawrence, at the Angel in the Poultry.

An interesting series of advertisements has to do with the death of Queen Anne and the accession of George I, August 1, 1714. "The Mausoleum, a Poem, sacred to the Memory of her late Majesty Queen Anne, by Mr. Theobald," was so popular as to warrant a second edition. "Edward Young, Fellow of All-Souls College, Oxon.," afterwards author of *Night Thoughts*, marked the occasion by "A Poem on the Late Queen's Death, and His Majesty's Accession to the Throne, Inscribed to Joseph Addison, Esq., Secretary to their Excellencies the Lords Justices."

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How ludicrously fulsome were some of these productions—concerning a monarch whose character, Green says, "as nearly approached insignificance as it is possible for human character to approach it;" whose "temper" was that of a "gentleman usher;" whose "one care was to get money for his favourites and himself;" and whose chief public virtue was that he "frankly accepted the irksome position of a constitutional king,"—is shown by "A Poem on the Accession of His Majesty King George, Inscrib'd to his Grace the Duke of Marlborough," which is entitled "Augustus."

A suggestion of the amusing ignorance of the people in general concerning the personality of the rather contemptible princeling, who had been sent for overseas in order "to serve the nation's turn" as figurehead of the government, is furnished by this advertisement:—

This Day is published,

An Account of the Courts of Prussia and Hanover: Sent to a Minister of State in Holland. In which are contain'd the Characters of the Elector of Hanover, now King of England; the Electoral Prince, Duke of Cambridge, and others of that illustrious Family. To which are added, The Ordinances and Statutes of the Royal Academy erected by the King of Prussia at Berlin. And the Declaration of the Elector Palatine in favour of his Protestant Subjects. All three publish'd by Mr. Toland. Sold by J. Roberts in Warwick-Lane, J. Harrison at the Royal-Exchange, A. Dodd without Temple-Bar, and J. Graves in St. James's Street. Price in Sheep 2s. in Calf 2s. 6d.

In view of their almost total lack of information concerning the new king, it was no wonder there was considerable curiosity at least to see him—a feeling which is indicated by notices like the following, which was printed Friday, September 17, 1714:—

The Golden Lion in Cheapside, by Mercers Chapel, is commodiously fitted with Benches, and is to be Let either entire, Balcony and Dining Room separate, or otherwise in single Places to Gentlemen and Ladies who are minded to see the Royal Entrance of His

Majesty. Inquire at the Anchor in Friday-street near Cheapside. N. B. Here Ladies won't be discommoded with the ill Convenience of being confin'd to their Places, as they must in publick Stands; nor may they fear the Night's Approach ere the Cavalcade be past.

We are reminded by the following of the almost indecent haste with which, after the death of Queen Anne, this sorry successor to the great Edwards, Henrys, and Williams formally assumed their regalia: —

This Day is published,

The Second Edition of an Exact Account of the Form and Ceremony of His Majesty's Coronation, as it was solemnly perform'd in the Collegiate Church at Westminster, on Wednesday the 20th of this Instant October, price 5d. Sold by J. Baker in Pater-noster-row. . . .

These never-reprinted advertisements are interesting, moreover, for other reasons than the explanation they afford of oblique allusions in the literature of the time; they are valuable for more than the light they throw upon obscure details of literary and political history. When supplemented by the advertisements, the main essays give a much clearer notion of what sort of place was London when, early those foggy mornings, the "Sheetsful of Thoughts for the benefit of Contemporaries" were sent by Sam Buckley, the printer "at the Dolphin in Little Britain," around to "A. Baldwin in Warwick-Lane," and to "Charles Lillie, Perfumer, at the corner of Beauford-Buildings in the Strand," where they were sold. From the quaintly worded notices of mercers, snuff-dealers, lotteries, quacks, booksellers, — of all who catered to the world of fashion, — we can reconstruct many of the details of scenes later in the day, when, lounging in their morning gowns, scholars at the Grecian and wits at Will's Coffee House tried to "smoak" the author of that morning's essay.

Then, nearer noon, after a night at the Duchess of Hamilton's "drum," or Her Grace of Shrewsbury's "rout," we can fancy Lady Jane Hyde, Lady Betty Har-

ley, Lady Betty Butler, Miss Forrester or some other of the "top toasts," or other of Her Majesty's maids of honor, signaling her awakening by three tugs at the bell-rope and as many raps with a slipper on the floor. Woe to the little Negro — in Turkish costume and with a silver collar, bearing his mistress's name, riveted about his neck — if, with the rolls and the "dishes" of tea or chocolate, he failed to bring, as an indispensable "Part of the Tea Equipage," that day's *Spectator*! We can imagine milady sipping her Bohea or her "Chocolate made from the best Cracco nuts," and her exclamations, as she read — under what to her doubtless were the thin disguises of "Sempronius," "Flavia," "Florinda," of "Cynthia" or "Lionel" — of the follies of some members of the fashionable world. We may see her pouting prettily at "The Exercise of the Fan," or smiling — let us hope blushing a little also — at the letters concerning escapades at Tunbridge of "Rachel Shoe-string," "Sarah Trice," and "Alice Blue-garter."

We may be reasonably certain, moreover, that she did not overlook the advertisements of "fresh and clean Parcels of Silk Gowns;" of "cosmetics" and "beauty doctors;" of "great Penny-worths" in "Macklyn and Brussels Lace," in "Hooped Petticoats," in "extraordinary fine Bohee Tea." Let us be so rude as to peep over her paper now and see what it is that so especially amuses her. Ah! here it is: —

The highest Compounded Spirit of Lavender: The most Glorious (if the Expression may be us'd) Enlivening Scent and Flavour that can possibly be: In Vapours, sick Fits, Faintings, &c. finest too, or dropt upon a bit of Loaf-Sugar, and eaten or dissolv'd in Wine, Coffee, Tea, or what Liquor you please, so charms the Spirits, delights the Gust, and gives such Airs to the Countenance, as are not to be imagin'd but by those that have try'd it. The meanest Sort of the thing is admir'd by most Gentlemen and Ladies, but this far more, as by far it exceeds it, to the gaining among all a more than common Esteem. Is sold only

(in neat Flint Bottles fit for the Pocket) at 3s. 6d. each, at the Golden-Key in Warton's-Court, near Holborn-Bars.

Addison himself had previously commented upon the "Ciceronian Manner" of this. Although, with him, we cannot fail to "recommend" the "several Flowers in which this Spirit of Lavender is wrapped up ('if the Expression may be us'd')," we cannot but regret the inevitable conclusion that fashionable ladies read and secretly acted upon advertisements similar to the following — inevitable because the frequency with which such notices appeared in the *Spectator* is a sure sign they were "getting results."

The famous Bavarian Red Liquor:

Which gives such a delightful blushing Colour to the Cheeks of those that are White or Pale, that it is not to be distinguished from a natural fine Complexion, nor perceived to be artificial by the nearest Friend. Is nothing of Paint, or in the least hurtful, but good in many Cases to be taken inwardly. It renders the Face delightfully handsome and beautiful; is not subject to be rubb'd off like Paint, therefore cannot be discover'd by the nearest Friend. It is certainly the best Beautifier in the World. Is sold only at Mr. Payn's Toyshop at the Angel and Crown in St. Paul's Church-yard near Cheapside, at 3s. 6d. a Bottle, with Directions.

By the same reasoning from the persistent advertising of many remedies for what the writer of a letter in the *Spectator* characterizes as "this fashionable reigning Distemper," we may conclude that the novelists and essayists of the eighteenth century were not exaggerating when they afflicted their heroines with frequent attacks of "the Vapours." "A Treatise of the Hypochondriack and Hysterick Passions, vulgarly called the HYPO in Men and VAPOURS in Women," was advertised, as well as many nostrums of which the following is a typical notice: —

The Vapours in Women infallibly Cured in an Instant, so as never to return again, by an admirable Chymical Secret, a few

drops of which takes off a Fit in a Moment, dispels Sadness, clears the Head, takes away all Swimming, Giddiness, Dimness of Sight, Flushings in the Face, &c. to a Miracle, and most certainly prevents the Vapours returning again; for by Rooting out the very Cause it perfectly Cures as Hundreds have experienc'd: It . . . causes Liveliness and settled Health. Is sold only at Mrs. Osborn's, Toy-shop, at the Rose and Crown under St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet-street, at 2s. 6d. the Bottle, with directions.

Now, assuming our time is our own to kill in manner approved for young men about town, let us "take the air" after our call upon milady — a not unprecedented call, by the way. For, on the authority of Addison and other writers, if it was not usual in the age of the *Spectator* for a gentlewoman to see men before she was out of bed, it had been very common but a few years before; and, throughout the eighteenth century, all "ladies of quality," while making their toilet, received friends.

We have now made our congés, however, and, with the mincing gait affected by gentlemen of quality, have tiptoed out of doors. Now we begin to work our way slowly through the narrow, foul-smelling streets, rutty and puddly, with only a row of stone posts to separate pedestrians from the crowd of chairs, coaches, "leather-bodied chariots," drays; streets resonant with the oaths of chairmen and carters, with the cries of seventy-four or more different kinds of itinerant tradesmen; streets overhung with hundreds of creaking signs representing "blue Boars, black Swans, and red Lions; not to mention flying Pigs, and Hogs in Armour, with many other Creatures more extraordinary than any in the Desarts of *Africk*." On foot if we will, splashed with mud from the "kennel," yielding the coveted place next the wall to "serving-wenchens" and poor gentlewomen with pinned-up petticoats, and disputing for it with apprentices and gorgeous swaggering guardsmen, with beaux in red-heeled shoes, with tradesmen and pickpockets; or in a coach or chair — if

we would keep our clothes immaculate — we go to Saint James's Park to saunter up and down the Mall. Or, maybe, we wish to go to a coffee-house to see if our numbers are among those posted as having drawn prizes in one of the lotteries, or to read the latest Newsletter from the Continent.

Or, perhaps, we are sufficiently interested in some of the editions of the "Works of Mr. Congreve," of "Mr. John Milton," or of "Mr. Dryden," "printed with a neat Elziver Letter in small Pocket Volumes," to stop at some of the booksellers, such as "Jacob Tonson at Shakespear's head over-against Catherine-street in the Strand," "Bernard Lintott at the Cross-Keys between the two Temple Gates in Fleetstreet," "J. Morphew near Stationer's Hall," "Owen Lloyd near the Church in the Temple," "T. Osborn in Grays-Inn near the Walks," or "W. Taylor at the Ship in Pater-Noster Row."

Or we may wish to attend a sale of what is advertised as "An extraordinary Collection of Original Paintings by the most eminent Masters, viz. Raphael, Titiano, Correggio, Guido Reni . . . Vandyke;" or an auction of the personal effects of some late gentleman "by Order of his Executioners" — for these sales, held usually between the hours of nine and one, are largely attended even by those who have no intention of buying. Or we may go to buy a pair of silk stockings, or a Steinkirk, or, at any rate, to ogle the pretty shop-girls in the "New Exchange." Here, doubtless, Swift bought for "Mrs." Johnson and Mrs. Dingley the contents of that famous box, speculations upon the miscarriage of which occupy so much space in his *Journal* of letters. Some time between two and four, we go to dinner, at a friend's house, at Pontack's, or at some "ordinary," where we eat and drink heavily for an hour or more.

The early evening we may dawdle away at a coffee house, "settling the Characters of My Lord Rochester and

Boileau," finishing "the Merits of several Dramatick Writers," or making "an End of the Nature of the True Sublime." Or we may attend "A Course of Experiments in order to demonstrate the Laws of the Gravitations of Fluids," and the working of other physical forces, by "Mr. Fra. Hauksbee, Sen. F. R. S.," or "A compleat Course of Chimistry, consisting of above 100 Operations . . . at the Laboratory of M. Edw. Bright, Chymist."

If the season and weather are propitious, we may prefer, in the late afternoon or early evening, to put on a coat, like Dr. Swift's, of light camlet, faced with red velvet and silver buttons, and go riding in Hyde Park or a few miles into the country. In "the Ring," or between fields and hedgerows, we shall probably see at least one of the more energetic of the reigning "toasts," dressed "like a Man," in "an Equestrian Habit," perhaps of "Blue Camlet, well laced with Silver, being a Coat, Wastecoat, Petticoat, Hat and Feather." If the rogue knows us, she will, perhaps, as she rides by, "fly in the Face of Justice, pull off her Hat — with the Mein and Air of a young Officer, saying at the same Time, 'your Servant Mr. —'"

If our tastes run in that direction we may, on the other hand, go at five or six o'clock to "Punch's Theatre," the puppet-show managed by Powell in the Little Piazza of Covent Garden, to hear the "diverting Dialogue between Signior Punchanella and Mademoiselle Sousabella Pignatella, and other Diversions too long to insert here." Or we may visit such continuous performances of what were called "moving Pictures," as "Mr. Penkethman's Wonderful Invention, call'd the Pantheon: Or, the Temple of the Heathen-gods. The Work of several Years and great Expence . . . the Figures [of] which are above 100, and move their Heads, Legs, Arms, and Fingers, so exactly to what they perform . . . that it justly deserves to be esteem'd the greatest Wonder of the Age." Or we

may marvel at "The Lest Man and Hors in the World," previously mentioned; or at "An Entertainment by Mr. CLINCH of BARNET, who imitates the Flute, Double Curtel, the Organ with 3 Voices, the Horn, Huntsman and Pack of Hounds, the Sham-Doctor, the Old Woman, the Drunken-Man, the Bells: All Instruments . . . performed by his natural Voice."

"At the Duke of Marlborough's Head in Fleet-street, in the great Room, is to be seen the famous Posture-Master of Europe who . . . extends his Body into all deformed Shapes; makes his Hip and Shoulder Bones meet together . . . stands upon one Leg, and extends the other in a perpendicular Line half a Yard above his Head. . . . Likewise a Child of about 9 Years of Age, that shews such Postures as never was seen perform'd by one of his Age. Also the famous English Artist, who . . . takes an empty Bag, which after being turn'd, trod, and stamp'd on, produces some Hundreds of Eggs, and at last a living Hen," and "other Marvels too tedious to mention."

Or we may attend "the famous Water-Theatre of the late ingenious Mr. Winstanly," which is "at the lower End of Pickadilly, and is known by the Windmill on the Top of it." Here are "the greatest Curiosities in Water-works, the like was never perform'd by any . . . with several new Additions, as three Stages, Sea Gods and Goddesses, Nymphs, Mermaids and Satires, all of them playing of Water as suitable, and some Fire mingling with the Water, and Sea Triumphs round the Barrel that plays so many Liquors; all which is taken away after it hath perform'd its Part, and the Barrel is broken in Pieces before the Spectators."

If it is a warm season, we may follow Sir Roger de Coverley's example, and, embarking at the Temple Stairs with the old sailor who lost a leg at La Hogue, or with some other of the Thames boatmen, go to Spring-Garden (afterwards called Vauxhall), where, amidst the "Walks and

Bowers with the Choirs of Birds that sing upon the Trees, and the loose Tribe of People that walk under their Shades," we may spend the evening.

If we are fond of music, we shall have several opportunities, during the season between December and May, to attend "Consorts," of which the following is a typical notice:—

For the Entertainment of his Highness Prince Eugene of Savoy, at Stationer's-Hall,

On Monday next, being the 21st Instant, will be performed a Consort of Vocal and Instrumental Musick to begin at 6 a Clock. Tickets are to be had at Charles Lillie's, a Perfumer, at the Corner of Beauford Buildings in the Strand, and at Mr. Manship's at the Temple Tavern in Fleetstreet, at 5s. each. No Person to be admitted without Tickets. N. B. The Tickets delivered for the 18th Instant at the Golden Balls in Hart-Street will be taken for the Entertainment.

Then there are frequent performances at the Queen's Theatre, built in 1704 especially to provide a place for the performance of the Italian opera just coming into vogue. Here is the announcement of a performance in which Nicolini, the most famous tenor of Queen Anne's day, sang the leading part:—

At the Queen's Theatre in the Hay-Market, to Morrow being Wednesday, the 11th Day of June, Signior Chevaleri Nicolini Grimaldi will take his leave of England, in the last Italian Opera call'd Hercules. Boxes 8s. Pit 5s. First Gallery 2s. 6d. Upper Gallery 1s. 6d. Boxes upon the Stage half a Guinea. To begin exactly at Seven. By Her Majesty's Command, no Persons are to be admitted behind the Scenes.

Whatever we do on other evenings, we shall certainly spend one at the famous theatre which, in spite of rivals of all sorts, remains the principal place of amusement. Here is a typical notice:—

By Her Majesty's Company of Comedians,

At the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane this present Tuesday, the 18th Day of Decem-

ber, will be presented a Comedy call'd, *The Tender Husband or the Accomplish'd Fools*. For the Entertainment of the New Toasts, and several Ladies of Quality. The part of Biddy by Mrs. Oldfield, Sir Harry Gubbin by Mr. Bullock, Mr. Tipkin by Mr. Norris. Mr. Clerimont by Mr. Mills, Capt. Clerimont by Mr. Wilks, Humphrey Gubbin by Mr. Penkethman, Mr. Pounce by Mr. Paek, Mrs. Clerimont by Mrs. Bradshaw, the Aunt by Mrs. Powell. To which (at the Desire of several Persons of Quality) will be added, a Farce of one Act only, call'd, *The Country Wake*. The Part of Hob by Mr. Dogget, Sir. Thomas Testy by Mr. Bullock, Friendly by Mr. Paek, Flora by Mrs. Santlow.

From six or seven until ten, or thereabouts, — making our seats in the pit, in a box under the first gallery or on the stage, merely bases of operations, — we move about the play-house. When Mrs. Oldfield or Mr. Wilks is before us, perhaps we give attention; but, if we follow the highest fashion, we spend more time takingsnuff with great periwigs and stars; in ridiculing the actors and the "Poet;" in confounding as "clumsy awkward fellows" the box-keepers, and the candle-snuffer who busies himself with the lights; and in buying fruit, and exchanging risqué witticisms with the pert, pretty orange-girls.

Thence we go directly to the carefully painted, powdered and patched young ladies of quality, who reply to our studiously impudent or ardent speeches with languishing glances, and with such irrelevant questions as whether we do not think Miss B — is a "dowd" or has a "squint;" whether we do not agree that the "Saylor's Jig" and the "Dance of Four Scaramouch's," sometimes introduced between the acts, are more entertaining than "those dull speeches of Colley Cibber;" or whether, on the whole, we do not prefer Mrs. Santlow, the dancer, to Mrs. Oldfield.

We wait, perhaps, until some beauty allows us the honor of handing her to the door and into her scarlet-lined chair; otherwise, whether the performance be over or not, we go about ten o'clock to "Tom's or Will's coffee houses, near adjoining,

where there is 'picket' playing, and the best of conversation till midnight." Or we may be invited to some of the great houses in Soho Square to play at basset or ombre. Or we may join a party of sad young dogs whose wanderings, after the theatre, are suggested by an advertisement: —

Lost on Thursday last the 3d Instant, or left in a Hackney Coach that took up Company at Drury-Lane Play-House and set them down at the three Tuns in Shandois-street, and from thence to Leaden hall-street, from thence to Park-street St. James's, a green emerald Ring, enclosed with 8 Diamonds and 14 Sparks round the Hoop, and engraved in the Inside an H, crowned with an Earl's Coronet. If the said Coachman, or any other Person, will bring it to Mr. Charles Lillie's the Corner of Beaufort Buildings, they shall receive 2 Guineas Reward; or if offered to be sold or pawned you are desired to stop it, and the Reward abovesaid shall be paid.

Then there is the notorious masquerade, which is resorted to, not only by ladies and gentlemen of quality, but also by those of the purlieus of Covent Garden. We have all read Mr. Spectator's satirical papers on this, and his burlesque advertisement of the "eminent Italian Chirurgeon arriv'd from the Carnaval at Venice," who holds forth "within two Doors of the Masquerade," and who "draws Teeth without pulling off your Mask."

But, if we have not been laughed into shame, we may attend what is thus advertised: —

At the Request of several Foreigners lately arrived, The Masquerade in Old Spring Garden, Charing Cross, will be this present Tuesday, being the First Day of May. Note, That upon this Occasion a Gentleman is pleased to give for the Diversion of the Masquers, an Entertainment of Musick, both Vocal and Instrumental, by some of the best Masters in London. This Entertainment will begin exactly at Ten a Clock. Tickets may be had at Mr. Thurmond's in King's Court, Russell-street, Covent-Garden, and at the House in Spring Garden; price Half a Guinea. No person whatsoever to be admitted Unmask'd or Arm'd.

Probably some time between midnight and dawn, in a coach or chair if we are prudent and have not lost all our money "at play," or at least with a servant or link-boy, whose flambeau makes our way through the dim, wretched streets a little less difficult and dangerous, we go to our lodgings, thinking ourselves fortunate indeed if we escape muddy clothes or barked shins, and the scarcely less nearly omnipresent dangers from highwaymen and Mohocks.

An interesting city is this we see in these advertisements, — an interesting and, in some aspects, a picturesque age; yet altogether different in character of detail from that drawn for us in pretty *Eighteenth Century Vignettes* for nice people, and in recent expurgated historical novels.

Indeed, the London of Queen Anne, as shown by present-day idealizers, has for us much the same illusion as persons in the stagebox at Drury Lane doubtless had for a country boy in the upper gallery. We cannot, at this distance, detect, in the soft candlelight, the dirt under the fine lady's powder and patches,

the snuff on her upper lip, or the rouge smeared from eyes to chin. We do not even surmise that she "squints." We cannot hear her vapid or even profane remarks, delivered with what seems such a charming, high-bred smile, to the gentleman who looks so grand, so distinguished, in his great powdered periwig, his neckcloth of Mechlin lace, and his coat glittering with embroidery and stars. We cannot note that his Steinkirk is "snuff-begrimed," that his gold embroidery is slightly frayed, that his hands are not as clean as they should be, that his eyes are dulled by dissipation, that he reeks with wine. We do not know that he paid for his stars perhaps by the sale of places in church and state, by treachery to friends, by cruelty, by betrayals of public trust. We do not guess that physically, mentally, and morally he is corrupt. So, if only to make us more content with our own age, which, for all its faults, is on the average ever so much a better one in which to live, it is well occasionally to see this place, and yonder people near at hand, in the merciless sunlight of contemporary evidence.

THE AERONAUTS

BY RHODA HERO DUNN

How will they look upon us wingless ones,
Our great aerial children soon to come,
Who even now begin to quicken life
With movement toward their finer element,
And fierce essays against the weight of Time?
When, in the weary lapse of some long flight,
Dawn, undisturbed of any lifting leaf,
Uninterrupted of a waking bird,
Shakes its vast silence in among the stars,
Will they not turn from radiant tides of light,
And, steering earthward, softly speak of us
Their fathers, long contented under trees?
Yet who shall blame them if they soon forget?
The sunlight will be woven in their blood,
And breadth of spaces, native to their breath,
Will urge them till they soar again for joy.
To them the hills will rise no more, but knit
By river-threads of silver to the vales,
Will trace one pattern to the fringing seas.
Down, ever downward, floats earth's tapestry!
Its mountain folds to emerald ripples smoothed
By intervening heights of azure air.
Up, up they mount! Where never eagles' wing
Drops feather; or the smallest waft of cloud
Casts its translucent shadow; till the line
Of earth's horizon brims a cup so huge
Its rim dissolves the endless distances
In purple interminglings of faint mist.
And there, within the Garden of the Skies,
With Heaven above, and heaven, as fair, below,
Only the winds, forever voicelessly
Astir among the daffodils of morn
Or soft in petals of the sunset rose,
Recall them to those meadows whence they sprung.
Cloud-cradled must the youth, indeed, have been,

And intimate with starry altitudes,
Whose song would venture that new Paradise,
Or lips attempt that greater Adam's fame
Who pioneered against the rising sun
And staked his claim above the rainbow's sign.
But unto us, the wingless, in our dreams
May come a faint prevision of that hour.
On cloudless mornings after days of rain;
Or from some mountain summit's lift of snow;
Or in a sunset reddening far at sea
The moment may be miraged. And our hearts,
Now islanded by little miles of grass
And tiny leagues of waving forest leaves
Into dissenting nations, leap to meet
A future wherein unfenced realms of air
Have mingled all earth's peoples into one
And banished war forever from the world.
Yet seldom dare we dream of such a dream
Lest we despair that we must die too soon.

THE INDUSTRIAL DILEMMA

IV

THE RAILROADS AND PUBLICITY

BY JAMES O. FAGAN

A SHORT time ago, in a speech made to a class in Economics at Harvard University, Dr. Charles W. Eliot made the following statement:—

“A great remedy—possibly the remedy—for strikes and troubles between capital and labor, is publicity. Is it not a great comfort, after all, that publicity is the great remedy for public wrong, or private wrong, for that matter? Why is it? Because the majority of people in this world, despite all ancient theological

teachings, want to do what is right.”

Here we have a solution of industrial problems theoretically enunciated. The application of this theory to the situation on the railroads, and to the policy and work of managers and labor organization, brings to the surface a most interesting story.

In its best educational meaning, publicity stands for knowledge, enlightenment, efficiency, the best possible type of manhood and womanhood, and for so-

cial betterment in every direction. On the railroads, for example, it is an easy matter to demonstrate to what a wonderful degree publicity means prevention as well as cure. The success of any campaign to secure greater efficiency of service and to improve the standards and ideals of the workers is now to be fought out and secured by means of this powerful agency. There was a time when it did not make so much difference what was known or what was concealed, for the reason that the public conscience was to a great extent indifferent; but to-day society is keenly alive to the situation, and recognizes the fact that publicity is the most powerful and wholesome educator in the laboratory of social science.

While then, generally speaking, the publicity method will be found to result in a useful knowledge of conditions, of methods, and of men, there is also concealed in it an art of a very practical description. In everyday life and work this may be termed the art of social persuasion and uplift. In municipal, as well as in industrial affairs, *the best possible* conditions are always fostered and encouraged by absolute publicity; *the worst imaginable* by political and industrial secrecy. To convert the latter into the former, with or without legislation, is the mission of social persuasion. This social betterment instinct, in this country at any rate, always has the majority at its back. It is always reaching out into the future where majority interests are centered. From barbarism to the projected efficiency of the highest civilization is almost an infinite span. Publicity, as I am about to explain it, is the highest point in the climbing process that has yet been reached by human effort and the human conscience. For centuries, with very little force or method behind it, publicity has been knocking at the gate of human progress, but not until lately has its widespread significance been understood. In the industrial world, for example, we are now beginning to understand that publicity, or social persuasion, is actually

the art of bringing labor and capital, men and managers, together in the interests of the people. Its present and prospective value as the most useful agency in betterment work can be emphasized by a glance at the industrial situation.

Turn where we will at the present day, we find the distinguishing feature of the industrial world to be specialization for material ends and purposes. The struggle of authority to hold its ground, of capital to retain its supremacy and to reap its harvest, of labor to assert itself and to secure its due proportion of profits, has brought into active service an army of specialists, whose life-work seems to consist in upsetting the plans and defeating the specialties of their competitors. Under the direction of these trained specialists, the different interests have formed themselves into isolated group-centres. In order to safeguard their possessions, and to ward off interference, these group-centres have surrounded themselves with all kinds of financial, legal, and legislative barricades.

The railroad world in particular is completely roped off and specialized in this manner. These groups of capitalists, workers, and managers can neither be broken up nor scattered by legal or legislative action. With their group-interests and group-ideals, these people are narrowing the horizon of national life. The specialists who manage their affairs and preside over their councils are seldom permitted to extend their vision, or exercise their sympathies, an inch beyond their own premises and interests. With their limited vision, these groups are socially incomplete. They lack the salt of a wide social brotherhood. The social conscience must now take them in hand, and inoculate them with the leaven of a wider philanthropy. The original soulless corporation has already been purged of its most flagrant abuses. It has now joined the brotherhood of groups, and is no better and no worse than the rest of them. In this way, the problem has widened and become more intense. Its

economic importance has been dwarfed by a paramount human issue. It is, first of all, a question of American manhood and womanhood. In the interests of social betterment it thus becomes the business of publicity, or the art of social persuasion, to see what can be done with the group situation in American industrial life.

I

To begin with, what is it like, and how does it work on the railroad? In making the best of a rather uncomfortable predicament, the manager has become attached to the group situation. It is now the only peg on which he can hang the hat of his authority. In fact, the principle of management has now been reduced to these forms and to these terms. As the manager looks at it, the greater the number of groups, the less chance for unanimity among them, for the groups are self-centred and selfish. On a given railroad they have no common base; the engineer, to a sufficient degree for the manager's purpose, looks askance at the fireman, the trainman at the conductor; and the towerman, as a rule, cannot be persuaded to cast in his lot with the telegraph operator. Amid these varied interests and little storm-centres the manager plays his part, and the harmonious relations that exist are the result of his manipulation, and a tribute to his skill. But in this industrial shuffle the individual is passing through a humiliating experience. My own position on the railroad will serve as an illustration.

My term of service on the Boston and Maine Railroad extends over a period of twenty-eight years. So far as I am aware, there are no marks of any kind on my record. Consequently I think I am justified in contending that, in my own interest, and that of the service, if there are any avenues of promotion in the tower service they should be kept open so that I and others may have them in mind as an ever-present incentive for exertion and faithful service. Nevertheless, since

management by group and schedule has been inaugurated, I and others in similar positions have been like so much dead-sea fruit. By reason of pressure from other groups, the field of promotion is confined to my own group. The avenue along which I should be able to press upwards and forwards in the tower service has been blocked by rigid agreements between the management and the different group-interests.

I work on the Fitchburg Division. On other divisions of the road there are situations that for a long time have paid a dollar a day more than that which I hold. Of course, if these divisions were separate railroads, nothing more could be said; but they are all under the same management, and a towerman can qualify for a new job on another division nearly as quickly as he can for one on his own. But if I desire one of these higher positions on another division, it is open to me only in one way — I must throw up my record of service and my seniority and ability privileges on my own division, and begin life over again on the other, at the bottom of the ladder; which, of course, is practically out of the question. A telegraph operator in a tower in the terminal division, with a few months' service to his credit, has the call on the tower work on that division ahead of a man who has been working for the same corporation for over a quarter of a century. Neither seniority, merit, nor ability is permitted to interfere with the interests which each group formulates for itself, and which are at present impervious to publicity. It is hardly to be supposed that the manager is alone responsible for this state of affairs, for it must be evident that his ability to place his men to the best advantage is circumscribed, while the liberty and individuality of the worker receive no recognition.

But publicity, or social persuasion, in the United States, has the biggest kind of a mission. Its main business is to explain and to illuminate the industrial dilemma, so that the people as a whole

can be brought to understand the situation. The collective good sense of the community, without much fuss, will then take care of its own interests. But, unfortunately, publicity is no part of the programme of organized labor. Many of its principles will not stand the test of social scrutiny. In the interests of the labor body as a whole, its inefficient members are only too often protected and retained in the service. Our unions discourage criticism and discussion, and insist upon discipline in the dark.

Bishop Keane, in an address at Denver, Colorado, some time ago, made the following statement:—

"Labor unions should not therefore destroy competition, even in labor, by denying efficiency extraordinary compensation." But the seniority rule, as in actual practice on the railroads, denies to efficiency this extraordinary compensation, contrary to the manifest interests and requirements of the public service.

A short time ago I read in a Boston newspaper an account of fifty or more teamsters who had been fined for disobeying certain traffic rules, which had been laid down by the city authorities for the safety and convenience of travel. Since the new traffic law went into effect, January first, there have been 1061 teamsters in court. Of this number 944 paid fines of five dollars each. Both fines and the names of the offenders were published in the daily papers. The city of Boston, it would seem, does not believe in the Brown system of discipline in relation to street traffic. Presumably the city would long ago have adopted secret and psychological methods of discipline if they could anticipate better results. So the question arises — If publicity is good for the teamster, why is it not equally so for the railroad man? On the railroad, when an employee disobeys a traffic regulation he is treated psychologically in the dark. So far as his fellows are concerned, there is no lesson or warning attached to it, as in the case of the teamsters.

In passing, the psychological problem

on the railroad deserves a word or two in its relation to publicity. Some of the managers have taken hold of this matter in practical fashion. They give as one reason the fact that nowadays juries and arbitrators must be addressed and worked upon psychologically, or very little impression can be made on them.

The railroad manager meets the psychological problem at every turn. In a sort of despairing effort to compel employees to read attentively and correctly in sending and repeating train-orders, for example, he will change the names of a dozen railroad stations to meet certain psychological possibilities. Another bugbear of this description relates to divided responsibility. Until quite recently, this poor old world has been run on the supposition that two hurdles in your path are more likely to arrest your career than one, and that double protection is more reliable than a single safeguard. Under stress of psychological promptings, which whisper to the easy-going twentieth century that what is everybody's business is nobody's business, the props are being knocked from under this common-sense logic. The situation is becoming most peculiar in its practical aspect, more especially on the railroads, where the interests and safety of the public are now threatened from so many directions.

Not long ago extensive tests were instituted on a well-known railroad. The manager of the road told me a curious incident in connection with these tests. The record was almost perfect. The only out about it related to one particular signal. Nearly every engineman on the division disregarded this signal, for some unknown reason. The manager, an acute judge of human nature, as it lived, moved, and received encouragement on his railroad, at once detected a cause. Personally he investigated the matter; as he approached the signal in question, the reason for its neglect was very evident: a second signal, some distance ahead of the signal which had purposely been set at danger was plainly seen to be in the

safety position. What, then, was the use of bothering about signal No. 1 when the track was certainly clear up to and beyond signal No. 2? Here we have the usual psychological excuse for disobedience.

II

But, regardless of their own indiscretions here and there, I think the managers of railroads are beginning to perceive that they are likely to gain more than they lose by encouraging publicity methods. One western railroad goes so far as to publish instructions, and all sorts of warnings to employees, in the daily papers. Take, for example, the following from a newspaper published in Bloomington, Illinois:—

"It has developed of late that some train baggagemen delivered milk and cream to the wrong persons, causing heavy loss to the company in settling damage claims. Hereafter every case of such carelessness, where claims must be paid, will be charged to the baggagemen at fault."

"Towermen, agents, yardmen, and crossing-tenders, are asked to do what they can to avoid delay of passenger trains. The performance sheets of late show considerable delay due to the carelessness, laziness, and negligence of certain employees who are not alert in the effort to prevent delay. All concerned are again urged to do better in the way of accelerating the movement of such trains."

"Crews are asked to respect the orders about not running too fast down-hill and around curves, Plainview being a notable example. Speed there should not exceed fifty miles an hour."

By the way, fifty miles an hour round curves is n't at all bad as a reduction in speed.

To secure the attention of the employee, and to enlist his interest in the cause of efficient service, the modern manager is now willing to go to any extreme. He is even prepared to surrender his prerogative and to share his duties with the employee.

On a western railroad it has been decided to appoint engineers and conductors to examine and instruct employees in regard to rules and duties. These men are to be placed on regular pay, and called in to coöperate with the officials. The idea of appointing employees for this purpose is a novel one, and its success will be watched with considerable interest.

But there are all sorts of strings to the publicity kite, which fact is a reminder of another phase of the topic that also seems to call for a little attention. I allude to the personnel and the work of the Interstate Commerce Commission in relation to organized labor and the public interests.

The Interstate Commerce Commission employs something like twenty-one inspectors. All but three of these men are members of the four big railroad orders, in good standing; and, indeed, service for the Interstate Commerce Commission is used as a stepping-stone of promotion in these orders. In connection with the promotions recently made, due to the resignation of Chief Hanrahan of the Firemen, and of Chief Morrissey of the Trainmen, three different Interstate Commerce Commission Inspectors have been promoted to positions as officers of the orders.

Another point, which is certainly of interest to the public, is that representation on this government board of inspectors is in proportion to the membership of each of the large orders. Now, not for a minute do I presume to say that these men are not good men, that they are not competent, and that they cannot serve their country well. What I do say is that, under their oaths to their organizations they owe allegiance to them; and that this is not in line with the best ideals of public service.

The comfortable, matter-of-fact way in which the organization of Railroad Trainmen looks upon the merging of labor interests and those of the people under one head, is particularly noticeable.

The following information on the subject is from the Railroad Trainmen:—

"On January 1, 1909, the lately appointed Vice Grand-Master, Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, will assume his duties. He has been careful and painstaking in all his work, and in everything pertaining to his business connection with the organization has proven himself to be a thorough-going capable officer, whose record as such is the reason for his appointment.

"He has been employed by the Interstate Commerce Commission for a number of years as inspector of safety appliances, and while in this employ has been the means, in a large number of instances, of bringing suit against railway companies for violation of the law; and very many decisions in favor of the act are to be credited to his efforts in seeking its enforcement."

This is a very satisfactory arrangement for the labor organization. The public service, however, should be free from such entangling alliances. How would it look if the railroad officials of the country, through the American Railway Association, for example, should get together and select from their number a man whom they should nominate to act as Secretary of the Interstate Commerce Commission; and if, having obtained that position, should then proceed to nominate men for inspectors? How would the country at large look upon such a situation? It is simply unthinkable. In the case as I have stated it there seems to be plenty of room for a little "social persuasion" of a very healthy description.

III

But the deeper we study publicity and its history, the more interesting are the developments. For a start, then, publicity must breathe and work in an honest, unprejudiced atmosphere. In other words, public opinion and public ideals must approach the industrial future with a clean record. Its methods cannot be

confined to a process of showing up the intrigues of railroad managers. As a matter of fact, at the present day the railroads are more sinned against than sinning.

Up to the present time the American people have desired publicity in regard to corporations, but they have fought shy of it any nearer home. Consequently, publicity as a clarifier and rectifier of industrial conditions is sadly handicapped. The good sense of the people is beginning to appreciate the situation, and is now calling for a wider application of the publicity methods. In no line of work can these facts be so fruitfully studied as in the railroad business, particularly in relation to efficiency of service and the safety of travel.

Just at present an interesting comparison can be drawn between the American and the Canadian ideas and methods of publicity. In this country, when conditions in the railroad business attract attention and adverse criticism, a commission looks into the trouble and publishes a report containing a few interesting generalities. If politics or labor questions are involved, the commissioners know better than to express themselves on these topics. In regard to accident reports and methods of investigation, the American newspapers, for example, invariably neglect to describe the nature of the trouble, the mistakes that are made, and the lessons to be derived from them for public information and criticism. They give much more attention to publicity in Canada. The following is an extract from a Canadian newspaper of recent date:—

"At nine o'clock this morning his Lordship, Justice Riddell, imposed sentence upon the three trainmen found guilty, at the recent spring assizes, of criminal negligence in connection with the wreck on the G. T. R. some time ago near Harriston." In the course of his judgment, Justice Riddell said:—

"It is a terrible thought that if any one of you men had done his plain duty,

no accident would have happened. Five men were found who all neglected their plain duty at the same time, and as a consequence two men were hurled into eternity and a third was maimed for life. Had any one said in advance that this concurrent negligence of five men might happen, it would have been thought incredible. But such is the fact."

The sentences imposed by the judge were particularly impressive, and, so far as I have been able to discover, nothing so solemn and significant has ever been administered in American railroad life.

"You, Engineer —, must suffer immediate imprisonment. In view of your past good character and of the recommendations to mercy of the jury, and of the strong representations of others in your favor, and also your apparent penitence, I think I may reduce the term of your imprisonment to eight months. You will therefore be imprisoned in the common jail at Guelph, without hard labor, for that term.

"You, Conductor —, and you, Fireman —, I shall not sentence at the present time. You did wrong, and will have for life the consciousness that you have killed two innocent men, and that two, dead by your act, are awaiting you on the other shore. But I think that while you are justly convicted, I may, for the time being, at least, refrain from sending you to the convict's cell. You will have the opportunity to go back to the world and regain the places you have lost."

In referring to a petition for clemency, the judge remarked that he could not believe that a *Canadian* had drafted it. It is evident that in Canada verdicts and opinions are published with startling impartiality.

As President Eliot informs us, the Canadian law and methods have been in sight of American employers and employees for nearly two years, and no employer or employee in the United States likes the looks of them. Let us see how the

Canadian law and methods are put in force in regard to railroad accidents.

Under the Canadian Industrial Disputes Investigation Act, 1907, the following is an account of the settlement of a dispute between the Canadian Pacific Railway Co. and the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Engineers. The number of employees affected, or likely to be affected, was estimated at two thousand directly and five thousand indirectly. The differences in question were set forth as follows:—

"(1) The dismissal of Engineer William McGonegal, of Sault Ste. Marie, for alleged violation of rule 89 (a) of the Company's Rule Book on November 12, 1907. 'Claims wrongful dismissal: requests reinstatement and pay for time lost.'

"(2) The dismissal of Engineer Thomas W. McAuley, of North Bay, for alleged recklessness in or about the month of November, 1907. 'Claims wrongful dismissal: requests reinstatement and pay for time lost.'"

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company, in its statement in reply to the application, expressed its unwillingness to reinstate either of the two dismissed employees, holding that both had been dismissed with good cause, and insisting that the provisions of the act could not properly be invoked in respect to cases such as those indicated. In other words, the company insisted upon its inherent right and duty, in the interest of public safety, to administer discipline without interference of any kind.

However, the Minister, having duly considered the circumstances, established a Board, and appointed thereto Mr. Wallace Nesbitt on the recommendation of the company, and Mr. J. G. O'Donoghue on the recommendation of the employees. These gentlemen being unable to agree upon the third member of the board, the Minister appointed Mr. Justice Fortin, of Montreal.

In the case of McGonegal, the collision, which resulted in injuries to persons

and damages to property was, according to the evidence, the direct result of said McGonegal's attempting to take the switch at Blind River at the east end instead of at the west end, in disregard and violation, by McGonegal, of the company's rules and regulations.

In the second case, the position of the company in regard to McAuley was as follows:—

"The said McAuley was dismissed from the company's service for recklessness in the operation of his train under the following circumstances: The said McAuley was in charge of Engine 1626 on November 21, 1907, and becoming stalled at or near mileage 82, had to take the front of his train to Azilda. On returning to pick up his train he approached it too fast, resulting in collision and damage to the company's property."

The finding of the Board in these cases was as follows:—

"In the matter of William McGonegal. The majority of the Board came to the conclusion that the contention of Engineer McGonegal, as to the construction of rule 89 (a), was incorrect, and that he should have backed his train and pulled into the siding. The contention of the company was therefore sustained.

"In the matter of Thomas W. McAuley. The Board, having heard the parties, was of opinion that the officers of the company were justified, on McAuley's signed statement the day following the accident, in dismissing him. Furthermore, in both these matters the Board was unanimously of opinion that it should be clearly recognized by the employers and the employed, in the interest of the public, that the employer must have the inherent right of regulating, subject to the contract between the parties and the law of the land, the discipline and organization of the company."

This report, which is published in the *Labor Gazette*, bears the date January 15, 1909.

The significance and value of this report lies in its direct appeal to the intelli-

gence and moral support of the people. This appeal direct to the people by means of publicity is the point at which I have been aiming in the preceding articles in this magazine. It may be looked upon as the "farthest north" of all the attempts that have yet been made to work out some kind of practical solution of the industrial dilemma. The manner in which it can be applied to the accident and efficiency problems on American railroads is the most important and the practical feature to be considered.

IV

Let us now apply our publicity method to the railroad crossings, and to the fatalities that are daily taking place at these points. Doubtless many of us think we understand all about these crossings—just how they are managed, and what the equipment of the crossing-tender should be in order to run a crossing with satisfaction to the railroad and the public. And yet I have little hesitation in stating that there are not a dozen men in the country who have actually studied the matter and are capable of giving the story in truthful detail. In relation to loss of life and personal injury, the crossing problem is one of the most important with which the public to-day is concerned. In order to make its importance clear to all, I call attention to a report which was prepared on a well-known railroad for the information of its president:—

"Double the outgo for injuries to passengers was that for 380 killed and injured who were neither passengers, employees, nor trespassers. Of the number 33 were killed; 195 persons were struck on public streets or crossings; 16 of these cases, settled through suits, averaged \$1,365.67 each, and 82 other cases settled by claim agent averaged \$137.27 each. Through crossings acknowledged to be defective there were 25 additional cases of injury, the four court cases averaging \$1,205.76 each and the others \$66.00. Eight cases

under the general head miscellaneous, settled by suit, averaged \$1,976 each, 32 others cost \$97.14 each. Colliding with trolley car at crossing caused injuries to 18 persons, settlement in two cases averaging \$803.18, seven others averaging \$154.88 each. Nineteen out of twenty-eight cases of injury occasioned by moving engines or cars without warning to men and teams working about them were settled at an average of \$376.25 for four court cases, and \$48 for the other fifteen. Negligence in crossing-men handling gates led to 25 instances of injury to persons; five of them, settled through suits, averaged \$615 each, and eleven others, through claim agent, \$5. The enumerated and other analogous causes brought the outgo for the year to approximately \$75,000, and almost as many claims left pending as were closed during the twelve months."

In this report there are probably as many as twenty different kinds of dangers and difficulties that crossing-men have to encounter, and in regard to which one would naturally suppose a green crossing-man would receive some kind of instructions.

The importance of the crossing being conceded, let us now turn to the efficiency of the service connected with it. To begin with, the rules and regulations issued by the managements of railroads for the guidance of employees cannot be said to contain any specific instructions as to what to do, or how to behave, in relation to the dangers to which I have called attention. There are certain dangers peculiar to each individual crossing, which have to be carefully guarded against, and from which accidents are almost daily taking place. But we find that when a new man is hired and put to work on a crossing he is, for the most part, left to learn about the dangers from object-lessons and narrow escapes. I have asked a score of crossing-men if they had received any instructions from any quarter, and they all answered in the negative. One and all will tell you that

they were called upon to sign the usual application-for-employment blank, and were then examined for eyesight and hearing, but that they heard not a word about their duties, either specifically or generally. Some time ago I inquired of an old and faithful crossing-man, if in all his thirty-five years of service he had ever known or heard of any systematic supervision or instruction for crossing-men, and his reply was, "You must be dreaming."

In plain English, then, the distressing accidents, of which we receive reports almost daily, are only too frequently the price paid for experience of new men learning their jobs.

I believe that I am describing a situation that is more or less similar on all American railroads. The public interests in this business receive about as much recognition as the crossing-man himself. Judging from our accident reports, his position is at least twice as important as that of a passenger brakeman. All told, everything connected with the crossing is an object lesson in efficiency or inefficiency well worth public consideration.

V

The lesson derived from this story of the railroad crossing can be applied to nearly every branch of the operating departments on American railroads. Over all there is a lamentable lack of supervision, and no method by means of which the public can be kept informed of what is going on. Into the scheme of management everywhere a system of publicity must be introduced. *But the success of publicity methods of betterment is absolutely dependent, under present conditions, upon the elimination of the brotherhood man as a factor in the supervision of his fellow employees. The organizations have repeatedly put themselves on record against the simplest and sanest methods of improving the service along these lines.*

Very recently one of the largest railroad systems in the country organized an as-

sociation of employees for the purpose of studying the safety problem, and the improvement of the service in relation thereto. So far, the men in the different branches of the service have been brought together to discuss the prevention of accidents arising out of the application of the rules. But the formation of this society has already attracted the attention of the unions among the men, and some of them have gone to the extent of proposing that any man who joins the safety association shall forfeit his membership in the union.

It is well thoroughly to understand this phase of the situation, for the reason that if inquiries were made, the railroad manager would probably assert that the supervision of his system is of a substantial and adequate character. He might call your attention to the work and services of his railroad detectives, and of his traveling engineers and conductors. But when you look into the matter and ask for illustrations and proof to show that these men actually report their fellows for carelessness and disregard of rules, the evidence will not be forthcoming.

As a matter of fact, the duties of the traveling engineman are mechanical, or relate to the care of the equipment, while the conductor is kept busy with problems relating to the freight business and the overtime of the men. These supervisors and traveling overseers in the operating department are brotherhood men. No sane railroad manager expects to secure adequate and reliable statistics from this source. In fact, the men should not be called upon to do this work, and yet the information must be secured in some way. The interest in his business, on the part of one of these men, can be placed alongside the interest of the inspectors employed by the Interstate Commerce Commission. In the latter case the inspector will do anything to hunt up his evidence and secure a conviction, in the former he will do anything to avoid the necessity for so doing.

VI

The conclusion we are compelled to arrive at is obvious. The public, that is to say, society itself, must take a hand in the actual management or supervision of the railroad. In plain English, *the railroads should be called upon to appoint supervisors who are not union men.* They should be paid by the railroad manager, and work exclusively under his direction. But these men should also be in the service of the public. Their reports, monthly or otherwise, should be sent, word for word, both to the manager and to the railroad commissioners. Between the watchfulness and anxiety of the management and the duty and responsibility of the commissioners in relation to these reports, the public interests would be amply taken care of. Methods of watchfulness and security, with prevention as the principal object in view, would immediately result from this publicity plan. The traveling crossing-man, engineman, conductor, and trainman, would constitute the safety department on the railroad at very little added expense. Under the public eye, the publicity system of betterment work would be placed on a practical and businesslike basis, and the responsibilities of these public inspectors would be clearly defined, and it would become practically impossible for the employee, management, or railroad commissioners to neglect their duties.

It is impossible in an article of this description to go into the details of this publicity plan in its practical application to the efficiency and safety problems on our railroads. It must suffice, at present, to describe the conditions, and the necessity for betterment which can actually be secured by the publicity route. In the situation as we find it to-day, the most inexcusable injustice is being inflicted on the rising generation of workers by means of some of the principles of our labor organizations, which, as it seems to me, the American people can by no means continue to countenance. This

conclusion applies not only to the railroad business, but to the industrial life of the nation.

A young man enters the service of a wholesale manufacturing concern. The superintendent informs him that if he takes an interest in the business the business will take an interest in him. After the boy has become acquainted with the routine of his office-work he begins to look round him a little. During the busy hours he steps into the shipping-room or the salesroom and gives a little assistance here and there. He is permitted to do this for a day or two, but before long a man steps up to him and says, "What are you doing here? If the boss wants to hire any more help, let him do so. Don't you understand that you are probably taking the bread and butter away from some hard-up fellow, who is out of employment and who would be likely to get a job if you would stay where you belong? Go back to the office and attend to your own business, or the union will get after you." The boy suddenly awakes to the situation. He has to choose between the slurs of his fellows and what he considers to be his duty to his employers. He is a good-natured young fellow, and his companions soon carry him off his feet. Later, when the boss asks him why he does not take more interest in the business, he tells his story, and only too often the superintendent is compelled to leave him to his fate, for the business is found to be permeated with this spirit from cellar to garret.

Some day, perhaps, a shipment worth \$1000 to the firm is being loaded on teams when the clock strikes twelve. Immediately every man on the job quits work. From 12 to 1 p. m. is the dinner hour; it is so stipulated in the schedule. The foreman explains to the men that

the shipment will miss its train-connection and the sale be canceled if there is a minute's delay. But it is useless to discuss the matter. There is no flexibility to a schedule. The men explain that if they work during the noon hour they will lose their union cards. That ends the discussion. The goods are replaced in the store.

It requires no prophet to predict some kind of a halt to this kind of industrial progress. The people will be neither slow nor careful in answering those who persistently dwarf the energies and misdirect the social principles of the young workers on whom the nation depends for its industrial future. In railroad life the situation is even more unaccountable and indefensible than in other industries. There are absolutely no social ethics or principles whatever in the present method of management by group-interests and by the law of the schedule.

For efficiency of service and safety of travel the public continues to appeal to the managing department, and yet, by this time, we must all be well aware of the fact that this manager, from whom so much is expected, has been legislated and unionized out of existence. The old-time manager was an autocratic, irresponsible individual. But he has been called to account. The history of the limitations that have been imposed upon him during the past ten years is descriptive of a continuous slide downhill. To-day there is no one small enough to do him reverence. He now remains silent and contemplative. He has no explanation to offer; he has made all the signs he is going to. If the public is dissatisfied, let the authorities tackle the problem. Meanwhile liberty, variety, and individuality in the railroad business are adrift.

CHARTER-MAKING IN AMERICA

BY CLINTON ROGERS WOODRUFF

CHARTER-MAKING seems to have become a fixed habit with most American communities. New York may be said to have a perennial charter commission in session. The subject has been conspicuously before Chicago for at least a dozen years. Minneapolis has prepared and rejected four charters within a decade. At the present time the question is up for active discussion in a score of leading communities, and, judging from the number of articles on the Galveston and Des Moines plans, there is a national interest in those two striking experiments in municipal management. Indeed, for the past score of years, charter-making has been a most fruitful theme of municipal reformers and administrations. So general and so persistent has been this interest, that one perforce must ask what it all means, and what it portends.

On the one hand, it is a struggle for adjustment; and on the other, the fight of the American people for the right of local self-government. The average citizen does not always recognize it, in either of these forms, as a part of the perpetual fight for democracy, but in essence the movement means these two things. For the first hundred years of our national existence the people were busy with problems of conquest, expansion, and certain pressing national problems. These were solved one by one, or rather simultaneously, but at the expense of the cities, which were left, like Topsy, to grow just as they pleased, and they pleased to grow "every which way;" but grow they did, and at a rate which startled student and official alike when they began "to take notice." There was no state or national policy as to cities such as has prevailed in England since 1835. One could often find in a

single state as many forms of city government as there were cities in it, and a city charter frequently more nearly resembled a crazy patchwork quilt, than anything else. Indeed, to call such an instrument, or conglomeration of acts, a charter, was a euphemism.

The "charter" of Boston, that "hub of the universe," that "Athens of America," consisted a few years ago of seven hundred and fifty separate acts, and I have no doubt that the number has been increased since that count was made. No wonder that during the past year we have heard serious suggestions that Boston be placed in the hands of a receiver. The proposed plan, as set forth by the Boston *Transcript*, which is not for a moment to be suspected of levity, was: Suspension by the legislature of the powers of the city council over appropriations and loans; the transfer of these powers, for a certain period, to the Finance Commission, to be exercised subject to an absolute veto by the mayor; the grant of power to the mayor to consolidate, rearrange, and abolish, at the recommendation of the commission, any part of the city's government; the grant of power, on the same terms, to suspend ordinances; the authorizing of the commission to prepare and recommend charter amendments with a view to a permanent reorganization of the municipal administration. And no less a statesman than United States Senator Henry Cabot Lodge is reported by the Boston *Herald*, in a campaign speech at Chelsea, in the autumn of 1907, as saying:—

"They are charging that I have advocated the government of Boston by a state commission. I have never mentioned

the word 'commission' in connection with Boston in any speech that I have made. I do not believe, myself, in taking the government of Boston out of the hands of its people and placing it in the hands of a state commission. I am too strong a believer in the right of local self-government.

"What I have said, and what I now repeat, is this, that the condition of Boston under the present city administration is deplorable; that Boston, if an ordinary business corporation, would be in the hands of a receiver; and that there is every reason to believe, from the revelations already made by the Finance Commission, that there is a great deal of corruption in the city government."

Naturally, the suggestion of a receiver attracts general attention in over-taxed, politics-ridden, and financially crippled cities; but there is not much likelihood of its being adopted in Boston or any other city, even though it may be as badly needed as Senator Lodge averred it was, and most of us believe it was, in Boston, under the administration of Mayor Fitzgerald. The people themselves applied a practical remedy when they chose George A. Hibbard as his successor; but a still further remedy is needed, and that is a larger measure of home rule.

In 1773 Boston set the colonies an example of independence when it held the famous "tea party," refusing to use tea which had been taxed by a body in which it had no representation. Its present subjection to the Massachusetts Legislature, however, is far more subversive of the fundamental principles of local self-rule. Boston constantly looks to the State House for relief from ills, rather than to the City Hall, where, under any proper system of municipal government, it should. If an Englishman finds anything going contrary to his sense of right or justice, one does not find him running off to the Parliament in London; he goes directly to the local council, and seeks his relief there, where he should and does find it. In America, however, in every

one of the states east of the Mississippi, and in a majority of those to the west, the offended citizen or the reformer proceeds to the state legislature in session at the state capital. So strong is this tendency that it is no exaggeration to say, as I pointed out some years ago, and the same remains true to this day, that the bulk of the work of the average state legislature is the consideration of measures relating to municipal affairs.

For the five years preceding the sitting of the Fassett Investigating Committee in New York, the New York State Legislature passed 1084 bills relating to the cities in the state. The latest New York Charter Revision Committee is authority for the averment that between 1897 and the revision of 1901, 58 separate acts amending the charter of 1897 became law. Since the 1901 revision, 267 sections have been amended, and 46 new sections added. Apart from these numerous amendatory acts, there have been passed since 1897, approximately 650 separate and special acts, each directly affecting the property, government, or rights, of the city, 322 of them since 1901, and none of these is included in or made a part of the charter. In 1906, 556 local acts affecting New York were introduced into the legislature; and in 1907, 631. These bills are all part of the persistent desire for charter-rebuilding (and the proportion is no doubt the same in other states), and are efforts to adjust the old conditions to the new, and to substitute improved governmental machinery for the old and antiquated.

The trouble, as I shall point out later on, cannot be cured by frequent recourse to an outside body, but must be cured by home application. Nevertheless the various efforts, crude and awkward though many of them may be, are mostly in the right direction, and although the progress may be slow, it is on the whole sure. As the *London Municipal Journal* pointed out, in reference to the recommendations of the Charter Revision Committee of 1907, "A number of important recom-

mendations are made by the recently appointed New York Charter Revision Committee, which has reported with commendable promptitude notwithstanding the magnitude of its task. New York, like London [which is the one exception to the English rule of simplicity and directness in municipal government], has a very obsolete form of government, a much-patched and cumbrous fabric, and any improvement the virtual metropolis of America is able to effect should certainly be a stimulus, and may possibly afford a lesson, to ourselves. The existing charter of New York dates back to the eighties, though it has been a good deal amended since. Yet the net result of the Commission's deliberations is that 'experience demonstrates that the present Charter, even as revised in 1901, has not worked satisfactorily.' All the proposals of the Commission are put forward with the object of securing unification and concentration of administration, and a more definite fixing of responsibility. 'The distribution of functions and location of powers,' says the Commission, 'are incoherent, illogical, and unpractical, which results in conflict of jurisdiction and extravagance.' The Commission makes numerous recommendations designed to end this state of affairs. Where one department can better do the work of three or four of the same kind, it desires the abolition of the latter; it wants greater power conferred on the mayor and other executive officers, so that responsibility can be plainly allocated; and it wishes the city to control and arrange its own finance without the thrusting on it of mandatory appropriations by outside authority. The Commission also desires either to abolish or greatly restrict the power of the board of aldermen, and to lessen the opportunities of the constituent boroughs to hamper the administration of New York as a whole," — a purpose which the Charter formally recommended by the Commission of 1908, and introduced into the 1909 session of the New York Legislature, carries out, there-

by providing for more efficient and direct means of communication between the people and the central government.

Chicago is likewise fighting for her freedom. In some directions she has made a longer step forward than most of her sister cities, because she has to a measurable extent improved the personnel of her local legislative body; but like the average American city, she is tied to the tail of the state legislative kite. Under the Illinois Constitution of 1870 the legislature was required to pass a general incorporation law to govern all cities, and special legislation was forbidden. It is almost needless to add that this management did not work well for Chicago, whose needs and desires were totally different from those of any other city in the state. She had two million, and no other city had even a hundred thousand inhabitants. The disparity was distressingly great, and the conditions so radically different, that municipal legislation suited to the needs of the one was totally unsuited to those of the others.

In 1904 the Constitution of Illinois was so amended as to give the metropolis of the State a special charter. To draft this special charter, a Charter Convention was provided for by an ordinance of council, to be composed of seventy-four members, and made up of aldermen, state legislators, representatives of various local government bodies, and thirty citizens, one-half appointed by the governor (Deneen), the rest by the mayor (Dunne). This convention, after a year's hard work, came to a substantial agreement. The instrument agreed upon had to run the gauntlet of the legislature, in 1907, in the usual American way, and with the usual results. It made numerous changes, notably in refusing to sanction important provisions designed to promote political independence. The legislature also struck out the direct primary feature which had been adopted by the Charter Convention. It also refused to make any concession whatever to the demand for the elimination of the party circle from

the ballot in municipal elections. The charter, however, was especially notable for its broad grant of home-rule powers to the city of Chicago and its city council. Rural critics of the bill even said that its effect would be to make of Chicago a separate state.

As a matter of precaution, the existing enumerated powers of the city were repeated, but the dependence of the charter-makers was upon the grant to the city, in general terms, of the broad power to do all things necessary for the government of the city, except such as might be in conflict with the provisions of the Constitution or of general laws; and herein it was in harmony with the best modern thought on the subject. General laws hereafter passed relating to cities were declared not to be construed as applying to Chicago unless specifically so stated. The aim of the framers of the charter was to give Chicago power to work out its own local problems in its own way, so far as possible free from legislative interference or the necessity of appealing continually to the legislature for additional powers.

The legislative eliminations and alterations, however, were such as to arouse the antagonism of the truly independent elements, of the foreign-born population, and of the Democratic organization, and the result was defeat; well-merited defeat some said, because of the unnecessary political interference of the legislature. These same critics, many of them thoughtful students of the problem, do not hesitate to say that the defeat was in reality a victory for self-government, as it means that in the future the state legislature may be less likely to deny the formal demands of the city as embodied in a carefully chosen charter convention. The present session of the Illinois Legislature will show whether this view is well founded, as a new charter proposition has been submitted.

Washington, the capital city of our nation, most striking of affording, as it should, the most striking model of self-govern-

ment in the whole country, is as a matter of fact a most horrible example of just the reverse. The city has a fair measure of good government, but it is not democratic good government. It is imposed upon the city. It does not come as the self-conscious deliberate effort of the people who are affected. Congress governs the city absolutely, and the people have nothing to say about the personnel of their governors or the form of their government. The President, by and with the advice of the Senate, determines one; and Congress the other. We never hear of charter reform in Washington, except when Congress or the President starts the discussion; and this former President Roosevelt did, appointing, not a charter convention of residents, but an expert from New York in the person of James Bronson Reynolds. There are few better equipped men for the task, but the recommendations are his, not those of the people whose interests are involved. With nearly all that Mr. Reynolds suggests, one is likely to be in entire sympathy, especially with what he has to say about administration:—

"The present administration of the affairs of the District of Columbia by three commissioners has the advantage of the intimate association and frequent conference of three executives of equal rank. But it has the inevitable defects of divided responsibility, confusion of authority, and of administration by a board instead of by a single responsible executive. While in certain respects the District has the government of a territory, it is, in fact, a large city, and its administration should conform to the methods adopted in other large cities in this country. After careful consideration of the subject, and conference with many citizens of the District, and of other cities, I recommend a serious consideration of the substitution of a single chief executive for the present Board of Commissioners. For this official the title of governor has been suggested, as he would be governor of the District of Columbia as well as mayor of the city of Washington,

the duties of both officers now devolving upon the three District Commissioners. He should receive compensation in proportion to the importance of the office and the arduous duties which it would impose.

"I also recommend that eligibility for the office of governor be extended. Of the present district commissioners, 'two must have been actual residents of the District for three years next before their appointment, and have during that period claimed residence nowhere else.' The third is detailed from time to time from the engineer corps of the U. S. Army by the President of the United States. While residents of the District should naturally have preference, I believe the President should be free to consider the availability of successful and experienced mayors in other cities of the country who might be especially qualified to become the chief executive officer of the national capital.

"It is, I think, generally recognized that the best governed cities of the world are those of Germany. In that country the mayors of the larger cities are selected from the mayors of smaller cities who have demonstrated their knowledge of municipal affairs and their executive efficiency. The present Mayor of Berlin, for instance, served very successfully as mayor of two smaller cities before he reached his present position. The present mayors of Frankfort and Leipzig had also distinguished records as mayors in other cities.

"Those who are familiar with municipal progress in our country are aware of the increasing number of able municipal executives who are being developed in our large cities. Such executives, at the end of one or two terms, have no further opportunity for public service in the line of their successful experience. From them might be chosen an executive worthy of the high honor of being the chief executive of the national capital. I therefore recommend that eligibility be extended to include those who have served not less than one term as mayor in a city of

not less than fifty thousand inhabitants."

These recommendations are in the line of efficiency, and are worthy of the most careful consideration. I hope the experiment will be tried, as I believe it will prove of far-reaching value and influence throughout the country; but its value will be very largely diminished, because it is not a democratic experiment, that is, one entered upon by the people of the District with a full sense of their responsibility. If successful, it will be imposed good government; and this, happening at the seat of a nation which boasts of its democratic government, constitutes a solecism of the first magnitude. For even Mr. Reynolds does not suggest suffrage, but, instead, a citizens' committee of one hundred to represent all general civic interests, saying and arguing in behalf of this recommendation, —

"The importance of the service of civic organizations in the District of Columbia is emphasized, not diminished, by the absence of the right to vote. On the material side, such service is rendered by the Board of Trade, the Business Men's Association, the Jobbers and Shippers' Association, and various sectional associations. These organizations have also shown an interest in the general civic concerns of the District. There does not, however, exist any strong organization charging itself primarily with the disinterested promotion of the general public welfare. Such an organization is greatly needed, and I suggest the propriety of your naming a committee of one hundred, to be composed of representatives of all elements, and to express the varied interests of the District in relation to all questions of social reform and administration. It would differ from commercial organizations, whose primary interest is material and personal, in that its primary interest would be civic and general. The recommendations of such a body would undoubtedly have weight with the President with Congress, and with the administrative officers of the District; and its

conferences would furnish a forum for discussion and the expression and enlightenment of public opinion."

A very clear idea of the problem of charter reform and revision in an average growing American city can perhaps be best gathered by recounting the quite recent experience of Kansas City, Kansas, which sought to avail itself of the recently enacted Kansas law, which makes it possible for any city in the state to adopt the commission (Galveston) form of government. The letter from which I quote was not written for publication, but it tells so well the story of a city's problems and its struggle for their solution, that I avail myself of it, rather than attempt a description of my own:—

"The law under which Kansas City sought to overthrow the ward system and establish government by commission, was passed by the legislature in March, 1907. The plan has been voted down in Coffeyville and Wichita, and adopted in Leavenworth. In the latter city it was adopted after a very hard fight last spring, and went into effect in April. So far it has proved successful. The proposition has been revived in Wichita, and will be voted on again August 4, at the time of the general primary.

"The Kansas law is similar to the Texas law, and in some respects is an improvement upon it, although it does not contain the newer features of the later Des Moines law, such as the recall and the mandatory referendum of utility franchises. Some amendments have been drafted, which will be presented to the next session of the legislature.

"To understand all the reasons for the defeat of the proposition in Kansas City, some knowledge of conditions is necessary. The city is divided into six wards, and is a consolidation of three cities. The first ward, formerly Kansas City, Kansas, was chartered in 1868. The sixth ward was formerly the city of Armourdale, chartered in 1882. The other four wards developed from the original 'City of Wyandotte,' which was founded at the

juncture of the Kaw and Missouri rivers in 1857. Each ward is represented by two members in the council, composed of one body, one councilman being elected from each ward each year. The mayor is elected at large every two years. The first ward has a large foreign population, and has long been largely dominated by one man and his friends, sending the same men to the council year after year.

"We have circulated 100,000 copies of a pamphlet giving the history of the fight for the closing of the liquor 'joints' in this city, and the results of law enforcement, to answer the charges that the city was bankrupted by the closing of the saloons. All of these things had a bearing on the commission fight.

"In the campaign which ended in our defeat by about 750 votes, we were opposed by the following elements:—

"Residents of the first and sixth wards who feared they would lose their representation. These wards went heavily against us. We carried, by smaller majorities, the third, fourth, and fifth wards;

"Nearly the entire large negro vote in the city went against the commission. The negroes were told that the plan was against their interests, because it originated in Texas. The man who helped 'turn this trick,' by the way, is a corporation lawyer;

"A very conservative element that conscientiously feared the workings of commission government, arguing that it placed too much power in the hands of a few men. Their position was strengthened by the fact that the law does not contain a recall provision, or any provision whereby the city may return to the old system if it desires;

"Nearly all the city employees and smaller politicians;

"The element unfriendly to law enforcement, and especially the enemies of the man who closed the joints and is personally unpopular.

"That many citizens did not become familiar with the plan within the short time the campaign was carried on, or remained

indifferent to it, was shown by the fact that only about one-third of the voters went to the polls. Many stayed at home because they thought the plan was certain to win on its merits. The business men did not become thoroughly aroused.

"These are the principal reasons why the proposition was defeated. The fact that we were able to carry three wards was a big surprise to the city administration politicians, and has given encouragement to the friends of the plan. Within a day or so after the election (June 2) a movement was begun to procure some amendments to the law at the next session of the legislature, which meets in January, and fight for the adoption of the law again in the spring. An organization was formed and several amendments drawn, including the following: the recall; provision allowing resubmission after six years; a general non-partisan primary and ticket, following the Des Moines law; mandatory referendum of all franchise renewals, and a five per cent referendum on all other franchises; a modified initiative.

"Letters have been sent to all the candidates for the legislature, asking them to define their position upon the amendments."

Certainly the fight for charter reform is one of readjustment, and is therefore a most difficult one. We see it in metropolitan New York, where five huge boroughs have been consolidated; and in Kansas City, Kansas, where three small communities have been merged in one. We find the liquor question and the foreign population a prominent factor in the latter, and in cosmopolitan Chicago. Wherever we go, north or south, east or west, we find the same sort of difficulties, the same sort of complications (the principal difference being one of degree), and the same strenuous, persistent effort at adaptation and adjustment.

No small part of the rapid rise and spread of the Galveston-Des Moines plan is due to its simplicity and ready adaptability to varying conditions. Moreover, it

represents a further, practical concentration of responsibility, which is daily coming to be more and more demanded. Five men representing the whole city can be so much more easily watched and followed than half a hundred representatives, a score, or a dozen, elected from numerous wards.

To digress just a moment, it is interesting and instructive to note the size of some American municipal councils. According to the figures given by Dr. Fairlie, in his *Essays in Municipal Administration*, New York has 79 municipal legislators, Chicago 70, Boston 79, Providence and Hartford 40, Cleveland 33, Cincinnati 32, and very few (excepting, of course, those that have adopted the Galveston-Des Moines Plan) have less than ten. The tendency, however, is very decidedly toward smaller legislative bodies, and toward the election of them to represent the city at large, rather than arbitrarily appointed districts.

The Galveston plan, it will be remembered, was adopted just after the flood of 1900 had crippled the resources of the city, as some thought beyond repair. However, as we are told in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*,

Experience is by industry achieved,

And perfected by the swift course of time.

And Galveston worked out a scheme of municipal government that has set the country talking, and has served as a model in fully a score of cities. It is based, consciously or otherwise, on the county commissioner system so widely prevalent in the United States in the management of county affairs. It provides for

(1) A commission of five men, constituting the governing body of the city, instead of the usual mayor and council of the ordinary American city. This commission is the municipal government of the city. One of the commissioners is called the mayor-president, and presides at all meetings; he votes as one of the five, and a majority settles every question, but he has no veto. His duty is to oversee the city business as a whole, and he must give

at least six hours a day to the discharge of his municipal duties. Of the other four, one commissioner has charge of the police and fire departments; one is commissioner of streets and public property, including lighting and street-cleaning; one is water-works and sewerage commissioner; and the fourth is commissioner of finance and revenue.

(2) To these five men is given power (a) "to appoint all officers and subordinates in all departments of said city;" (b) "to make and enforce such rules and regulations as they may see fit and proper for . . . the organization, management, and operation of all of the departments of said city and whatever agencies may be created for the administration of its affairs;" (c) "to make all laws and ordinances not inconsistent with the constitution and laws of this State, touching every object, matter, and subject within the purview of the local government."

In brief, the Commission makes, by a majority of votes, all local laws and ordinances; appoints and removes all employees; determines all salaries and qualifications; and grants all franchises.

According to the city's own official statement, on taking charge the Commission found an empty treasury, a city without credit, employees paid in scrip, which was subject to a large discount for cash, and a floating indebtedness running back for several years. The personnel of the Commission, together with the heads of departments, inspired confidence, and the city was soon put on a cash basis, her credit restored so that she could go into the open market and buy supplies on the same terms and prices as the best merchants or wealthiest citizens; and the outstanding scrip was being taken up with the surplus cash as it accumulated in the treasury.

"The result of the commission form of government met the expectation of its most ardent friends, and was the pride of every patriotic and civic-loving citizen. Every detail worked without any friction

or hitch until a drayman was arrested and fined ten dollars by our Recorder, for violating a sanitary ordinance. The case was appealed to the Criminal District Court, upon the ground that our whole city government was unconstitutional, hence the Recorder had no authority whatever to impose a fine; and the ground for such action was that, a majority of our Commission being appointive, the citizen was deprived of the right of ballot guaranteed him by the constitution. The Criminal District Court affirmed the verdict of the Recorder, but the case was again appealed to the Supreme *Criminal* Court of the state, and to the great astonishment of our people that court, by a vote of two to one, pronounced our form of government unconstitutional, on the ground that our citizens had no voice in the selection of the officers who were administering the government. Later, the Supreme *Civil* Court held that the appointive feature was constitutional; thus our Commission was constitutional in civil matters, but had no police jurisdiction. There was but one thing to be done, and that was to apply to the Legislature, then in session and nearing its close, for a change in our charter eliminating the appointive feature, which was the weak point, as decided by the Supreme Criminal Court. We regretted to give up this feature of our charter, because we believed that the very best material for our city government could always be had by the appointive clause it contained.

"The emergency required quick action, and, upon application of our Board, joined by our citizens, the seemingly objectionable part of our charter was revoked, the entire elective feature substituted, and in just two days this act was passed by both branches of the State Legislature, signed by the Governor on March 30, 1903, and election of five commissioners under the new charter was ordered.

"Our city was again fortunate in getting the consent of the original five commissioners to run for their respective of-

fices, and all were elected by handsome majorities, and our city is to-day under the control of the same five commissioners and heads of departments, with the exception of Mayor-President Austin who died in November, 1905, City Attorney Scott, who died in January, 1904, and City Engineer Sias and Secretary Artz, both of whom resigned soon after appointment to accept other employment."

At first an imposed form of government, the Galveston plan was made elective, and if that city enjoys good government, as she now certainly does, the credit lies at the doors of the electors who select the right sort of men to execute it.

Some idea of the spread of the Galveston plan may be gathered from the fact that Houston, Fort Worth, Waco, San Antonio, among Texas cities, are considering its adoption or have already adopted it. Iowa, Kansas, and South Dakota have recently passed laws providing for a system of municipal government based upon the Texas idea, giving the communities therein the option of having it applied to their affairs. Chelsea, Massachusetts, in the east has adopted the plan. In November last I noted that the plan was under consideration in Salt Lake City, in Salina, Leavenworth, Kansas City (Kansas), Davenport, Des Moines, Cedar Rapids, Sioux City, Omaha, Los Angeles, Owensboro (Kentucky), Buffalo, Concord (New Hampshire), and Natchez (Mississippi); and since that time the list of cities has been materially lengthened.

Professor Munro of Harvard, in discussing the plan before the National Municipal League, pointed out that the crucial question is really whether, under the commission system, cities could permanently secure better men in municipal office. For an interval after the establishment of the new system this might very well be achieved; it has been so in Galveston. But would the standard be permanently maintained? Almost every important change in the framework of city

government has been accompanied by a spasm of efficiency, but this has invariably been followed by a lapse into former conditions. "Too much emphasis ought not to be laid upon Galveston's experience, for Galveston found herself face to face with conditions which were very unusual. A receivership may be the best means of putting an insolvent business corporation upon its financial feet, but it does not logically follow that all solvent corporations should permanently adopt this method of doing business. Galveston conditions are not even yet normal; and it remains to be seen whether the system will prove wholly satisfactory when matters become so, and when the novelty of the new régime has completely worn off. Nevertheless the system of government by commission has established a *prima facie* case in its favor, and while no one who properly appreciates the complex character of American municipal problems will expect to find in it a panacea for all municipal ills, it points the way to some simplification in the machinery of civic administration. A sympathetic trial on a sufficiently broad scale ought to be welcomed, as serving to demonstrate what the real merits and defects of the system are."

While sympathizing with Dr. Munro's cautious views, one must not overlook the important and significant fact that the system is generally working well, and that by reforming methods we oftentimes can best reform the electorate, that is, ourselves.

The Des Moines plan combines all the desirable features of the Galveston system, with non-partisan nominations and elections; the initiative and the referendum, including the submission of all franchises to the people; the recall, and the merit system for all employees. It has too recently gone into effect to speak with positiveness, but there are certain features of the Galveston-Des Moines plan that are of the highest importance and value — the simplification of governmental machinery, the elimination of

ward lines, and the concentration of responsibility.

President Eliot highly commends the plan because it means city government by fewer men. "We have an advantage in New England," he believes. "We have seen and known for centuries an almost perfect form of municipal government — the town government. Can not we get back to it with modifications? I should prefer to call what we seek, government by selectmen. That is exactly what we want. How many selectmen are there in a good Massachusetts town today? Three. Now, the city is larger than the town: we might ask for seven selectmen to govern, if you please, the city of Boston." President Eliot is a distinguished man, indeed he is one of the most distinguished men in America today, but I am doubtful if his analysis of the municipal situation and his proposed remedy are sufficient. Surely municipal affairs involve much that is not business, for all that he so stoutly maintains that they are "nothing but business, pure business." If for no other reason than that they are not run for profit, the management of cities is more than business, it is a government function of the first importance.

There are not wanting those who believe that the New England town meeting will prove to be the *via media* by which we shall reach the solution of our municipal ills, and the Newport plan is an adaptation based on that idea. It is an ingenious extension of the representative principle in government, and as such, is in character intermediate between the Galveston and the Des Moines plans. A representative council of 195 members is elected, each member for three years: 39 members from each ward, one-third of them going out yearly. The electorate for the council, by a proviso of the Rhode Island Constitution, consists of those voters only who pay a property tax on not less than \$134. Of the 5400 voters of Newport, about 1400 are by this rule disqualified from voting

for members of the council, or on any proposition to impose a tax or to spend money. The representative council is a legislative body having, in general, the powers of a New England town meeting. The executive power is vested in a mayor and five aldermen, elected for one year, and having in general the powers of a board of selectmen. A committee of twenty-five members of the council prepares the annual budget, which must be printed and distributed to all tax-paying voters at least a week before its consideration by the council. The council can be called together at any time upon the written request of twenty-five members, or upon the request of the Board of Aldermen. Its meetings must be open, and all its records must be open to public inspection. It elects city officials, fixes salaries, and defines duties. By a two-thirds vote of all its members, it may remove an officer for misconduct or incapacity.

There are still others who believe in the town-meeting idea pure and simple.

Arthur W. Spencer, editor of the *Brookline Chronicle*, has prepared a very interesting article on Brookline's solution of the problem of municipal government, entitled, "Back to the Town Meeting." He believes that every city which is perplexed by the problem of improving its government should seek to utilize as much as it can of everything in the town meeting that is any way adaptable to its conditions. "To return to the town meeting will mean a renewal of the vigor and vitality of its institutions." He admits, however, that his views differ radically from those of Mr. Charles Francis Adams, whose knowledge of conditions in Quincy, before that Massachusetts community became a city, prompted him to write: —

"Just in the degree in which civic population increases . . . the town meeting becomes unwieldy and unreliable; until at last it has to be laid aside as something which the community has outgrown. It becomes a relic, though always an interesting one, of a simpler and possibly

better past. Moreover, the indications that the system is breaking down are always the same. The meetings become numerous, noisy, and unable to dispose of business. Disputed questions cannot be decided; demagogues obtain control; the more intelligent cease to attend."¹

Charter-making in America proceeds apace, taking various routes, but always in the direction of greater adaptability to American conditions, and of a larger and still larger measure of local self-government.

Ten years ago the National Municipal League, in its "Municipal Programme," described the fundamental principles which must underlie successful municipal government. The lapse of time and the consequent experience have only served to confirm and strengthen them. We find their adoption in an increasing number of charters. Although in nowise speaking for the National Municipal League, Governor Hughes has given a clear and concise description of the now almost universal demand for municipal home rule:—

"I am impressed with the diversities that exist in the mechanism of local government throughout the State, and the constant legislative tinkering that seems to be needed to bring these mechanisms into accord with the wishes of the citizens of the various administrations seems an idle dream. And the constant legislative interference to meet naturally recurring exigencies makes of our charters a sorry patchwork. Legislation breeds legislation. Restrictions upon local administration are made only to be altered as emergencies arise. And where restriction is absent it is thought necessary to provide it.

"I am convinced that the way of improvement lies in the direction of simplicity of charters, providing a framework of government with a grant of appropriate general powers and with guarantees of fundamental rights. The minutiae of

administration should be governed by by-laws or ordinances enacted directly by the community through its representatives, without interference by the Legislature.

"Of the steps which would be necessary to accomplish this result, I shall not attempt to speak at this time. But the success of democratic government in meeting the increased demands of our growing urban population must depend upon our broadening and strengthening its base. It must rest upon the appreciation by the individual citizen of his responsibility for the welfare of the community in which he lives, and upon the quickening of his interest in the conduct of its affairs. Every city should be a school of statesmanship. There should be taught the lessons of civic honor and of devotion to the public weal.

"There should be found the sacrifices of patriotism in times of peace. There should be the training for the wider responsibilities of state and nation. And there should be developed that sense of the dignity and worth of citizenship which will bring to naught the devices of those who twist our republican forms of government to suit their petty despotisms, and who seek to control for purposes of tribute the highways of our political life.

"The source of political power is more and more to be found in our cities. And there also, in an awakened feeling of responsibility with regard to matters which directly concern the lives of the citizens, may be found the needed purifying force.

"We cannot have progress unless we have security; we cannot have security unless we have respect for law and order; we cannot have that respect if administration be bent by caprice, or the powers of government be corrupted to serve a favored few. As we search the records of the past and learn the lessons of our history, may we appreciate more fully our obligations to the future, and may we unreservedly devote ourselves to the cause

¹ *Three Episodes of Massachusetts History*; vol. ii, 976.

of liberty established by laws conserved in a spirit of justice and impartially administered."

To date the fullest embodiment of the principles of the Municipal Programme is to be found in the Charter recommended by the Boston Finance Commission, and now pending before the Massachusetts legislature. It is clear and direct in form; it establishes a simple plan of government, and places that plan within the easy and immediate control of the people of Boston.

Charter reform, with some, means more than readjustment; more than a fight to break the shackles which bind American cities; more than an effort to establish municipal self-government. To them it means an attempt to reform conditions through the operation of law. There are those who fully believe that, if you improve the system, all will conform to the new order. There is a considerable measure of truth in this position. We cannot have a complete and lasting change in conditions unless we change the forms and methods of our governmental machinery. A city can no more keep up with modern conditions while maintaining antiquated methods, than can a manufacturing concern. American cities must learn the value of the scrap-heap, but they must never forget what the lamented William E. Russell once pointed out, that "no philosopher's stone of a constitution can produce golden conduct from leaden instincts. No legislative manipulation can eke out an insufficient morality into a sufficient one. No administrative

sleight of hand can save us from ourselves." The most that good laws can do is to make it more difficult for the reactionary elements to promote evils, and easier for the progressive elements, not only to prevent or cure them, but easily and effectively to advance the general welfare of the community.

The Galveston Commissioners, in the official statement which I quoted from, a short way back, naively pointed out that while the city administration has accomplished much, and the accomplishment is attributable perhaps to the change in form of government, "the reform and beneficial changes in our county government have been phenomenal, and this has been accomplished under the old system, which is the same as in every county in the State. Our people were again fortunate in getting good men to serve as commissioners [*i. e.*, County Commissioners], men who were honest and capable, who at once set to work putting our county's affairs on a business basis; they stopped the leaks, they inaugurated system and method, displacing chaos and confusion, soon getting every fund upon its proper cash basis."

Whatever view, however, we may take, it is an encouraging one. The machinery is being improved, and the engineers are becoming more competent. We are slowly but surely awakening to the fact that it is a crime to place a delicate mechanism in charge of an incompetent or a novice; and that it is almost equally blameworthy to give a capable mechanic poor or dull or antiquated tools.

THE COBWEB

BY ZONA GALE

I

EVENINGS, at seven o'clock, the new Timber Library opened for an hour. Unless there was a band concert, or a moving-picture show, or a night that Timber called "real bad and sloppy out," Emmons's store was, for that hour, the centre of village life. A corner of the store was the City Library. There Bethany Emmons kept sacred to books a section of shelves, beyond the canned goods and above the salt-fish barrel. The top shelf, too high to be reached by Lissa Bard, the librarian, held the dried-fruit boxes. The grocery was not large; and by seven o'clock, one winter Saturday night, it was filled with women borrowers.

Lissa Bard had not come in. However, it not infrequently happened that Lissa, by the newness of her duties or by her nature, was late at her post. And of this, and of other things about her, three women, near the threshold of the little dark, coffee-smelling back room of the store, talked enjoyably while they waited.

"It's often that way with sisters, so," Mis' Hibbard observed. (Mis' Hibbard always set the *t* in "often," and the *n* in "column," "because," she defended, "there they are, all ready to say 'em. It ain't like the psalm *p* — that's Bible, an' old-fashioned, an' not a real necessary word anyway. But 'often' an' 'column' you hear every day, an' that's all the more reason to take pains with 'em.")

"Yes, you look at the Clark girls," Mis' Arthur, with her challenging emphasis, agreed; "one is light skin an' no life, an' the other one's black hair, an' goes like the wind. An' the Mosses: one of 'em like real folks, an' the other one just kind o' big, an' in the way. But the

two Bards: they're more differ'nt than it's possible to be."

"Lissy always was a real scholar," Mis' Main said, sighing, "an' real intelligent, too. But of them two, poor Kate is the only housekeeper."

Mis' Arthur nodded, tapping an emphasis on the cook-book she was returning.

"Well," she said, "if you ain't a good housekeeper, with all that means, *what are you?* An' Kate is. The run o' books is all very well, an' nobody likes to see 'em in anybody's parlor more than our family, but there's no contradictin': they ain't to eat nor drink, nor sweep the floor with. Kate Bard keeps house like wax-works if Lissy *has* got the brains."

In the moment of strained silence that fell as the three women became conscious of her presence, Kate Bard, who had entered the store through the little dark back room, stood at their elbows, nodded to them all, and looked elaborately as if she had not heard. But they all knew that she must have heard.

Mis' Arthur, as the culprit, did her part, and laughed out, heartily and guiltily.

"Lawsey, Kate," she said, "you listenin'? Well, nobody born keeps house any neater 'n you do, an' you know it."

Kate Bard, little, flat-waisted, her pointed face held slightly down, her large eyes raised, the gray shawl about her head caught tightly beneath her chin, looked at the three with a faint twist of a smile, and briefly-closed lids.

"Shucks," she said, and passed them.

Seeing her, Bethany Emmons took down the lamp from its bracket above his desk, and set it on the deal table of the City Library.

"Lissa's late gettin' started," Kate explained to every one, throwing off her shawl, with a stiff swing of her head to keep her hair free of it. "She wanted 't I should come on ahead, an' say 't she 'd be right over. She was afraid somebody might get tired waitin', an' try to go off."

She sat at the table awkwardly; the librarianship was new to Lissa, and Kate had not before been asked to take her sister's place. She fell to rearranging the little articles: the petrified potato inkwell, the pretty stone, the smart plush case of the thermometer. The movement displayed on her wrists broad, tortoiseshell bracelets over which fell the loose sleeves of her figured blue dressing-sack.

Mis' Arthur, who had followed her to the table, laid down the cook-book.

"I've got to get back home, an' hunt up the clean clothes," Mis' Arthur said, "so mebbe you could give me some book yourself, Kate. I thought of *The Pathfinder*. I've been readin' that all my life, off an' on. I guess I'll get it out, an' read a couple or two more chapters on it. I can't seem to think of the name of any other book."

Kate rose, and took up the lamp, and held it in both hands while she looked along the lowest shelf, squinting in the light, her lips moving as she read the titles. The lowest shelf held the set of Dickens, bound in four volumes, and that of Scott, in eight, and of Dumas in eight: tall, startled-looking tomes, each appearing to wonder at itself for being so many books in one. Half-way across the row Kate turned, frowning a little.

"Know who wrote it?" she inquired.

"Well-a, was n't his name Cooper, or like that?" Mis' Arthur hesitated. "I've got that name around in my head, anyhow."

"Is it poetry or readin'?" Kate demanded.

"Oh, readin'," Mis' Arthur said hastily. "Land! It's for myself."

"Anybody got it out?" Kate called in a moment. "Anybody got out a book
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called *Pathfinder*?" she repeated over-shoulder.

"I've read it." "I've read it twice," several volunteered. And, "I ain't ever read it, but I've heard of it," offered Mis' Hibbard pleasantly. "I donno but what you're lookin' at the wrong writers," she added to Kate. "Mr. Cooper ain't a set. He's just that one."

And now Kate's search was extending laboriously over the titles on the Histories and Lives. And at last it touched at a big, black book without a binding, and she set down the lamp to take the volume from the shelf. But when it was in her hands she did not see the title.

"My soul," she said, "look at the dust."

From the top of the black book she blew a fine, quite visible cloud, in evidence for one full breath; and at one more breath there was a little second cloud. And from the book's edge fine tentacles of cobweb clung and outwavered and caught at Kate's hands, and drew about her wrists like airy manacles. Quite instinctively she turned to the side of the shelves, where a dust-cloth might be native; and, the cloth not being there, she opened the table-drawer and reached capably back among its tumbled papers. Evidently Lissa had no dust-cloth, and Kate glanced perplexedly about. "I never come out without my handkerchief, that I ain't sure to need it for something," she observed, and caught up a corner of her dressing-sack, and dusted the black book. Then she took down another book and another — the Histories and the Lives — and from each she blew fine, condemnatory dust, and each she carefully brushed with the dressing-sack until the blue cloth, like her hands, was cobweb-covered.

She was still at her task when the bell above the store's front door jingled noisily, much as if a gay little wind had prevailed against it. The wind — that one or another — entering with the opening of the door, breathed on a kerosene lamp a-swing from the ceiling, and momentarily it flared up and brightened all the

store. Then the door was smartly shut, and Lissa Bard came down the room, a little, tender, blown leaf of a figure, wind still in her soft strayed hair, and brightness in her face. She was very tiny — frail of waist and wrist, evidently unable to undertake tasks of the hand, but armored with the distinction of her book-craft, and with mere charm; so that whatever was her excuse, — and no one quite caught it, — it seemed admirably to answer, and no one seemed really to care that, when the librarian reached the City Library, the clock above the cheese pointed to fifteen past seven.

Kate stood hitching her shawl from side to side, upward from waist to shoulder.

"Have you got Cooper's *Pathfinder* in the library?" she asked, and, intent on her shawl, missed the shade of amused surprise in Lissa's look.

"Why yes!" Lissa said. "Don't you know —"

"Well, somebody must have it out," Kate went on. "It ain't in the shelves. I've read through 'most every name."

Lissa's eyes danced.

"Why, *we've* got it out!" she cried. "I read it out loud to you last night."

At that the women about the table laughed, frankly and unrestrainedly. On which Kate Bard colored slowly, her thin cheeks burning in two high, bright spots. Then she made her twisted smile, and closed her eyes momentarily, pinning the shawl tightly about her face.

"I ain't no hand to look at the name of a book I'm interested in," she said. "Every man's name that writes 'em sounds just alike to me, anyhow. Good-night, all."

But as she crossed the alley from the store to the house where, until Lissa's recent home-coming, she had lived alone, Kate's smile went out. She fumbled in the pump-spout for the key, stepped into the chill cheer of the kitchen, went about the unimportant offices of her return; and in her breast something hurt and

seemed heavy, so that she felt a sickness almost physical. But then for days she had not been well, — "sort o' spindlin' an' petered out, an' peaked-feelin'," she had described her state to Lissa, — and now she tried to think that this was the weakness that she felt. She knew better than that, though; and when she had turned up the wick, and poked at the fire in the cooking-stove, she sat down before the open oven door, her skirt turned back to dry its hem, and tried to brave the thing that hurt. And what she had to brave were Lissa's eyes, dancing to her own reply, and Lissa's light laughter threading the inadvertent, wounding mockery of the women.

From her school, Lissa had lately come into Kate's orderly life and home, and quite casually had accepted both. Kate's surprise, first amused, then grieved, grew to an understanding that her own talent in what she called "flyin' 'round the house" was to Lissa a matter of course — as spring must be a matter of course to a tributary wind. Kate observed that Lissa at her "book-readin'" quickened as she never quickened in the presence of that vague spirit of home to which Kate sacrificed with her exquisite housewifery. And of all this the older sister had come to think with tender tolerance for the child ill-equipped for home-craft, and promptness, and all exactitudes. Yet this child and the women had laughed at her for not knowing about *Pathfinding*, and nobody had laughed at the dust on the City Library books. And Mis' Arthur had used a kind of defense in: "Kate Bard keeps house like wax-works if Lissy has got all the brains."

Her resentment toward Lissa could not all have come in that hour, for now it was big in her heart, a living thing. Lissa had laughed with the rest; and since her return home there must have been other things at which she had laughed, secretly. In spite of Kate's own chieftainship in the home, Lissa must have all this time been making allowance for her, — Lissa, who had always been auxiliary in the house-

hold and not a burden-bearer, who was temperamentally alien to responsibility, who was of those who never turn the soil for a garden, but merely drop in the seeds. "She's a poor little stick of a housekeeper and always will be," Kate thought miserably; "everybody in Timber knows that. An' yet they'll bow down to her, knee to dust, because she knows a few funny names." So she thought about it, burning, resolutely overcoming her own tenderness.

After a time, as she tended her skirt's hem in the growing warmth, her look fell on her cooking-stove oven, from which she had drawn thousands of loaves and cakes. Behind the sink looking-glass there was a paper on which she had once tried to compute these loaves, and to reckon how many times she had turned the clock-key. And by the wood-box stood the little toy broom which she used for sweeping the top of the long stovepipe, where dust and cobwebs never gathered, and of the cupboard, where no spider ever lived a day. The cupboards locked away the dishes which she knew; oh, as Lissa knew the City Library books, Kate knew those dishes, line and crack and nick: knew what should be piled in what on the ordered shelves; knew every stain and knot-hole of the unpainted floor; and the look of the other rooms, lying beyond in the dark, — spotless, dustless, their parts adjusted in all the scrupulous nicety with which men should legislate a nation. It was the work of her hands. And suddenly her heart leaped within her, as a heart leaps when eyes rest upon their kingdom. Her glowing was that of the creator who greets his achievement and his waiting material, and lords it over them, and in them passionately sees, for his spirit, the way out. All this was hers, as peculiarly hers as Lissa's little toy kingdom of funny names. Here she was mistress, here her skill was of sovereign importance, here — she sank in the consciousness as into cherishing arms — Lissa could never enter in.

"An' they ain't a housekeeper in

Timber but what knows that!" Kate thought, with her little twisted smile.

When her sister came from the library, Kate still sat by the open oven door. Unaccustomed to fathom mood, to divine the tentacle-like, waving things that web it round, Lissa, bright and uncorrelated, chattered while her wraps came off.

"Oh, so many books went out. I have n't started keeping the cards yet, but I guess Bethany could tell how many. Everybody that took a book bought something: *Kenilworth* and ten cents' worth of crackers; *David Copperfield* and a jug of vinegar; *Vanity Fair* and a pound of prunes. We had to stop the whole circulating department while Bethany climbed the library desk to get those prunes down. O Kate! And little Aggie Ellsworth asked me for Thweet Pickelth, and I reached for the catalogue before I saw the tin pail and sent her across to Bethany!"

Kate did not laugh.

"Been me," she said sombrely, "I'd 'a' been huntin' along the shelves for it yet. Without," she added, "Aggie'd 'a' spoke the pickle man's name. Them pickle authors I can seem to keep pretty straight in my head."

Something in her sister's attitude, as obvious as drooping wings, arrested Lissa's look as she came to the stove.

"You cold?" she inquired.

"No," Kate answered listlessly. "I donno. I feel some chilly — on my shoulders. But I guess I just like to be warm."

"You are n't well," Lissa said with decision. "You have n't felt well for days. I'll put a flat-iron on. You sit there and toast your feet and I'll read to you while the iron heats."

Without waiting for assent, Lissa brought *The Pathfinder* from the "other" room and set the table lamp on a wooden-bottomed chair drawn to the hearth. She herself sat on the braided hearth-rug. As she read, Kate looked down at her — a frail little figure whose bent head showed her fair curls at their best. The warm light from the open draft fell on the sweet, small-featured face, no longer in its first

youth, but having that perennial youth of a body remote from the activities that age, of a spirit without flight, but perpetually fanning little wings. And as she looked, Kate for the first time became conscious of, say, these little wings. Maybe Lissa's "book-readin'" was a kingdom of more than funny names. Maybe it was as real a comfort to her as "flyin' round the house" to Kate herself. Maybe it was a bigger, better place to be, and this the women in the store knew, and that was why they had laughed. The perception came to the older woman in an impression as sharp, and as wordless, as a hurt. And the conviction possessed her the more that her perceptions could not be ordered or explained by her, but merely suffered.

"It's somethin' inside of her that I ain't got an' never did hev," Kate thought. "We're differ'nt, but it ain't the same kind of differ'nt as her likin' her bread thin an' me likin' mine thick, or her openin' her window nights an' me shuttin' mine most down, or her turnin' the lamp wick down an' me blazin' it 'way up. She's got some woke-up thing in her that bites a-hold o' i-dees the way I spy onto dust an' cobwebs. She's more than differ'nt. She's the otherest a person can be."

And as the understanding grew upon her, Kate turned the more passionately to her own place, as if her little way of skill were a very pleasance where her soul might have its ease, take its way out. Lissa might have some dimly-guessed, bigger, better kingdom; but Kate's kingdom was her own. She was like a word, envious of an idea, glorying in the certainty that the idea could not be spelled without her.

Until Lissa had finished a chapter and had gone away to iron the chill sheets of her sister's bedroom, Kate brooded and burned. Then she rose and took the book from the wing of the stove where Lissa had laid it, and turned to the title-page. So many books! So many different names! But it would not be a disgrace not to re-

member who had been president of the United States in a certain year, and that was far more important than book names. Yet all those women had laughed at her, and Lissa's eyes had laughed. If only Lissa would laugh at her now for that blunder in the library! "No need o' her keepin' such a nasty, delicate silence," Kate thought.

"The bed's all ready when you are," Lissa called.

Kate closed the book and spoke over-shoulder to the open door.

"I ain't anywheres near ready," she said tartly. "Lissa Bard! You've let the books down to the City Library get a perfect sight. They's dust on 'em like feathers, an' cobwebs a regular fringe. An' now you've laid Mr. Cooper's book on the stove-wing out here so 's it'll get all splattered with the grease. If I was so crazy about book-readin', I declare if I would n't do differ'nt."

In Lissa's amazed silence, away there in the bedroom, Kate looked about the kitchen. Then she opened the cupboard door, and, tiptoe, laid the book on the top shelf. There, with the toy broom kept for stovepipe cobwebs, she thrust *The Pathfinder* far back beside the cherry pitter.

II

Her chilliness and weariness had foretold the illness which seized Kate that night, and when the Sunday morning came she was hot with fever and throbbing with pain. Lissa woke, vaguely alarmed not to hear her sister already astir, and for a little lay listening, then went softly to her door.

"I do' want no doctor," Kate observed weakly. "I'd just as lives have a cat open the door an' walk around the bed. You heat me a cup o' hot water."

Lissa, trembling, hurried her dressing, built a fire in the frosty kitchen, waited interminably for the kettle to boil. Kate's silence and her inability to drink even the water terrified the girl as if in the little house some sinister presence had ap-

peared. And when it was church time, and from the kitchen window she saw Mis' Arthur and Mis' Hibbard coming down the street, she threw her apron over her head and, not to pass Kate's window, stumbled through the deep snow on the side of the yard that was pathless.

"Oh," she told them. "I don't know what's the matter with Kate. She's sick and in the bed."

The women, accustomed to treat all crises as their own, followed Lissa to the house, accepting the pathless way as a matter of course, and briskly questioning. Was Kate conscious? When was she taken? There was a lots o' colds everywhere an' it was real pneumonia weather. Had she had her sister's hands and feet in good, hot water? They laid their hymn-books by the unwashed dishes, and stalked through the cold dining-room to Kate's little grave of a chamber.

"Lawsey, Kate Bard, thought *you'd* take down to relieve the monotony, did you?" one of them greeted her.

Kate, opening her eyes, saw them standing in a place without walls and from which she was infinitely remote. She knew them, but instantly she was conscious that they were allied against her, and with them was Lissa. Secure in some friendly and infinitely companionable understanding to which she was alien, they were all laughing at her. And so thought drifted out, without her power to grasp at one association to stay its drifting.

In the weeks that followed, her wandering look often rested unseeingly on one or other of those two faces, or on the face of Mis' Main, who forever crossed the alley from her home to bring a covered bowl of something steaming. Sometimes Kate saw them quite clearly; sometimes the faces blurred and flickered, the better to menace her; always they were quick with an understanding of something which she did not know. But even a greater vexation was the face which hovered constantly above her — that of

Lissa. The stricken brain, become a thing of sick impressions which outwavered and clung and fled, lay as if webbed about by its last sane sensation. They were all persistently "against her," they all knew something that she did not know — and with them was Lissa, who could not even take care of her books. Lissa's books were all dust and cobwebs. The dust and cobwebs were what shut away the meaning in the books so that she could not know all about them, as Lissa knew. And before she, too, could know, the dust and cobwebs must all be swept away with the toy broom.

Dust and cobwebs — dust and cobwebs. In her fever this became to her a kind of refrain. And it was no great gulf to have bridged from fantasy to faculty when at last one day Kate lay quiet, listening to what the women were saying, and realized that she had been listening for some moments before she was self-conscious.

"... awful. I donno how it is folks can do as they *do* do. Some seems just bent on gettin' along 'most any way they can. Should n't you think she'd 'a' noticed it by now if she was calculatin' to do any noticin'?"

It was Mis' Hibbard's voice; without lifting her tired lids Kate knew that. Mis' Arthur's emphasis seemed as usual to make a kind of groove for her own reply.

"Well," Mis' Arthur put it, "if ever I see anybody no hand to take notice, it's her. She don't seem to go by no rhyme nor rule. If she was a clock you could n't tell the time by her no more than you could tell time by a wild duck. She just sort o' goes along, an' goes along —"

Kate's little figure lay tense. They meant her!

"... for eight days, hand-runnin'," Mis' Main was saying. "And there it is, full the way it was when I first laid look to it — floatin' away as hard as could float, an' just like it was made for floatin'."

And "It don't seem," Mis' Arthur said, "as if two sisters could be so opposite. Do you s'pose Kate Bard, in her

well days, would ever leave a cobweb swingin' that long?"

At that a pang of fierce delight shot through Kate's whole body. It was not she whom they meant. It was not she!

"The idea," the hushed voices went on, "of takin' no more responsibility. It's plumb over Kate's head when she lays on the back pillow. It might drop on her any minute."

"The only wonder is it ain't fell on her long before now. But it's a good strong cobweb—it's old enough to hev body to it, the dear land knows. *How* long do you s'pose Lissy'll leave it be there?"

"I've set an' watched her when she dusts, an' she goes right past it like it hed been a wreath in the border. I s'pose it's mean, but I declare I've got real interested seein' how long it'll stay there. Why, Kate Bard'd die rather'n hev a cobweb in the family that long."

When the women, still talking, had left the room, Kate lay for a long time without opening her eyes. Like a warm lapping bath it rested her, this indignant praise of her, yes, and this arraignment of Lissa. She lay, luxuriously glad, smiling a little, alive and praised. And after a very long time she languidly opened her eyes, and, almost with a sense of gratitude, looked about for the cobweb.

In all Kate's lifetime there had never been, in the bare little room, a cobweb like that. It hung from the corner above the bed, attached just where the eagle on the side-wall border met the stars on the ceiling. To eagle and stars it clung by many a visible filament and, escaping these, it floated, in vagrant currents, its full yard of length. It was, Kate thought dreamily, like an attic cobweb, a cobweb of behind the storeroom blinds in house-cleaning. But a house cobweb, a bedroom cobweb like that—her head drooped sidewise on its pillow, and her eyes fell on the little toy broom in a corner—she must have brought the little broom in with her from the kitchen on the night of her illness, and Lissa had left it there. Its uselessness and isolation

in the face of so obvious a task moved her to laughter, without her knowing why she laughed. She lay for a little, shaken with silent mirth, until from very weakness she fell asleep.

When she awoke, Lissa sat by the bed with a book. If only Lissa had been sewing, the return to life would have been a simpler matter; but Lissa was reading. For some time she did not lift her eyes from the page, and Kate lay watching her. The girl's face was pleased and quiet, and it shut Kate out.

"What you readin'?" Kate demanded abruptly.

Lissa started, tossed aside the book, hung above her sister with little happy exclamations; but these and the many tender questions Kate passed impatiently.

"What you readin'?" she persisted. "*Pathfinder*?"

"No," Lissa said. "Kate, I found *The Pathfinder* away on the top shelf of the cupboard, when I was looking for the potato-masher. How do you suppose it ever got up there?"

To which, with closed eyes and a mere shadow of her twisted smile, Kate responded, "Who ever heard o' keepin' anybody's potato-masher on the *top* shelf? What you readin'?"

In some wonder Lissa named her book, a strange, singing name which told Kate nothing.

"Read some out loud," she commanded; and at Lissa's look, "Go on!" she added. "I ain't out o' my head. I feel just like life."

So Lissa read to her at random, wondering very much, secretly simplifying, or making in her voice little shallows of shadow and crests of clearness, more safely to bear meaning. But she knew that she was alone as she read, and that it was Kate who could not come to her. When the reading paused,—

"Keep it up," Kate said, "I donno what it means, but it kind o' rubs around nice on the outside o' my brain."

But Lissa, Kate was brooding, did know what it meant. Lissa knew, not

just with her brain, outside or inside, but with the "woke-up thing" in her, the thing that somehow could "bite a-hold o' life." She could not have told why she had wanted Lissa to read, whether in some dim wistfulness to try to share whatever Lissa had, or whether for a kind of dogged strengthening of her own resentment. As she lay with closed eyes, listening, her thought returned and beat upon Lissa, and her own irritation increased and mounted and possessed her. So then she turned passionately to the warm spot in her consciousness, the certainty, unformulated but secure, that for her the way of "bitin' a-hold o' life" lay in manipulating those little engineerings of home which she called "flyin' round the house."

She moved her head, and lay looking up at where the eagle met the stars, above the back pillow. Oh, it was thick and gray and dusty, that cobweb. And all this time, in spite of that mysterious, wise, "woke-up thing" within her, Lissa had missed the cobweb, — as of course Lissa would miss it! A little glow crept and warmed Kate. Poor Lissa, she thought. She said it over and over, luxuriously as, lulled by the singing things freed from the book, she fell asleep.

The four o'clock sun streamed across the blue coverlet, illumining the rose wax blossoms of a begonia on the window-sill, wakening Kate as if spirit had signaled to spirit. In the bedroom it was deliciously quiet. A wood-fire was crackling in the parlor stove. On the table a napkin-covered dish of something delectable awaited her mood. Murmur of voices penetrated the closed kitchen door, both eloquent of the gentleness that tended her. The convalescent's sense of well-being filled Kate, like response.

In a week, she thought, she would be about again — flyin' round the house. How long it had been since she had seen her oven. It would be good to shut the hot door on a batch of bread, a tin of cake, a pan of cookies. She must get at

her cupboards, and give them "a good going-over." Lissa never could remember what was to be piled in what. She found herself even wanting to wind the clock, — Lissa had probably let it run down and, when she set it, had guessed at the time. (Poor Lissa! she thought pleasurably.) Yes, the whole house must be gone over thoroughly, must be swept and dusted and rid of its cobwebs — the very first day that she was about again, down should come that cobweb wavering there over her head. Then, when Mis' Hibbard and Mis' Arthur and Mis' Main dropped in, she would make excuse to lead them into the bedroom. She would pretend not to see them look up in the cobweb corner, not to see them exchange glances of approval of her and of her housekeeping, that was so much better than Lissa's. Poor Lissa.

On that, as at a motif, Lissa came into the room, in her hand a blue dust-cloth and a feather-duster. From the kitchen still sounded the voices, and Lissa answered Kate's questioning look.

"I was just coming to wipe up the dust a little, if you were awake," she explained, "when Mis' Hibbard and Mis' Arthur and Mis' Main came in. They'd heard you were conscious. They told me to go right ahead, I'd had to neglect this room so long, an' they'd sit there, and get warm, and come in and see you afterward."

"Oh," said Kate, "that's how they done it."

She lay quite still while Lissa dusted. When she was well it had immeasurably irritated Kate to see Lissa dust. To all wide, flat, horizontal surfaces the girl gave the prettiest attention, bending to her task till the curls in her neck were at their best. But all narrow edges, the tops of chairs, of splashers, of pictures, she neglected as if these were in another dimension, and flat vertical surfaces she treated as if they were in no dimension at all. For Lissa, dust that was immaterial was non-existent. For Kate, even if dust were non-existent, dusting was dusting.

Yet that day it was with definite enjoyment that Kate lay with half-closed eyes and watched.

A gay little wind would have dusted a room much as did Lissa. The wind — that one, or another — would have entered and breathed on this and that, touching and lifting, rearranging a disorder rather than ordering. And so Lissa did, omitting needs in all the pretty complaisance with which a housekeeper divines them. Ordinarily Kate would have crashed down on the process with the finality of a drawn blind. Now she lay, benignly indulgent — as Mother Spring at the sweet gaucheries of some little tributary wind.

But there had always been, in Kate's attitude to Lissa, much of this attitude of motherhood. Lissa's little body had constantly demanded the guardianship of which her mind was childishy impatient. And this late resentment of Kate's was wholly toward that mysterious, "woke-up thing," unfostered of her, which made Lissa remote, versed in baffling matters. Yet now, as she worked, these matters were no longer evident. Instead, in her own unwonted leisure and supineness, she was suddenly immeasurably struck with the littleness of her sister, with her physical unfitness for tasks of the hand. Her slenderness of throat, of waist, of wrist, her narrowness of shoulder and thigh, — these smote Kate with a sudden pitying sense of the girl's utter inadequacy for her woman's work. Poor little Lissa — poor little Lissa. That was it: *poor little Lissa!*

Lissa came, in her dusting, to the bed's head, and this, presumably because of Kate's presence, she did not touch at all. Lying so that she could see the cobweb, Kate held her breath as Lissa moved about its corner. Because of her long habit of getting good things for her, almost Kate wished that Lissa would look up to where it hung. There came a little still-born impulse to tell her. But Kate watched her turn away without an upward glance toward eagles and stars, and

then, when the impulse to tell her had not yet wholly passed, the girl serenely shook the dust-cloth in the room, in the mere general direction of the paper basket.

"Shall I have Mis' Hibbard and Mis' Arthur and Mis' Main come in a minute?" she asked, while she was guilty of this.

"Yes!" Kate burst out. "My land, yes. Hev 'em in here! An' you get back to your book."

Lissa looked at her inquiringly.

"I've got the supper to get pretty soon now," she said, quite gently.

As one divining the tentacle-like, waving things that web one round, Kate heard the under-note of weariness in the girl's voice. Her fragility had always made Kate fear that she might be tired, or ill, or even merely cold. The older sister threw out her hand on the coverlet.

"Well, you keep 'em out there a minute or two," she said irresolutely. "I'll pound on the wall with the little broom there — you set it by the bed — in just a minute. Then you can let 'em in."

Left alone, Kate shut her eyes tightly, grotesquely, in her unwonted will to think swiftly, and to a purpose. And in that troubled darkness she visualized the faces of the three women, looking her over sympathetically enough, asking their intimate questions, honestly glad of her recovery, but all the while waiting for a chance to peer up in that cobweb corner, and then to look at one another, moving confirmatory eyebrows, or lids, or lips. It all came to Kate as a picture only, but she knew its truth. She knew how they would go away telling scornfully about Lissa Bard's housekeeping, and praising her — Kate — in the comparison; these very women who had laughed at her, as Lissa had laughed. Oh, but they must not laugh at Lissa too, poor little Lissa!

Kate lifted her head tentatively from the pillow, and then drew herself to sit erect, a scant, gaunt figure in its outing flannel, with a thin, tight little braid of gray hair, reaching hardly half-way down the gown's yoke. Something seemed tip-

ping her poor, dizzy head like a weight when, with infinite difficulty, she groped out for the toy broom. In the faintness that seized her as she pulled herself to her knees on the bed, then unsteadily to her feet, the darkness within her closed lids changed to a glow of red. She saw nothing of what she was doing as she laboriously lifted the little broom up the wall, and swept long, random strokes about the corner, freeing from its hold the flaunting filaments which clung and wavered very near her hair, as if they would have webbed her about. Then she sank, her head jarred to dull aching, throbbing and chill in all her body. So she lay, huddled outside the covers until, hearing some stir in the kitchen, she crept into her place, and the toy broom slipped behind the bed to the floor.

Mis' Hibbard and Mis' Arthur and Mis' Main came tiptoeing through the parlor, and pushed the bedroom door.

"We'll just peek in an' see if she's awake, anyhow," they said to Lissa, who had thought to wait the summons. "You 'wake, Kate?" one put it fairly.

In the whimsical, faint answer there was all the old vitality.

"If you're the nightmare, I ain't," she said, "an' if you're a call, I am. Come along in, why don't you?"

They came to the bedside, their shawls, worn for "runnin' round the neighborhood," slipping loosely down blue calico, and flannel dressing-sack, and "mornin' house-work dress."

"Showed the sense to get well, did n't you, Kate?" said one. "Well said. I'm real pleased you've come to."

"May be you think we ain't danced round lively over you while you've been lazin' here in the bed," said another. "My soul, if you're threatenin' well I donno who's got the biggest chore done, you or us."

"Lawsey, Kate Bard," said the third, "I thought one while 't your coffin was cut, but I guess it's green wood yet awhile, an' mebbe growin'."

And, having told her like this of their genuine gladness at her recovery, they all three, with one accord, looked up at the corner of the eagle and the stars. Kate saw them look, and look again, and risk peering this way and that. Mis' Hibbard stepped about the foot of the bed to try a new light, Mis' Arthur came close to Kate's head, as if her assurance was almost reluctant. And then, certainty being fully established, they glanced at one another, and moved surprised, commendatory heads.

Lissa, tying on her big gingham apron, came to the bedroom door.

"Well, sir, Kate," Mis' Hibbard said, "I tell you, Lissy's gettin' to be quite a first-class housekeeper. She'll beat you at it if you don't look out."

In Kate's unimportant reply they could not divine the leaping exultation, — as it were, the very romance of renunciation. Nor did they understand her little twist-smile.

TO RICHARD WATSON GILDER¹

BY WILLIAM WATSON

TAKE, Poet, take these thanks too long deferred —
You that have made me richer year by year,
Across the vast and desert waters drear
Wafting your marriage-chimes of thought and word,
Your true-born, truthful songs. Not April bird
Utters abroad his wisdom morning-clear
From fuller heart. Still sing, with note sincere,
And English pure as English air hath heard.

And so, though all the fops of style misuse
Our great brave language — tricking out with beads
This noble vesture that no frippery needs —
Help still to save, while Time around him strews
Old shards of empire, and much dust of creeds,
The honor and the glory of the muse.

NEWSPAPERS AS HISTORICAL SOURCES

BY JAMES FORD RHODES

THE impulse of an American writer in justifying the use of newspapers as historical materials is to adopt an apologetic tone. It is somewhat curious that such should be the case, for newspapers satisfy so many canons of historical evidence. They are contemporary, and, being written without knowledge of the end, cannot bolster any cause without making a plain showing of their intent. Their object is the relation of daily events; and if their relation is colored by honest or dishonest partisanship, this is easily discernible by the critic from the internal evi-

dence and from an easily acquired knowledge of a few external facts. As the journals themselves say, their aim is to print the news; and much of the news is present politics. Moreover, the newspaper itself, its news and editorial columns, its advertisements, is a graphic picture of society.

When Aulard, in his illuminating criticism of Taine, writes that the journals are a very important source of the history of the French Revolution, provided they are revised and checked by one another, the statement seems in accordance with the canons of historical writing; and

when he blames Taine for using two journals only and neglecting ten others, which he names, the impression on the mind is the same as if Taine were charged with the neglect of evidence of another class. One would hardly attempt to justify Taine by declaring that all journals are inaccurate, partisan, and dishonest, and that the omission was a merit, not a defect. Leaving out of account the greater size and diffuseness of the modern journal, the dictum of Aulard would seem to apply to any period of history.

Why is it then that some American students fall consciously or unconsciously into an apologetic tone when they attempt to justify the use of newspapers as historical sources? I suppose it is because of the attitude of cultivated society to the newspaper of to-day. Society calls the ordinary newspaper sensational and unreliable; and, if neither, its accounts are so diffuse and badly proportioned as to weary the seeker after the facts of any given transaction. Despite the disfavor into which the American newspaper has fallen in certain circles, I suspect that it has only exaggerated these defects, and that the journals of different democracies have more resemblances than diversities. The newspaper that caters to the "masses" will never suit the "classes," and the necessity for a large circulation induces it to furnish the sheet which the greatest number of readers desire.

But this does not concern the historian. He does not make his materials. He has to take them as they are. It would undoubtedly render his task easier if all men spoke and wrote everywhere with accuracy and sincerity; but his work would lose much of its interest. Take the newspaper for what it is, a hasty gatherer of facts, a hurried commentator on the same, and it may well constitute a part of historical evidence.

When, in 1887, I began the critical study of the History of the United States from 1850-1860, I was struck with the paucity of material which would serve the purpose of an animated narrative.

The main facts were to be had in the state papers, the Statutes, the *Congressional Globe* and documents, the records of national conventions and platforms, and the tabulated results of elections. But there was much less private correspondence than is available for the early history of our country; and, compared with the period of the Civil War and later, a scarcity of biographies and reminiscences, containing personal letters of high historical value. Since I wrote my first two volumes, much new matter concerning the decade of 1850 to 1860 has been published. The work of the American Historical Association, and of many historical societies, the monographs of advanced university students, have thrown light upon this, as they have upon other periods, with the result that future delvers in this field can hardly be so much struck with the paucity of material as I was twenty-one years ago.

Boy though I was during the decade of 1850 to 1860, I had a vivid remembrance of the part that the newspaper played in politics, and the thought came to me that the best way to arrive at the spirit of the times was to steep my mind in journalistic material; that there was the secret of living over again that decade, as the Abolitionist, the Republican, the Whig, and the Democrat had actually lived in it. In the critical use of such sources, I was helped by the example of von Holst, who employed them freely in his volumes covering the same period, and by the counsel and collaboration of my friend Edward G. Bourne, whose training was in the modern school. For whatever training I had beyond that of self came from the mastery, under the guidance of teachers, of certain general historians belonging to an epoch when power of expression was as much studied as the collecting and sifting of evidence.

While considering my materials, I was struck with a statement cited by Herbert Spencer as an illustration in his *Philosophy of Style*: "A modern newspaper statement, though probably true, if quoted in

a book as testimony, would be laughed at; but the letter of a court gossip, if written some centuries ago, is thought good historical evidence." At about the same time, I noticed that Motley used as one of his main authorities for the battle of St. Quentin the manuscript of an anonymous writer. From these two circumstances, it was a logical reflection that some historians might make an exaggerated estimate of the value of manuscript material because it reposed in dusty archives and could be utilized only by severe labor and long patience; and that, imbued with this idea, other historians for other periods might neglect the newspaper because of its ready accessibility.

These several considerations justified a belief, arrived at from my preliminary survey of the field, that the use of newspapers as sources for the decade of 1850 to 1860 was desirable. At each step of my pretty thorough study of them, I became more and more convinced that I was on the right track. I found facts in them which I could have found nowhere else. The public meeting is a great factor in the political life of this decade, and is most fully and graphically reported in the press. The newspaper, too, was a vehicle for personal accounts of a quasi-confidential nature, of which I can give a significant example. In an investigation that Edward Bourne made for me during the summer of 1889, he came across, in the *Boston Courier*, an inside account of the Whig convention of 1852, showing, more conclusively than I have seen elsewhere, the reason of the failure to unite the conservative Whigs, who were apparently in a majority, on Webster. From collateral evidence we were convinced that it was written by a Massachusetts delegate; and the *Springfield Republican*, which copied the account, furnished a confirmation of it. It was an interesting story, and I incorporated it in my narrative.

I am well aware that Dr. Dryasdust may ask, What of it? The report of the convention shows that Webster received a very small vote and that Scott was nom-

inated. Why waste time and words over the "might have been"? I can plead only the human interest in the great Daniel Webster ardently desiring that nomination, Rufus Choate advocating it in sublime oratory, the two antislavery delegates from Massachusetts refusing their votes for Webster, thus preventing a unanimous Massachusetts, and the delegates from Maine, among whom was Webster's godson William P. Fessenden, coldly refusing their much-needed aid.

General Scott, having received the nomination, made a stumping-tour in the autumn through some of the Western States. No accurate account of it is possible without the newspapers, yet it was esteemed a factor in his overwhelming defeat, and the story of it is well worth preserving as data for a discussion of the question, Is it wise for a presidential candidate to make a stumping-tour during his electoral campaign?

The story of the formation of the Republican party, and the rise of the Know-nothings, may possibly be written without recourse to the newspapers, but thorough steeping in such material cannot fail to add to the animation and accuracy of the story. In detailed history and biographical books, dates, through mistakes of the writer or printer, are frequently wrong; and when the date was an affair of supreme importance, I have sometimes found a doubt resolved by a reference to the newspaper, which, from its strictly contemporary character, cannot in such a matter lead one astray.

I found the newspapers of value in the correction of logical assumptions, which frequently appear in American historical and biographical books, especially in those written by men who bore a part in public affairs. By a logical assumption, I mean the statement of a seemingly necessary consequence which apparently ought to follow some well-attested fact or condition. A striking instance of this occurred during the political campaign of 1856, when "bleeding Kansas" was a thrilling catchword used by the Republi-

cans, whose candidate for president was Frémont. In a year and a half seven free-state men had been killed in Kansas by the border ruffians, and these outrages, thoroughly ventilated, made excellent campaign ammunition. But the Democrats had a *tu quoque* argument which ought to have done much towards eliminating this question from the canvass.

On the night of May 24, 1856, five pro-slavery men, living on the Pottawatomie Creek, were deliberately and foully murdered by John Brown and seven of his disciples; and, while this massacre caused profound excitement in Kansas and Missouri, it seems to have had no influence east of the Mississippi River, although the fact was well attested. A Kansas journalist of 1856, writing in 1879, made this logical assumption: "The opposition press both North and South took up the damning tale . . . of that midnight butchery on the Pottawatomie . . . Whole columns of leaders from week to week, with startling head-lines, liberally distributed capitals, and frightful exclamation points, filled all the newspapers." And it was his opinion that, had it not been for this massacre, Frémont would have been elected.

But I could not discover that the massacre had any influence on the voters in the pivotal states. I examined, or had examined, the files of the *New York Journal of Commerce*, *New York Herald*, *Philadelphia Pennsylvanian*, *Washington Union*, and *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, all Democratic papers except the *New York Herald*, and I was struck with the fact that substantially no use was made of the massacre as a campaign argument. Yet could anything have been more logical than the assumption that the Democrats would have been equal to their opportunity and spread far and wide such a story? The facts in the case show therefore that cause and effect in actual American history are not always the same as the statesman may conceive them in his cabinet or the historian in his study.

In the newspapers of 1850 to 1860 many speeches, and many public, and some private, letters of conspicuous public men are printed; these are valuable material for the history of the decade, and their use is in entire accordance with modern historical canons.

I have so far considered the press in its character of a register of facts; but it has a further use for historical purposes, since it is both a representative and guide of public sentiment. Kinglake shows that the *Times* was the potent influence which induced England to invade the Crimea; Bismarck said in 1877 that the press "was the cause of the last three wars;" Lord Cromer writes, "The people of England as represented by the press insisted on sending General Gordon to the Soudan, and accordingly to the Soudan he was sent;" and it is current talk that the yellow journals brought on the Spanish-American War. Giving these statements due weight, can a historian be justified in neglecting the important influence of the press on public opinion?

As reflecting and leading popular sentiment during the decade of 1850 to 1860, the newspapers of the Northern States were potent. I own that many times one needs no further index to public sentiment than our frequent elections, but in 1854 conditions were peculiar. The repeal of the Kansas-Nebraska Act had outraged the North and indicated that a new party must be formed to resist the extension of slavery. In the disorganization of the Democratic party, and the effacement of the Whig, nowhere may the new movement so well be traced as in the news and editorial columns of the newspapers, and in the speeches of the Northern leaders, many of these indeed being printed nowhere else than in the press. What journals and what journalists there were in those days! Greeley and Dana of the *New York Tribune*; Bryant and Bigelow of the *Evening Post*; Raymond of the *Times*; Webb of the *Courier and Enquirer*; Bowles of the *Springfield Republican*; Thurlow Weed of the *Albany*

Journal; Schouler of the *Cincinnati Gazette*; Medill of the *Chicago Tribune*, — all, inspired by their opposition to the spread of slavery, wrote with vigor and enthusiasm, representing the ideas of men who had burning thoughts without power of expression, and guiding others who needed the constant iteration of positive opinions to determine their political action.

The main and cross currents which resulted in the formation of the compact Republican party of 1856 have their principal record in the press, and from it, directly or indirectly, must the story be told. Unquestionably the newspapers had greater influence than in an ordinary time, because the question was a moral one and could be concretely put. Was slavery right or wrong? If wrong, should not its extension be stopped? That was the issue, and all the arguments, constitutional and social, turned on that point.

The greatest single journalistic influence was the New York weekly *Tribune* which had in 1854 a circulation of 112,000, and many times that number of readers. These readers were of the thorough kind, reading all the news, all the printed speeches and addresses, and all the editorials, and pondering as they read. The questions were discussed in their family circles and with their neighbors, and, as differences arose, the *Tribune*, always at hand, was consulted and re-read. There being few popular magazines during this decade, the weekly newspaper, in some degree, took their place; and, through this medium, Greeley and his able coadjutors spoke to the people of New York and of the West, where New England ideas predominated, with a power never before or since known in this country. When Motley was studying the old letters and documents of the sixteenth century in the archives of Brussels, he wrote: "It is something to read the real *bona fide* signs manual of such fellows as William of Orange, Count Egmont, Alexander Farnese, Philip the Second, Cardinal Granville and the rest of them. It gives a

'realizing sense' as the Americans have it." I had somewhat of the same feeling as I turned over the pages of the bound volumes of the weekly *Tribune*, reading the editorials and letters of Greeley, the articles of Dana and Hildreth. I could recall enough of the time to feel the influence of this political bible, as it was termed, and I can emphatically say that if you want to penetrate into the thoughts, feelings, and ground of decision of the 1,866,000 men who voted for Lincoln in 1860, you should study with care the New York weekly *Tribune*.

One reason why the press was a better representative of opinion during the years from 1854 to 1860 than now, is that there were few, if any, independent journals. The party man read his own newspaper and no other; in that, he found an expression of his own views. And the party newspaper in the main printed only the speeches and arguments of its own side. Greeley on one occasion was asked by John Russell Young, an associate, for permission to reprint a speech of Horatio Seymour in full as a matter of news. "Yes," Greeley said, "I will print Seymour's speech when the *World* will print those of our side."

Before the war, Charleston was one of the most interesting cities of the country. It was a small aristocratic community, with an air of refinement and distinction. The story of Athens proclaims that a large population is not necessary to exercise a powerful influence on the world; and, after the election of Lincoln in 1860, the 40,000 people of Charleston, or rather the few patricians who controlled its fate and that of South Carolina, attracted the attention of the whole country. The story of the secession movement of November and December, 1860, cannot be told with correctness and life without frequent references to the *Charleston Mercury* and the *Charleston Courier*. The *Mercury* especially was an index of opinion, and so vivid is its daily chronicle of events that the historian is able to put himself in the place of those ardent South Caro-

linians and understand their point of view.

For the history of the Civil War, newspapers are not so important. The other material is superabundant, and in choosing from the mass of it, the newspapers, so far as affairs at the North are concerned, need only be used in special cases, and rarely for matters of fact. The accounts of campaigns and battles, which filled so much of their space, may be ignored, as the best possible authorities for these are the one hundred and twenty-eight volumes of the United States government publication, the *Official Records* of the Union and Confederate armies. The faithful study of the correspondence and the reports in these unique volumes is absolutely essential to a comprehension of the war; and it is a labor of love. When one thinks of the mass of manuscripts students of certain periods of European history have been obliged to read, the American historian is profoundly grateful to his government that at a cost to itself of \$2233 per volume it has furnished him this priceless material in neatly printed volumes with excellent indexes. The serious student can generally procure these volumes gratis through the favor of his Congressman; or, failing in this, may purchase the set at a moderate price, so that he is not obliged to go to a public library to consult them.

Next to manuscript material, the physical and mental labor of turning over and reading bound volumes of newspapers is the most severe, and I remember my feeling of relief at being able to divert my attention from what Edward L. Pierce called this back-breaking and eye-destroying labor, much of it in public libraries, to these convenient books in my own private library. A mass of other materials, notably Nicolay and Hay's contributions, military narratives, biographies, private correspondence, to say nothing of the Congressional publications, render the student fairly independent of the newspapers. But I did myself make, for certain periods, special researches among them to ascertain their

influence on public sentiment; and I also found them very useful in my account of the New York draft riots of 1863. It is true the press did not accurately reflect the gloom and sickness of heart at the North after the battle of Chancellorsville, for the reason that many editors wrote for the purpose of keeping up the hopes of their readers. In sum, the student may congratulate himself that a continuous study of the Northern newspapers for the period of the Civil War is unnecessary, for their size and diffuseness are appalling.

But what I have said about the press of the North, will not apply to that of the South. Though strenuous efforts have been made, with the diligent coöperation of Southern men, to secure the utmost possible amount of Confederate material for the *Official Records*, it actually forms only about twenty-nine per cent of the whole matter. Other historical material is also less copious. For example, there is no record of the proceedings of the Confederate Congress, like the *Globe*; there are no reports of committees like that of the Committee on the Conduct of the War; and even the journal of the Congress was kept on loose memoranda, and not written up until after the close of the war. With the exception of this journal, which has been printed by our government, and the *Statutes at Large*, our information of the work of the Confederate Congress comes from the newspapers and some books of biography and recollections. The case of the Southern States was peculiar, because they were so long cut off from intercourse with the outer world, owing to the efficient Federal blockade; and the newspaper in its local news, editorials, and advertisements, is important material for portraying life in the Confederacy during the Civil War. Fortunately for the student, the Southern newspaper was not the same voluminous issue as the Northern, and, if it had not been badly printed, its use would be attended with little difficulty. Owing to the scarcity of paper, many of the newspapers were gradually reduced in size, and

in the end were printed on half-sheets, occasionally one on brown paper, and another on wall paper; even the white paper was frequently coarse, and this, with poor type, made the news-sheet itself a daily record of the waning fortunes of the Confederacy.

In the history of Reconstruction the historian may be to a large extent independent of the daily newspaper. For the work of reconstruction was done by Congress, and Congress had the full support of the Northern people, as was shown by the continuous large Republican majority which was maintained. The debates, the reports, and the acts of Congress are essential, and little else is required except whatever private correspondence may be accessible. Congress represented public sentiment of the North, and if one desires newspaper opinion, one may find it in many pithy expressions on the floor of the House or the Senate. For the Congressman and the Senator are industrious newspaper readers. They are apt to read some able New York journal which speaks for their party, and the Congressman will read the daily and weekly newspapers of his district, and the Senator the prominent ones of his state which belong to his party.

For the period which covered Reconstruction, from 1865 to 1877, I used the *Nation* to a large extent. Its bound volumes are convenient to handle in one's own library, and its summary of events is useful in itself, and as giving leads to the investigation of other material. Frequently its editorials have spoken for the sober sense of the people with amazing success. As a constant reader of the *Nation* since 1866, I have felt the fascination of Godkin, and have been consciously on guard against it. I tried not to be led away by his incisive statements and sometimes uncharitable judgments. But whatever may be thought of his bias, he had an honest mind, and was incapable of knowingly making a false statement; and this, with his other qualities, makes his journal excellent historical

material. After considering with great care some friendly criticism, I can truly say that I have no apology to make for the extent to which I used the *Nation*.

Recurring now to the point with which I began this discussion, — that learned prejudice against employing newspapers as historical material, — I wish to add that, like all other evidence, they must be used with care and skepticism, as one good authority is undoubtedly better than a dozen poor ones. An anecdote I heard years ago has been useful to me in weighing different historical evidence. A Pennsylvania-Dutch justice of the peace in one of the interior townships of Ohio had a man arraigned before him for stealing a pig. One witness swore that he distinctly saw the theft committed; eight swore that they never saw the accused steal a pig, and the verdict was worthy of Dogberry. "I discharge the accused," said the Justice. "The testimony of eight men is certainly worth more than the testimony of one."

Private and confidential correspondence is highly valuable historical material, for such utterances are less constrained and more sincere than public declarations; but all men cannot be rated alike. Some men have lied as freely in private letters as in public speeches; therefore the historian must get at the character of the man who has written the letter and the influences surrounding him; these factors must count in any satisfactory estimate of his accuracy and truth. The newspaper must be subjected to similar tests. For example, to test an article or public letter written by Greeley or Godkin, the general situation, the surrounding influences, and the individual bias must be taken into account, and, when allowance is made for these circumstances as well as for the public character of the utterance, it may be used for historical evidence. For the history of the last half of the nineteenth century just such material must be used. Neglect of it would be like neglect of the third estate in the history of France for the eighteenth century.

In the United States we have not, politically speaking, either the first or second estates, but we have the third and fourth estates with an intimate connection between the two. Lord Cromer said, when writing of the sending of Gordon to the Soudan, "Newspaper government has certain disadvantages;" and this he emphasized by quoting a wise remark of Sir George Cornwall Lewis: "Anony-

mous authorship places the public under the direction of guides who have no sense of personal responsibility." Nevertheless this newspaper government must be reckoned with. The duty of the historian is, not to decide if the newspapers are as good as they ought to be, but to measure their influence on the present, and to recognize their importance as an ample and contemporary record of the past.

SPRING IN IRELAND

BY ETHEL ROLT WHEELER

THE sea of Spring, with curling combs
And golden glooms —
A tide of green that breaks and foams
In leaves and blooms.

On heart and soul grave deep and fast
This splash sublime,
Whose memoried radiance shall outlast
The doom of time:

And through eternities unseen
For light suffice—
Because there may not be this green
In Paradise.

THE DIARY OF GIDEON WELLES¹

IV

THE MISTAKES OF SEWARD

THE PETERHOFF MUDDLE

[In the autumn of 1862 Mr. Seward, in his eagerness to conciliate British feeling, wrote a letter to the Secretary of the Navy, to which we have referred in an earlier article, stating that "It is thought expedient that instructions be given to the blockading and naval officers that, in case of capture of merchant vessels suspected or proved to be vessels of the insurgents or contraband," the mails "should not be searched or opened, but be put as speedily as may be convenient on the way to their designated destination." Although entirely unauthorized, the step would have done no harm had not Mr. Seward sent a copy of his letter to Mr. Stuart, in charge of the British legation, through whom its contents were communicated to his government. Lord Lyons, the British minister, was not slow to avail himself of the gratuitous advantage presented by the Secretary of State, for which, as Mr. Welles maintained, there was no existing warrant in international law; and the following April, on the occasion of the capture of the blockade-runner Peterhoff, he wrote to Mr. Seward that the opening of her mail-bags in the Prize Commissioners' office in New York was "so contrary to your letter to the Secretary of the Navy that I cannot help hoping you will send orders by telegraph to stop them." The Secretary of State, in distress, urged upon Welles the necessity of sending such an order. Welles refused absolutely, and Seward brought the matter to the attention of the President.]

Saturday, April 11, 1863.

Seward is in great trouble about the mail of the Peterhoff, a captured blockade runner. Wants the mail given up. Says the instructions which he prepared insured the inviolability and security of the mails. I told him he had no authority to prepare such instructions, that the law was paramount, and that anything which he proposed in opposition to and disregarding the law was not observed.

Thursday, April 16, 1863.

Received a singular letter from Seward respecting the mail of the Peterhoff, undertaking to set aside law, usage, principle, established and always recognized rights, under the pretence that it will not do to introduce new questions on the belligerent right of search. He has inconsiderately — and in an ostentatious attempt to put off upon the English legation a show of power and authority which he does not possess and cannot exercise — involved himself in difficulty, conceded away the rights of his country without authority, without law, without a treaty, without equivalent; and, to sustain this novel and extraordinary proceeding, he artfully talks about new questions in the belligerent right of search. The President has been beguiled by ex parte representations and misrepresentations to indorse "approved" on Seward's little contrivance. But this question cannot be so disposed of. The President may be induced to order the mail to be given up, but the law is higher than an executive order, and the judiciary has a duty to perform. The mail is in the custody of the court.

Friday, April 17, 1863.

But little was before the Cabinet, which of late can hardly be called a Council. Each Department conducts and manages its own affairs, informing the President to the extent it pleases. Seward encourages this state of things. He has less active duties than others, and watches and waits on the President daily, and gathers from him the doings of his associates, and often influences indirectly, and not always advantageously, their measures and movements, while he communicates very little, especially of that which he does not wish them to know.

Blair walked over with me from the White House to the Navy Department, and I showed him the correspondence which had taken place respecting captured mails. Understanding Seward thoroughly as he does, he detected the sly management by which Seward first got himself into difficulty and is now striving to get out of it. My course he pronounced correct, and [declared] that the President must not be entrapped into any false step to extricate Seward, who, he says, is the least of a statesman and knows less of public law and of administrative duties than any man who ever held a seat in the Cabinet. This is strong statement, but I have been surprised to find him so unpractical, so erratic, so little acquainted with the books (he has told me more than once that he never opened them, that he was too old to study). He has, with all his bustle and activity, but little application, relies on Hunter and his clerk, Smith, perhaps Cushing also, to sustain him and hunt up his authorities, commits himself, as in the case of the mails, without knowing what he is about.

Saturday, April 18, 1863.

Went to the President and read to him my letter of this date to Mr. Seward, on the subject of the Peterhoff mail. I have done this, that the President may have both sides of the question, and understand what is being done with his "approval," without consultation with me

and the members of the Cabinet in council. The Secretary of State, for reasons best known to himself, if he has any reason for his action, has advised with no one in a novel and extraordinary proceeding on his part. He has made concessions by which our rights and interests have been given up, and the law disregarded. When confronted, instead of entering upon investigation himself or consulting with others, [he] has gone privately to the President, stated his own case and got the President committed to his unauthorized acts. I therefore prepared my letter of this date, and before sending it to Mr. Seward, I deemed it best that the President should know its contents. He was surprised and very much interested, took the letter and re-read it, said the subject involved questions which he did not understand, — that his object was to "keep the peace," for we could not afford to take upon ourselves a war with England and France which was threatened if we stopped their mails, and concluded by requesting me to send my letter to Seward, who would bring the subject to his attention for further action. My object was gained. The President has "approved," without knowledge, on the representation of Seward.

THE PRESIDENT TAKES A HAND

Tuesday, April 21, 1863.

Only some light matters came before the Cabinet. Chase and Blair were absent. The President requested Seward and myself to remain. As soon as the others left, he said his object was to get the right of the question in relation to the seizure of foreign mails. There had evidently been an interview between him and Seward since I read my letter to him on Saturday, and he had also seen Seward's reply. But he was not satisfied. The subject was novel to him.

Mr. Seward began by stating some of the embarrassments of the present peculiar contest in which we were engaged, — the unfriendly feeling of foreign gov-

ernments, the difficulty of preventing England and France from taking part with the rebels. He dwelt at length on the subject of mail communications and mails generally, the changes which had taken place during the last fifty years; spoke of the affair of the Trent, a mail packet, of the necessity of keeping on the best terms we could with England. Said his arrangement with Mr. Stuart, who was in charge of the British legation, had been made with the approval of the President, though he had not communicated that fact to me, etc., etc.

I stated that this whole subject belonged to the courts which had, by law, the possession of the mail; that I knew of no right which he, or even the Executive, had to interfere; that I had not regarded the note of the 31st of October as more than a mere suggestion, without examination or consideration, for there had been no Cabinet consultation; that it was an abandonment of our rights and an entire subversion of the policy of our own, and of all other governments, which I had not supposed any one who had looked into the matter would seriously attempt to set aside without consultation with the proper Department and advisement, indeed, with the whole Cabinet; that had there been such consultation the subject would, I was convinced, have gone no farther, for it was in conflict with our stated law and the law of nations; that this "arrangement," as the Secretary of State called it, was a sort of post-treaty, by which our rights were surrendered without an equivalent — a treaty which he was not in my opinion authorized to make.

Mr. Seward said he considered the arrangement reciprocal, and if it was not expressed in words or by interchange, it was to be [the] inferred policy of England, for she would not require of us what she would not give.

I said to discuss the question of what might be *inferred* would be the future policy of England on a subject where she had been strenuous beyond any other

government. I would not trust her generosity in any respect. I had no faith that she would *give* beyond what was stipulated in legible characters; nor did I believe she would, by any arrangement her *Chargé* might make, consent to abandon the principle recognized among nations, and which she had always maintained. If this arrangement or treaty was reciprocal, it should be so stated, recorded, and universally understood. So important a change ought not and could not be made except by legislation or treaty; and if by treaty, the Senate must confirm it, if by legislation, the parliamentary bodies of both countries. There had been no such legislation, no such treaty, and I could not admit that any one Department, or the President even, could assume to make such a change.

The President thought that perhaps the Executive had some rights on this subject but was not certain what they were, what the practice had been, what was the law, national or international. The Trent case he did not consider analogous in several respects. I had said in reply to Seward that the Trent was not a blockade-runner but a regular mail packet, had a semi-official character with a government officer on board in charge of the mails. The President said he wished to know the usage, — whether the public official seals, or mail-bags of a neutral power, were ever violated. Seward said certainly not. I maintained that the question had not been raised in regard to a captured legal prize, not a doubt [had been] expressed, and the very fact that Stuart had applied to him for mail-exemption was evidence that he so understood the subject. Where was the necessity of this arrangement, or treaty, if that were not the usage? The case was plain.

Our only present difficulty grew out of the unfortunate letter of the 31st of October — the more unfortunate from the fact that it had been communicated to the British government as the policy of our government, while never, by any word or letter, have they ever admitted it

was their policy. It is not the policy of our government, nor is it the law of our country. Our naval commanders know of no such policy, no such usage, no such law. They have never been so instructed, nor have our district attorneys. The President (although he had affixed his name to the word "approved" in Seward's late letter, and although he neither admitted nor controverted the statement that the letter of the 31st of October was with his knowledge and approval) was a good deal "obfuscated" in regard to the merits of the question and the proceedings of Seward, who appeared to be greatly alarmed lest we should offend England, but was nevertheless unwilling to commit himself without farther examination. He said, after frankly declaring his ignorance and that he had no recollection of the question until recently called to his notice, that he would address us interrogatories. Mr. Seward declared, under some excitement and alarm, there was not time — that Lord Lyons was importunate in his demands, claiming that the arrangement should be fulfilled in good faith. I replied that Lord Lyons, or the British government, had no claim whatever except [through] the concession made by him (Seward) in his letter of the 31st of October, while there was no concession or equivalent from England.

Wednesday, April 22, 1863.

Received the President's letter and interrogatories concerning the mail. The evening papers state that the mail of the Peterhoff has been given up by District Attorney Delafield Smith, who applied to the court under direction of the Secretary of State "approved" by the President. It is a great error, which has its origin in the meddlesome disposition and loose and inconsiderate action of Mr. Seward who has meddlesomely committed himself. Having in a weak moment conceded away an incontestible national right, he has sought to extricate himself, not by retracing his steps, but by involving the President, who confides in

him and over whom he has, at times, an unfortunate influence. The influence with the judiciary which has admirably jurisdiction is improper, and the President is one of the very last men who would himself intrude on the rights or prerogatives of any other department of the government, one of the last also to yield a national right. In this instance, and often: he has deferred his better sense and judgment to what he thinks the superior knowledge of the Secretary of State, who [has] had greater experience, been a Senator, Governor of the great State of New York, and is a lawyer and politician of repute and standing. But while Mr. Seward has talents and genius he has not the profound knowledge, nor the solid sense, correct views, and unswerving right intentions of the President, who would never have committed the egregious indiscretion of writing such a letter and making such a concession as the letter of the 31st of October; or if he could have committed such an error, or serious error of any kind, he would not have hesitated a moment to retrace his steps and correct it; but that is the difference between Abraham Lincoln and William H. Seward.

I have set Watkins and Eames to ransack the books. Upton must help them. I want the authorities that I may respond to the President; though his sympathies are enlisted for Seward who is in difficulty, and I have no doubt he will strive to relieve him and shield the State Department. We must, however, have law, usage, right, respected and maintained. The mail of the Peterhoff is given up, but that is not law, and the law must be maintained if the Secretary of State is humiliated.

Thursday, April 23, 1863.

Senator Sumner called this afternoon to talk over the matter of the Peterhoff mail. Says he has been examining the case [and] that he fully indorses my views. Seward, he avers, knows nothing of the international law and is wanting in common sense, treats grave questions lightly and without comprehending their

importance and bearings. He calls my attention to the opinion of Attorney General Wirt as to the rights of the Judiciary.

Friday, April 24, 1863.

Little of importance at the Cabinet meeting. Seward left early. He seemed uneasy, and I thought was apprehensive I might bring up the subject of the Peterhoff mails. It suits him better to have interviews with the President alone than with a full Cabinet, especially on points where he knows himself wrong. I did not feel particularly anxious that the subject should be introduced to-day, for I am not fully prepared with my reply, though busily occupied on the subject — giving it every moment I can spare from pressing current business.

Monday, April 27, 1863.

Finished and gave to the President my letter on the subject of mails on captured vessels. It has occupied almost every moment of my time for a week aided by Eames, Watkins, Upton, and suggestions from Sumner, who has entered earnestly into the subject.

The President was alone when I called on him with the document, which looked formidable, filling thirty-one pages of foolscap. He was pleased and interested, not at all discouraged by my paper, — said he should read every word of it, that he wanted to understand the question, etc. He told me Seward had sent in his answer this morning but it was in some respects not satisfactory, particularly as regarded the Adela. He had sent for Hunter, who, however, did not understand readily the case, or what was wanted.

SUMNER'S STRICTURES ON LINCOLN

Tuesday, April 28, 1863.

Nothing at Cabinet, Seward and Chase absent. The President engaged in selecting Provosts-Marshal.

Sumner called this evening at the Department, was much discomfited with an interview which he had last evening with the President. The latter was just

filing a paper as Sumner went in. After a few moments Sumner took two slips from his pocket, — one cut from the *Boston Transcript*, the other from the *Chicago Tribune*, — each taking strong ground against surrendering the Peterhoff mail. The President, after reading them, opened the paper he had just filed and read to Sumner his letter addressed to the Secretary of the State and the Secretary of the Navy. He told Sumner he had received the replies and just concluded reading mine. After some comments on them, he said to Sumner, "I will not show these papers to you now — perhaps I never shall." A conversation then took place which greatly mortified and chagrined Sumner, who declares the President is very ignorant or very deceptive. The President, he says, is horrified, or appeared to be, with the idea of a war with England, which he assumed depended on this question. He was confident we should have war with England if we presumed to open their mail-bags, or break their seals or locks. They would not submit to it, and we were in no condition to plunge into a foreign war on a subject of so little importance in comparison with the terrible consequences which must follow our act. Of this idea of a war with England, Sumner could not dispossess him by argument, or by showing its absurdity. Whether it was real, or affected ignorance Sumner was not satisfied.

I have no doubts of the President's sincerity, and so told Sumner. But he has been imposed upon by a man in whom he confides. His confidence has been abused. He does not comprehend the principles involved nor the question itself. Seward does not intend that he shall comprehend it. While attempting to look into it, the Secretary of State is daily, and almost hourly, wailing in his ears the calamities of a war with England, which he is striving to prevent. The President is thus led away from the real question, and will probably decide it, not on its merits, but on this false issue, raised by the man who is the author of the difficulty.

[On April 27 Hooker began a series of movements which, without the cost of a battle, transferred his army of 130,000 men south of the Rapidan and Rappahannock. The commander was jubilant. "The operations of the last three days," he declared, "have determined that our enemy must either ingloriously fly, or come out from behind his defence and give us battle on our own ground, where certain destruction awaits him." It was on the next day, May 1, that he gave the order to fall back which marked the beginning of the tragedy of Chancellorsville.]

Wednesday, April 29, 1863.

The atmosphere is thick with rumors of army movements. Hooker is reported to have crossed the river. Not unlikely a portion of his force has done so, and all may. That there may be a battle imminent is not improbable. I shall not be surprised, however, if only smart skirmishes take place.

Senator Sumner called on me this P. M. in relation to the coast defence of Massachusetts. I received a letter from Governor Andrew this A. M. on the same subject. The President has also been to see me in regard to it.

After disposing of that question, Sumner related an interesting conversation which he had last evening with Lord Lyons at Tassara's, the Spanish Minister. I was an hour or two at Tassara's party, in the early part of the evening, and observed S[umner] and Lord L[yons] in earnest conversation. Sumner says their whole talk was on the subject of the mails on captured vessels. He opened the subject by regretting that in the peculiar conditions of our affairs, Lord Lyons should have made a demand that could not be yielded without national dishonor, and said that the question was one of judicature rather than diplomacy. Lord Lyons disavowed ever having made a demand; said he was cautious and careful in all his transactions with Mr. Seward; that he made it a point to reduce all matters with Seward of a public nature

to writing; that he had done so in regard to the mail of the Peterhoff, and studiously avoided any demand. He authorized Sumner, who is Chairman of Foreign Relations, to see all his letters in relation to the mails, etc., etc.

To-day Sumner saw the President and repeated to him this conversation, Lord Lyons having authorised him to do so. The President, he says, seemed astounded, and after some general conversation of the subject, said, in his emphatic way, "I shall have to cut this knot."

Friday, May 1, 1863.

After Cabinet meeting walked over with Attorney General Bates to his office. Had a very full talk with him concerning the question of captured mails, — the jurisdiction of the courts, the law, and usage, and rights of the government. He is unqualifiedly with me in my views and principles — the law and our rights. He dwelt with some feeling on the courtesy which ought to exist between the several departments, and was by them generally observed. Although cautious and guarded in his remarks, he did not conceal his dissatisfaction with the conduct of the Secretary of State in writing to attorneys and marshals, and assuming to instruct and direct them in their official duties, which were assigned to and required by law to be done by the Attorney General.

We are getting vague rumors of Army operations, but nothing intelligible or reliable.

IGNORANCE OF THE WAR DEPARTMENT

[On May 2 occurred the famous flanking march of Stonewall Jackson and his crushing attack on the Federal right, followed by a mortal wound in the hour of victory. At nine o'clock the next morning Hooker was knocked insensible, when a cannon-ball struck the pillar against which he was leaning at headquarters. Throughout the day great confusion prevailed among the Federal forces, which accounts for the delay of authentic news in reaching Washington.]

Saturday, May 2, 1863.

Thick rumors concerning the Army of the Potomac — little, however, from official sources. I abstain from going to the War Department more than is necessary, or consulting operators at the telegraph, for there is a hazy uncertainty there. This indefiniteness, and the manner attending it, is a pretty certain indication that the information received is not particularly gratifying. Whether Hooker refuses to communicate, and prevents others from communicating, I know not. Other members of the Cabinet, like myself, are, I find, disinclined to visit the War Department under the circumstances.

Monday, May 4, 1863.

Great uneasiness and uncertainty prevail in regard to army movements. I think the War Department is really poorly advised of operations. I could learn nothing from them yesterday or to-day. Such information as I have is picked up from correspondents and news-gatherers, and from naval officers who arrive from below.

I this p. m. met the President at the War Department. He said he had a feverish anxiety to get facts, was constantly walking up and down, for nothing reliable came from the front. There is an impression, which is very general, that our army has been successful, but that there has been great slaughter, and that still fiercer and more terrible fights are impending.

I am not satisfied. If we have success, the tidings would come to us in volumes. We may not be beaten. Stoneman¹ with 13,000 cavalry and six days' supply, has cut his way into the enemy's country, but we know not his fate, farther than we hear nothing from him or of him. If overwhelmed, we should know it from

¹ General George Stoneman was conducting an extensive cavalry operation intended to cut off Lee's army after its expected defeat. The unlooked-for discomfiture of the Federal forces placed Stoneman in considerable danger, but he succeeded in rejoining Hooker's main army on May 7.

the rebels. There are rumors that the rebels again reoccupy the entrenchments on the heights in the rear of Fredericksburg, but the rumor is traceable to no reliable source.

[A corps of the Federal Army, detached by Hooker for the purpose, took possession of Fredericksburg and of the important strategic position of Marye's Heights. From this favorable position the Federals were dislodged by an attack of Lee's main army on May 4. On May 6, Hooker's forces recrossed the Rappahannock, having suffered the loss of upwards of seventeen thousand men in the fighting about Chancellorsville.]

Tuesday, May 5, 1863.

But little of importance at the Cabinet. The President read a brief telegram which he got last night from General Hooker, to whom, getting nothing from the War Department, he had applied direct to ascertain whether the rebels were in possession of the works on the heights of Fredericksburg. Hooker replied he believed it was true, but if so it was of no importance. This reply communicates nothing of operations, but the tone and whole thing — even its brevity — inspire right feelings. It is strange, however, that no reliable intelligence reaches us from the army of what it is doing, or not doing. This fact itself forebodes no good.

Sumner came in this afternoon and read to me from two or three documents — one the late speech of the Solicitor of the Treasury, in the British Parliament, on the matter of prize and prize courts, which are particularly favorable to our views in the Peterhoff case.

From this we got on to the absorbing topic of the army under Hooker. Sumner is hopeful, and if he did not inspire me with his confidence, I was made glad by his faith. The President came in while we were discussing the subject, and, as is his way, at once earnestly participated. His suggestions and inferences struck me as probable, hopeful, nothing more.

Like the rest of us, he wants facts; without them we have only surmises, and surmises indicate doubt, uncertainty. He is not informed of occurrences as he should be, but is in the dark, with no official data, which confirms me in the belief that the War Department is in ignorance, for they would not withhold favorable intelligence from him; yet it is strange, very strange. In the absence of news, the President strives to feel encouraged and to inspire others, but I can perceive he has doubts and misgivings, though he does not express them. Like my own, perhaps, his fears are the result of absence of facts, rather than from any information received.

SUMNER'S DESPAIR

Wednesday, May 6, 1863.

We have news, via Richmond, that Stoneman has destroyed bridges and torn up rails on the Richmond Road, thus cutting off communication between that city and the rebel army. Simultaneously with this intelligence, there is a rumor that Hooker has re-crossed the river and is at Falmouth. I went to the War Department about noon to ascertain the facts, but Stanton said he had no such intelligence nor did he believe it. I told him I had nothing definite or very authentic, that he certainly ought to be better posted than I could be; but I had seen a brief telegram from young Dahlgren, who is on Hooker's staff, dated this A. M. "Head Quarters near Falmouth — All right." This to me was pretty significant of the fact that Hooker and his army had re-crossed. Stanton was a little disconcerted. He said Hooker had as yet no definite plan. His headquarters are not far from Falmouth. Of course, nothing further was to be said, yet I was by no means satisfied with his remarks or manner.

An hour later Sumner came into my room, and raising both hands exclaimed, "Lost, lost, all is lost!" I asked what he meant. He said Hooker and his army had been defeated and driven back to

this side of the Rappahannock. Sumner came direct from the President who, he said, was extremely dejected. I told him I had been apprehensive that disaster had occurred; but when I asked under what circumstances this reverse had taken place, he could give me no particulars.

I went soon after to the War Department. Seward was sitting with Stanton, as when I left him two or three hours before. I asked Stanton if he knew where Hooker was. He answered curtly, "No." I looked at him sharply, and I have no doubt with incredulity, for he, after a moment's pause, said, "He is on this side of the river, but I know not where." "Well," said I, "he is near his old quarters, and I wish to know if Stoneman is with him, or if he or you know anything of that force." Stanton said he had no information in regard to that force, and it was one of the most unpleasant things of the whole affair that Hooker should have abandoned Stoneman.

The President, uneasy, uncomfortable, and dissatisfied with the meagre information and its gloomy aspect, went himself this evening to the army, with Gen. Halleck.

Thursday, May 7, 1863.

Our people, though shocked and very much disappointed, are in better tone and temper than I feared they would be. The press had wrought the public mind to high expectation by predicting certain success, which all wished to believe. I have not been confident, though I had hopes.

[The evacuation by the Confederates of the fortified bluff on the Mississippi known as Grand Gulf, after a vigorous attack by Porter's gunboats, gave Grant a secure base for his advance upon Vicksburg.]

Friday, May 8, 1863.

A telegraph despatch this morning from Admiral Porter states he has possession of Grand Gulf. The news was highly gratifying to the President, who

had not heard of it until I met him at the Cabinet meeting.

Tuesday, May 12, 1863.

We have information that Stonewall Jackson, one of the best Generals in the rebel, and, in some respects, perhaps, in either service, is dead. One cannot but lament the death of such a man in such a cause too. He was fanatically earnest, and a Christian but bigoted soldier.

Mr. Seward came to my house last evening and read a confidential despatch from Earl Russell to Lord Lyons, relative to threatened difficulties with England, and the unpleasant condition of affairs between the two countries. He asked if anything could be done with Wilkes, whom he has hitherto favored but against whom the Englishmen, without any sufficient cause, are highly incensed. I told him he might be transferred to the Pacific, which is as honorable but a less active command. That he had favored Wilkes, who was not one of the most comfortable officers for the Navy Department. I was free to say, however, I had seen nothing in his conduct thus far, in his present command, towards the English deserving of censure, and that the irritation and prejudice against him were unworthy; yet, under the peculiar condition of things, it would perhaps be well to make this concession. I read to him an extract from a confidential letter of J. M. Forbes, now in England, a most earnest and sincere Union man, urging that W[ilkes] should be withdrawn, and quoting the private remarks of Mr. Cobden to that effect. I had read the same extract to the President last Friday evening, Mr. Sumner being present. He (Sumner) remarked it was singular, but that he had called on the President to read to him a letter which he had just received from the Duke of Argyll, in which he advised that very change. This letter Sumner has since read to me. It is replete with good sense and good feeling.

I have to-day taken preliminary steps to transfer Wilkes, and to give Bell com-

mand in the West Indies. It will not surprise me if this, besides angering Wilkes, gives public discontent. His strange course in taking Slidell and Mason from the Trent was popular, and is remembered with gratitude by the people, who are not aware that his work was but half done, and that, by not bringing in the Trent as prize, he put himself and the country in the wrong. Seward at first approved the course of Wilkes in capturing Slidell and Mason, and added to my embarrassment, in so disposing of the question as not to create discontent by rebuking Wilkes, for what the country approved. But when, under British menace, Seward changed his position, he took my position, and the country gave him great credit for what was really my act, and the undoubted law of the case. My letter congratulating Wilkes on the capture of the rebel enemies was particularly guarded, and warned him and naval officers against a similar offence. The letter was acceptable to all parties — the administration, the country; and even Wilkes was contented.

It is best under the circumstances that Wilkes should be withdrawn from the West Indies, where he was sent by Seward's special request, unless as he says we are ready for a war with England. I sometimes think that is not the worst alternative, she behaves so badly.

Wednesday, May 13, 1863.

The last arrival from England brings Earl Russell's speech on American affairs. Its tone and views are less offensive than some things we have had, and manifest a dawning realization of what must follow if England persists in her unfriendly policy. In his speech, Earl Russell, in some remarks relative to the opinions of the law officers of the crown on the subject of mails captured on blockade-runners, adroitly quotes the letter of Seward to me on the 31st of October, and announces that to be the policy of the U. S. Government, and the regulations which govern our naval officers. It is not the

English policy, nor a regulation which they adopt, reciprocate or respect, but the tame, flat concession of the Secretary of State, made without authority, or law. The statement of Earl Russell is not correct. No such orders as he represents have issued from the Navy Department. Not a naval officer or District Attorney has ever been instructed to surrender the mails as stated, nor is there a court in the United States which would regard such instructions, if given, as good law. It is nothing more or less than an attempted abandonment, an ignominious surrender, of our undoubted legal rights by a Secretary of State, who knew not what he was about. The President may, under the influence of Mr. Seward, commit himself to this inconsiderate and illegal proceeding and direct such instructions to be issued; but if so, the act shall be his, not mine, and he will find it an unhappy error. But Seward has been complimented in Parliament for giving away to our worst enemy his country's rights, — for an impertinent and improper intermeddling, or attempt to intermeddle with and direct the action of another department, and the incense which he has received will tickle his vanity.

C. F. ADAMS AND HIS TROUBLES

Sumner tells me of a queer interview he had with Seward. The first part of the conversation was harmonious, and related chiefly to the shrewd and cautious policy and management of the British ministry, who carefully referred all complex questions to the law officers of her Majesty's government. It might have been a hint to Seward to be more prudent and considerate, and to take legal advice instead of pushing on slovenly, as is sometimes done. Allusion was made to Mr. Adams and an unfortunate letter [he had written]. Our Minister, Mr. Adams, was spoken of as too reserved and retiring for his own and the general good. Sumner said, in justification and by way of excuse for him, that it would be pleasanter and happier for him if he had a Secretary of

Legation whose deportment, manner, and social position were different, if he were more affable and courteous, in short, more of a gentleman, for he could in that case make up for some of Mr. A[dams]'s deficiencies.

At this point Seward flew into a passion, and, in a high key, told Sumner he knew nothing of political (meaning party) claims and services and accused him of a design to cut the throat of the Secretary of Legation at London. Sumner wholly disclaimed any such design, or any personal knowledge of the man, but said he had been informed, and had no doubt of the fact, that it was the daily practice of [the Secretary] to go to Morley's, seat himself in a conspicuous place, throw his legs upon the table, and, in warm language, abuse England and the English. Whatever might be our grievances and wrong, this, Sumner thought, was not a happy method of correcting them, nor would such conduct on the part of the second officer of the legation bring about kinder feelings or a better state of things, whereas a true gentleman could by suavity and dignity in such a position win respect, strengthen his principal, and benefit the country. These remarks only made Seward more violent, and louder in his declaration that [the Secretary] was a clever fellow and should be sustained.

I read to Attorney General Bates the letters and papers in relation to mails on captured vessels, of which he had some previous knowledge. He complimented my letters and argument, and said my position was impregnable, and the Secretary of State wholly and utterly wrong.

The President called on me this morning with the basis of a despatch which Lord Lyons proposed to send home. He had submitted it to Mr. Seward, who handed it to the President, and he brought it to me. The President read it to me, and when he concluded, I remarked that the whole question of the mails belonged properly to the courts, and I thought unless we proposed some new treaty arrangement it would be best the subject

should continue with the courts, as law and usage directed. "But," he inquired, "have the courts ever opened the mails of a neutral government?" I replied always when the captured vessels on which mails were found were considered good prize. "Why then," he said, "do you not furnish me with the fact. That is what I want, but you furnish me with no report that any neutral has ever been searched." I said I was not aware that the right had ever been questioned. The courts made no reports to me whether they opened or did not open the mail. The courts are independent of the departments, to which they are not amenable. In the mails was often the best and only evidence that could ensure condemnation. That I should as soon have expected an inquiry whether evidence was taken, witnesses sworn, and the cargoes examined, as whether mails were examined. But if mails ever are examined, said he, the fact must be known and recorded. "What vessels," he asked, "have we captured where we have examined the mails?" "All, doubtless, that have had mails on board," I replied. "Probably most of them were not entrusted with mails." "When," asked he, "was the first vessel taken?" "I do not recollect the name, a small blockade-runner I think; I presume she had no mail. If she had, I have no doubt the court searched it and examined all letters and papers."

He was extremely anxious to learn if I recollected, or knew, that any captured mail had been searched. I told him I remembered no specific mention—doubted if the courts ever reported to the Navy Department—foreign governments knowing of the blockade, would not be likely to make up mails for the ports blockaded. [I told him] that the Peterhoff had a mail ostensibly for Matamoras, which was her destination, but with a cargo and mails which we knew were intended for the rebels—though the proof might be difficult since the mail had been given up.

I sent for Watkins, who has charge of

prize matters, to know if there was any record or mention of mails in any of the papers sent the Navy Department, but he could not call to mind anything conclusive. Some mention was made of mails or despatches in the mail on board the Bermuda which we captured, but it was incidental. Perhaps the facts might be got from the District Attorneys; though he thought, as I did, that but few regular mails were given to blockade-runners. The President said he would frame a letter to the District Attorneys, and in the afternoon he brought in a form to be sent to the Attorneys in Philadelphia, New York, and Boston.

Read Chase the principal points in the Peterhoff case. He approved of my views, concurred in them fully, and said there was no getting around them.

Saturday, May 16, 1863.

Saw Seward this morning respecting Wilkes. After talking over the subject he said he cared nothing about Wilkes, that if he was removed he would be made a martyr, and both he (Seward) and myself would be blamed and abused by the people who knew not the cause that influenced and governed us. He then for the first time alluded to the removal of Butler, which he said was a necessity to appease France, nevertheless France was not satisfied, yet Butler's removal had occasioned great discontent and called down much censure. If I could stand the recall of Wilkes, he thought he could. I answered him that any abuse of me in the discharge of my duty, and when I knew I was right, would never influence my course. In this case I could better stand his recall than the responsibility of sending him into the Pacific, where he would have great power and be the representative of the government; for he is erratic, impulsive, opinionated, somewhat arbitrary towards his subordinates, and is always disinclined to obey orders that he receives if they do not comport with his own notions. His special mission, in his present command, had been to capture

the Alabama. In this he had totally failed, while zealous to catch blockade-runners and get prize-money. Had he not been in the West Indies, we might have captured her, but he had seized the Vanderbilt, which had specific orders and destination, and gone off with her prize-hunting, thereby defeating our plans. Seward wished me to detach him because he had not taken the Alabama, and give that as the reason. I care to assign no reasons — none but the true ones, — and it is not politic to state them.

Monday, May 18, 1863.

Sumner called this evening and read to me a letter he had received from Mr. Cobden, and also one from Mr. Bright. Both in good tone and of right feeling. These two men are statesmen and patriots in the true sense of the word, such as do honor to England and give vigor to the government. They and Sumner have done much to preserve the peace of the two countries.

Senator Doolittle was to see me to-day. Has faith, he says, but fears that General Hooker has no religious faith — laments the infirmities of that officer, and attributes our late misfortune to the want of godliness in the commanding general.

Sunday, May 24, 1863.

We have had gratifying intelligence from the South-West for several days past — particularly in the vicinity of Vicksburg. It is pretty certain that Grant will capture the place. And it is hoped Pemberton's army also. There is a rumor that the Stars and Stripes wave over Vicksburg, but the telegraph wires are broken and communication interrupted.

DUPONT'S SHORTCOMINGS

Monday, May 25, 1863.

Am anxious in relation to the South Atlantic Squadron, and feel daily the necessity of selecting a new Commander. Dupont is determined Charleston shall not be captured by the Navy and that the

Navy shall not attempt it, thinks it dangerous for the vessels to remain [near] Charleston harbor and prefers to occupy his palace-ship, the Wabash, at Port Royal to roughing it in a smaller vessel off the port. His prize-money would doubtless be greater without any risk. All officers under him are becoming affected by his feelings, adopt his tone, think inactivity best — that the iron-clads are mere batteries, not naval vessels, and that outside blockade is the true and only policy. Dupont feels that he is strong in the Navy, strong in Congress, and strong in the country, and not without reason. There is not a more accomplished or shrewder gentleman in the service. Since Barron and others left, no officer has gathered [so] formidable a clique in the Navy. He has studied with some effect to create one for himself, and has in his personal interest a number of excellent officers, who I had hoped would not be inveigled. Good officers have warned me against him as a shrewd intriguer, but I have hoped to get along with him, for I valued his general intelligence, critical abilities, and advice. But I perceive that in all things he never forgets Dupont. His success at Port Royal has made him feel that he is indispensable to the service. The modern changes in naval warfare, and in naval vessels, are repugnant to him; and to the turret vessels he has a declared aversion. He has been active in schemes to retire officers, he is now at work to retire iron-clads and impair confidence in them. As yet he professes respect and high regard for me personally, but he is not an admirer of the President, and has got greatly out with Fox,¹ who has been his too partial friend.

An attack is, however, to be made on the Department by opposing its policy and condemning its vessels. This will raise a party to attack and a party to defend. The Monitors are to be pronounced failures, and the Department

¹ Gustavus V. Fox, Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

which introduced, adopted, and patronized them, is to be held responsible, and not Dupont, for the abortive attempt to reach Charleston! Drayton, who is his best friend, says to me in confidence that Dupont has been too long confined on shipboard, and that his system mentally and physically is affected; and I have no doubt thinks, but does not say, he ought to be relieved for his own good as well as that of the service. Dupont is proud and will not willingly relinquish his command, although he has in a half-defiant way said, if his course was not approved I must find another [commander].

I look upon it, however, as a fixed fact that he will leave that Squadron, but he is a favorite and I am at a loss as to his successor. Farragut, if not employed elsewhere, would be the man, and the country would accept the change with favor. The age and standing of D. D. Porter would be deemed objectionable by many, yet he has some good points for that duty. Foote would be a good man for the place in many respects, but is somewhat overshadowed by Dupont, with whom he has been associated and to whom he greatly defers. Dahlgren earnestly wants the position, and is the choice of the President, but there would be general discontent were he selected. Older officers who have had vastly greater sea-service would feel aggrieved at the selection of Dahlgren, and find ready sympathizers among the juniors. I have thought of Admiral Gregory, whom I was originally inclined to designate as Commander of the Gulf Blockading Squadron at the beginning of the War, but was overpersuaded by Paulding to take Merivine. A mistake, but a lesson. It taught me not to yield my deliberate convictions in appointments and matters of this kind to the mere advice and opinion of another without a reason. Both Fox and Foote indorse Gregory. His age is against him for such active service, and would give the partisans of Dupont opportunity to cavil.

Tuesday, May 26, 1863.

Much of the time at the Cabinet meeting was consumed in endeavoring to make it appear that one Cuniston, tried and condemned as a spy, was not exactly a spy, and that he might be let off. I did not participate in the discussion. It appeared to me from the statement on all hands, and from the finding of the court, that he was clearly and beyond a question a spy, and I should have said so, had my opinion been asked, but I did not care to volunteer, unsolicited and without a thorough knowledge of all the facts, to argue away the life of a fellow-being.

There was a sharp controversy between Chase and Blair on the subject of the fugitive slave law, as attempted to be executed on one Hall here in the District. Both were earnest; Blair for executing the law, Chase for permitting the man to enter the service of the United States instead of being remanded into slavery. The President said that this was one of the questions that always embarrassed him. It reminded him of a man in Illinois who was in debt and terribly annoyed by a pressing creditor, until finally the debtor assumed to be crazy whenever the creditor broached the subject.

"I," said the President, "have on more than one occasion in this room when beset by extremists on this question, been compelled to appear to be very mad. I think," he continued, "none of you will ever dispose of this subject without getting mad."

[The capture of Charleston — the Mother of Rebellion — was an undertaking desired in the North with an eagerness out of all proportion to the strategic importance of occupying a port already shut tight by the blockade. A fleet of iron-clads fitted out with great energy and expense was unable to reduce the city or do serious damage to Fort Sumter. It was now six weeks since the unsuccessful attack.]

I am by no means certain that it is wise or best to commence immediate operations upon Charleston. It is a much more difficult task now than it was before the late undertaking. Our own men have less confidence, while our opponents have much more. The place has no strategic importance, yet there is not another place our anxious countrymen would so rejoice to see taken as this original seat of the great wickedness that has befallen our country. The moral effect of its capture would be great.

Wednesday, May 27, 1863.

No decisive news from Vicksburg. The public mind is uneasy at the delay, yet I am glad to see blame attaches to no one because the place was not taken at once. There have been strange evidences of an unreasonable people on many occasions during the war. Had Halleck shown half the earnestness and ability of Farragut, we should have had Vicksburg in our possession a year ago.

HARCOURT ON SEWARD'S POLICY

Thursday, May 28, 1863.

I this morning got hold of the pamphlet of Sir [William] Vernon Harcourt, "Historicus," and am delighted to find a coincidence of views between him and myself on the subject of mails captured on vessels running the blockade, or carrying contraband. He warns his countrymen that "THE DANGER IS NOT THAT AMERICANS WILL CONCEDE TOO LITTLE, BUT THAT GREAT BRITAIN MAY ACCEPT TOO MUCH." This is a mortifying, humiliating fact, the more so from its truth. Mr. Seward is not aware of what he is doing, and the injustice and dishonor he is inflicting on his country by his concession. It is lamentable that the President is misled in these matters, for Mr. Seward is tampering and trifling with National rights. I have no doubt he acted inconsiderately and ignorantly of any wrong in the first instance, when he took upon himself to make these extraordinary and disgraceful concessions; but having be-

come involved in error, he has studied, not to enlighten himself and serve the country, but to impose upon and mislead the President in order to extricate himself.

Dahlgren to-day broached the subject of operations against Charleston. He speaks of it earnestly and energetically. Were it not so that his assignment to that command would cause dissatisfaction, I would, as the President strongly favors him, let him show his ability as an officer in his legitimate professional duty.

Brown of the wrecked Indianola and Fontaine of the burnt Mississippi, each called on me to-day. They were both captured last February, have been exchanged, and arrived to-day from Richmond. Their accounts correspond with each other and with what we have previously heard in regard to the deplorable state of things in the rebel region. Poor beef three times a week and corn bread daily, were dealt to them. The white male population was all away. The railroads are in a wretched condition; the running stock, worse than the roads.

Friday, May 29, 1863.

I this morning sent for Admiral Foote and had a free and full talk with him in regard to the command of the South Atlantic Squadron. I am satisfied he would be pleased with the position — and really desired it when he knew Dupont was to be relieved. I then introduced him to Gen. Gilmore, and, with the charts and maps before us, took a rapid survey of the harbor and plan of operations. Before doing this, I said to Foote that I thought it would be well for the country, the service, and himself, were Admiral Dahlgren associated with him. He expressed the pleasure it would give him, but doubted if D[ahlgren] would consent to serve as second.

I requested Mr. Fox to call on D[ahlgren] and inform him that I had given Foote the squadron, — that I should be glad to have him embark with Foote, and take an active part against Charleston.

If he responded favorably, I wished him to come with Fox to the conference. Fox returned with an answer that not only was D[ahlgren] unwilling to go as second, but that he wished to decline entirely, unless he could have command of both naval and land forces. This precludes farther thought of him. I regret it for his

own sake. It is one of the errors of a lifetime.

Foote says he will himself see D[ahlgren], and has a conviction that he can induce him to go with him. I doubt it. Dahlgren is very proud and aspiring, and will injure himself and his professional standing in consequence.

(To be continued.)

TAKING THE CIRCUS SERIOUSLY

BY RALPH BERGENGREN

"PROFESSOR" MANUEL HERZOG, irreproachably garbed as befits a representative of that most carefully and expensively costumed enterprise, a modern circus, had just come out of the ring in which he had been putting six magnificent black stallions through a series of graceful and complicated evolutions. His horses had been led away to their temporary stable, and the trainer paused a moment at the curtained entrance of the arena, watching with an idle eye the fruitless efforts of the "Auguste" clown to make himself useful in helping the ring attendants to arrange the paraphernalia of a troupe of Japanese acrobats. It is the business of an Auguste clown to make himself fruitlessly useful. Like so many other amusing things, he was invented in Germany, where his dress suit is already traditional, and his title a natural inheritance from the first wag who called him "Auguste" from the spectators' benches. Joining Mr. Herzog, I remarked that the antics of Auguste made a striking contrast to the grace and beauty of his own performing stallions.

The trainer's eye kindled. "Ah, that is it," he replied gravely; "the grace and beauty! It is for that that the artist must work."

For it seems in very truth that the circus is not only a strikingly domestic institution (as will be shown later), but has its claim to be regarded as an expression of art. To an American this is a new point of view from which to examine a familiar spectacle, and it may even happen that the spectacle loses its former triteness and is reborn into a something different that appeals to a more subtle kind of appreciation.

As there are two ways of reading a novel, one for the conclusion of the story, the other for the more attentive pleasure of traveling the path by which the author gets to the end, so there are two ways of taking our satisfaction at the circus. The first is, and must always be, the more widely popular. But as the second may lead to many re-readings of the same story, each time with some new sense of pleasant discovery, so it may lead many times to the circus, with a fresh enjoyment in each repetition of performances that are, in their general intent, necessarily and eternally identical. That this enjoyment, if we care to analyze it, will be found akin to the æsthetic pleasure that we recognize so tangibly in painting and sculpture, and more intangibly in literature, music, and the

drama, is the circus performer's claim to be considered an artist.

All the circus-posters in the world to the contrary, there is little that is really new in any circus programme, and nothing whatever in the legitimate field of acrobatics, tumbling, riding, and aerial performance. The old man is at least half right who says, "If you've seen one circus you've seen all of 'em." What is new is mechanical, like the somersaulting automobile. The rings of the big American circus multiply the number of performers, but cannot increase the number of feats, and are in fact simply the natural result of having to provide entertainment for an audience too large to be seated around a single centre of interest. But as for what goes on, either in one ring or many, the beginnings of these special manifestations of physical activity are so humble, and so far back in human history, that the "original" feat of any modern performer is pretty sure to be a repetition of some other temporarily forgotten repetition of some altogether forgotten original. Here, therefore, is one of the first requirements of definite art — a long line of accumulated tradition. When the Lowande family, for example, surprise and hold an audience by the skill and daring of a series of acrobatic feats performed on a moving coach and the backs of the horses that draw it, they are simply repeating arenic history, with the coach as an innovation; they illustrate the one possible ambition of the circus artist, — to find a new way of accomplishing feats that have in themselves already been carried to the limit of human possibility.

Like art again, the circus is cosmopolitan, speaks a universal language, and cares not a whit for national politics. Its names are foreign, not for pictorial effect, but because its men and women are of all countries. The American circus performer preceded the American actor before European audiences. If his feats cannot be intrinsically new, there is a further analogy in that they vary

in the "style" in which they are executed. There may be dash, daring, and vigor in the riding of an American bareback equestrian, and yet a lack of the distinctive elegance that marks the exponent of European training in arenic equestrianism. And this on examination may be traced to differences in tradition. Almost from the beginning the American rider has practiced on horseback, but the European rider must first of all have acquired the art of ballet-dancing. The difference is characteristic. The eye of a performer — not of all performers, but of the minority that here as elsewhere represents the higher altitudes of the profession — sees these distinctions and looks for "style" much more keenly than for the successful achievement of some startling *dénouement*.

They are by no means easy to know, these circus people, living as they do in a world of their own, into which the outsider is not too carelessly invited to penetrate. As M. Hugues Le Roux says of them in the most important study that has yet been made of the subject: "The Mountebank is too jealous of his freedom to talk openly to every one who approaches him. The same patience which travelers use in their relations with savages must be employed before one can hope for any intimacy with this people, who are still as much scattered, as varied, as strangely mixed, as vagabond, as their ancestors, the gipsies, who, guitar on back, hoop in hand, their black hair encircled with a copper diadem, traversed the Middle Ages, protected from the hatred of the lower classes and the cruelty of the great by the talisman of superstitious terror." Here, in a few words, is the genealogy of the circus; but the word "vagabond," as applied to modern conditions, hardly connotes the fact that many a circus performer, when not actually on the road, maintains a home for his family in some quiet community, where the life of the circus is temporarily forgotten in the luxury of being commonplace and domestic. Taken as a whole, however, so

unrestricted and wandering are their lives, in which the one thing stable the whole world over is the size of the ring in which they make their appearances, that what is said of any one country applies, broadly speaking, to any other. But without personal acquaintance it is impossible for us on this side of the water to understand what the performer means when he refers to himself as an artist, or to realize how fully there exists under the dome of the "big tent" a point of view by no means dissimilar to that of the other arts.

In using the term "other arts," and thus frankly admitting the circus performer to the great (and little) company of artists, I am by no means seeking the cheap triumph of establishing a paradox. If such inclusion be a paradox, it is already established by the position which the circus performer has attained in the larger European cities. There, in the winter circus that competes with the theatre, he is admittedly an artist, without quotation marks. At the Circus Schuman, Berlin, audiences have recalled the Banvards, an American troupe of aerialists, with an enthusiasm quite equal to that with which American audiences have recalled the famous singers in German opera. Nor is this inclusion altogether surprising, for art, in its broadest sense, is a far-reaching democracy. Combine the definitions and we shall see that it demands of its citizens only that they seek to express something of beauty, and seek to express it in all sincerity — on the other side of their natures let them be moral or immoral, humble or conceited, austere or extravagant, refined or uncultivated; there is room and to spare for Villon and Milton, Burns and Shakespeare, Mistress Nell Gwin and Sir Henry Irving. So long as they produce beauty in some one of its infinite manifestations, that is all that the term "artist" demands of them — no slight demand, mark you, for it means the sincere expression of what is best in the individual. And if some betray us with false coin, it

is the inevitable result of conditions that make art, not only a form of religion, but the means of earning a livelihood.

It is in the visible expression of strength, grace, and vitality, that the artist of the circus holds himself at one with the painter and sculptor; but his art, like that of the actor, is necessarily alive and impermanent. Let the painter set on canvas his fixed presentment of lion, tiger, or leopard, the trainer, by his dangerous medium of whip and training-stick, will make the living animals exhibit endless graces of subtle line and lovely color. When he puts his head in the lion's mouth, believe me, he considers it nothing better than a concession to the groundlings — a mere vulgar, necessary pot-boiler. When he compels the great tawny thing to repeat the grace of a natural movement (the training of wild animals being always along the line of what they do naturally), and leap in a long, gracious curve across the arena to an unstable landing on a rolling sphere, he feels that he is doing something worthy of himself and his animals. Or, again, let the sculptor depict a flying Mercury; Mercury must at least have a point of arrival or departure. But for one brief moment the young woman of the circus, swinging through space from one trapeze to another, is the grace of the flying Mercury. To attain this moment of self-expression she has given as long and arduous an apprenticeship as the artist who works in clay, bronze, or marble. And her tradition, like his, is to do this thing naturally, easily, without apparent effort — in other words, to acquire that highest attribute of the mechanical side of art, the ability to conceal itself. Similar analogy the thoughtful artist of the circus can carry into practically every act on the programme, although he will hardly go so far as to tell you that the contortionist is an example of the decadence of Greek art as expressed in the Laocoön. And others, less acutely intelligent, will argue that their own art is superior to the stage, in that the actor is not an independent

artist but must depend on the playwright.

It is hardly surprising that this comparison, the art of the circus with the art of the stage, should have an objective interest to many circus performers, although, it need hardly be said, it has no interest whatever to the professional actor. It merely amuses the more intelligent people of the circus — those, in fact, who see clearly that there is no real basis for such comparison. Analogy can here go no further than the fact that stage and arena are both directly visible to an audience; the performer appears personally before it, and hears personally whatever applause may reward his efforts. Beyond this point the man or woman of the circus is doing one thing, and the man or woman of the stage something altogether different. The circus artist cannot be an interpreter; he creates no human character, tragic, comic, or melodramatic; and such creation is no more to be expected of him than that Forbes Robertson should illuminate the madness of Hamlet by turning somersaults. Nor do we expect in this performance of Hamlet the rhythmic — almost melodic — charm of motion that gives its own excuse of beauty to circus equestrianism.

The appeal to the mind, which is so large a factor in the highest expression of the artist in human emotion, is the least important factor in the work of the artist in human grace, strength, agility, or domination over brute force. The appeal to the emotions — our admiration of courage, our enjoyment of suspense, our interest in any struggle between opposing forces — that makes another vital element of the stage, is to be found in the circus, but it is so modified and reduced to first principles that it affords no real ground for comparison. Truth to tell we are deceived by the skill of a great actor into the belief that his fictitious danger is real, and by the skill of a great circus performer into the belief that his real danger is fictitious. It is the test of art in both cases. But the existence of

the play, the presence of a specific tale to be told, completely separates the art of the stage from that of the arena, and so places our friend of the circus much more substantially in the company of those other artists whose professional pride is that they tell no "stories." What he does must reach his audience through the sense of vision; let it delight the majority as a "stunt," the few as yet another of the many varied expressions of beauty, and the initiated as an example of masterful technique. And so the art of the circus, even more perishable than that of the stage because it has no historians, actually invades for a fleeting moment the province of those arts which are considered most imperishable.

But an audience, taken as a whole, cares little enough for art, and makes no bones of preferring that which is boldly startling to that which is subtly difficult. It wants the end of the story. It so little appreciates the strain and nervous tension, felt by even a long experienced performer during the deeply concentrated effort of mind and body necessary to his act in the ring, that it fondly imagines the life is "easy," and the act not so very difficult after all, if one has the knack of it. The typical murmur of the artist that his best work is unrecognized and his worst applauded, is therefore no more characteristic of the studio than of the circus. I have known an elephant trainer whose soul mourned daily over the satisfaction of audiences in seeing an elephant made ridiculous.

So, too, the individual point of view of the performer toward his work is full of surprises. Rarely, if ever, is he worried over the things that the audience imagines make him uneasy — and never about his own equipment of nerve, muscle, and judgment. The bareback rider worries about his horse, for the slightest deviation from the animal's customary course and gait ruin a harmony between horse and rider upon which depends the success, and even the life, of the performer. The man on the trapeze is not at all disturbed

at being so high up in the air; the higher up he is the more security he feels that in case of accident he will have time enough instinctively to twist his body into the right position for falling into the net. What worries him most is the fear of some unsuspected weakness in his apparatus. The animal-trainer is more afraid of an accidental scratch from a good-natured but blood-poisoning claw than of any actual conflict with an angry animal; more than that, he has a real affection for his animals and dislikes the stern necessity of punishing them. The very clown is not so much pleased by the laughter of his audience as disturbed by the thought that it quite fails to appreciate the time and care he has expended in working out the details of his humorous contribution.

That the typical circus performer should be illiterate is a natural conclusion for those who believe that the beginning of all circus experience is a running away from school. Many of us perhaps argue from remembrance; we too have been tempted, but were too modest in our own conceit to take the irrevocable step of abandoning home and family. Something held us back, and that something proves that we have no genuine latent talent for the arena. To others the call has been more insistent, and many a circus artist dates his career from this precocious elopement with seductive adventure. But such would be few in number in the roll-call of an average circus, and to regard the performer as necessarily once a runaway boy is as absurd as to cultivate melancholy over the thought that the world's merchant marine is manned and officered at the expense of innumerable aged and abandoned parents. The circus, in fact, is too much a domestic institution to need this assault on other domestic circles. When a boy runs after it, it is not because the circus wants the boy but because the boy wants the circus. The institution recruits itself largely from its own family circles, and the very tendency of these families

to have homes of their own during at least some part of the winter, supplies a legitimate connecting link between the ring and the world, — a door, indeed, by which many undoubtedly enter the calling in a most practical and unromantic spirit. The circus family returning to the tented field brings some of its neighbors with it, and thus begins another circus family. One does not need to be so very skillful to enter the primary stages of this remarkably varied occupation; to take the road with a small circus it is enough to be able to do a passable "turn" in the concert, or a very moderate kind of "stunt" in the side-show; and from this point (if one has youth, patience, and talent) any achievement is finally possible. Moreover, except in size, the small circus is not necessarily very inferior to the big one, for it often contains individual performers of equal ability.

But the true type of performer, the real artist of the arena, is born into the life, and honestly proud of his circus ancestry. By its very isolation from the rest of humanity, the circus has become domestic; its own convention is stoutly anchored to the institution of matrimony, and disinclined, with an almost aristocratic disinclination, to marry outside its traditional circle. The circus family — not that of the poster, the majority of whose members may or may not be consanguineous, but the genuine family group — may often trace its lineage through several generations of performers; and you will to-day find members of the same family in the rings of two continents. Among these people it is a commonplace to have an aunt who rides bareback, but it is equally possible, and extremely likely, that she also knows how to make her own dresses. The remarkable thing would be to have a relative who is not somehow or other connected with the show business. Like any other successful worker — doctor, lawyer, college professor, financier, artist, editor, or what not — the circus performer is knit by habit and association into the fabric of his occupation; crit-

icise it he may on occasion, with all the harshness of an old acquaintance; respect it he must at bottom, and be by no means sorry when his children elect to continue the tradition that he may have inherited from his father's father.

As for the child, it sometimes happens that he reverses the usual order of things and runs away from the circus. His young life, at all events, must be passed away from it (which, in this country of public schools, casts an interesting sidelight on the supposed illiteracy of circus performers), for a circus on the road burdens itself with no such superfluities as useless children. Man and wife must each have something to do, in the ring or in some other capacity about the show, or they must separate during the season. If they do an act together, so much the better; and better yet if it is one in which they can include the children as they grow old enough. Thus the nucleus of the poster family is likely to consist of parents and children, and such is the tonic wholesomeness of this life of careful living, fresh air, and vigorous exercise, that they are, to all intents and purposes, all young together. The circus child, moreover, is born with a livelihood, and learns almost by instinct the fundamental feats of flexibility, strength, and agility that are the A B C of every arenic performance. The lowest type of performer teaches his children these rudiments as a matter of business; he means the children to become so many financial assets, and their education is likely to be confined as closely as possible to the arena. But, even so, the wandering life of the profession is itself a university; he whom we regard from the audience as probably illiterate may have a conversational knowledge of several languages.

To the higher type of performer, he who regards his work most seriously, and realizes also that it outlaws him from the life of that great majority of "other people," the instruction of his children is a matter of precaution, taking the hour when it is ripe to provide a sound foundation for future bodily agility. The

parent in this case recognizes his other responsibilities; the boy or girl is sent away to be educated, and there is no compulsion, save the call of the blood, to force a return to the circus. Yet the chances are that the child will follow in the paternal and maternal footsteps.

About this nomadic existence there is unquestionably a potent fascination, no more potent perhaps than that which holds the business man to his office-chair when friends, family, and the physician beg him to be off and enjoy himself, but to the world at large much more readily explainable. The performer, we say, lives by applause and cannot get on without it. But we forget that, in the three-ring circus, no one performer can be certain that the applause is his own instead of his neighbor's, in which case his satisfaction must obviously supply a new quality to be reckoned with by students of human nature. The canvas man, equally wedded to the circus, gets no applause whatever. Applause is only a partial explanation; a fuller one is that the circus artist lives in a state of freedom to which his own nature, however varied may be its other manifestations, is peculiarly suited. "It is a free life" — such is the current phrase in which many a performer, and many a canvas man, expresses the call of the circus.

And yet, from the point of view of the man in the office-chair, they deceive themselves heartily, for this "free life" consists of most unrelenting discipline, both of the individual over himself and the circus over the individual. Seen from outside, it is the freedom of leisure and the emancipation of morals — a brief period of work each day and a long period of irresponsible idleness. The circus inherits the prejudice that the world has originally held toward all its entertainers, and that still makes the wandering painter a suspicious character in the gossip of small communities. But the boy who longs to become a part of this nomad life sees more clearly than his elders. What attracts him is the ability of these won-

derful people to perform feats; he envies the strong man his muscles, the animal-trainer his courage, the rider his horsemanship, the acrobat his agility, the clown his humor. And these things—even in the case of the clown, who is also an acrobat—do not comport with riotous living. The circus, to be sure, has its “booze-fighters,” as the term is; incredible things have been done on the flying trapeze by men who were actually intoxicated when they climbed the swaying rope-ladder—but such are the exceptions to a rule of rigid training, and, in a way, almost monastic living. The exigencies of the life forbid dissipation, as a mere matter of self-preservation, and in the circus artist who has attained distinction the temperate life has usually acquired the tenacity of a confirmed habit. As the trainer of wild animals is usually a kind-hearted individual with a philosophical toleration for the inherent strain of treachery in the beast-nature, so the typical first-class performer is usually a decent enough fellow himself, with a philosophical toleration of vice in others.

Hence it follows that no young woman is more carefully chaperoned than the girl of the circus. A circus mother is often honestly scandalized at the latitude which mothers outside the circus allow their daughters. And this chaperonage is by no means confined to those circus families whose instinctive morality is fully as high as the instinctive morality that creates social respectability the world over, in or out of circuses. The purely mercenary desire to keep together the several performers in a family act, tends to extreme watchfulness over the members lest sex-attraction should draw them into other affiliations. The management itself is zealously watchful, divides its employees into married and unmarried, and keeps the sexes carefully separated except where matrimony has joined them together and man or management may not put asunder. If this matrimony is fictitious, it must at least last out the season; and that this sometimes happens

may be fairly conceded, to appease the popular notion that all circus people are disreputable. But genealogies, although even the best of them have their black sheep, cannot be founded on fictitious marriages, and the aristocracy of the circus is singularly free from either the convenience of divorce, or the irresponsibility of race-suicide. Said a young trapeze performer in a confidential moment, “Real circus families are like that Four Hundred you read about, only it ain’t so easy to break into one of ‘em.” Which was meant as a deserved compliment to the circus, but is merely an undeserved tribute to the “Four Hundred.”

Space forbids that one should begin quoting from the long list of rules and regulations that the management of a big circus imposes upon its employees. Let us take a simple example—the mere fact that a performer who should be caught flirting with a ballet girl (or any female member of the circus) would be fined for the first offense, and discharged if his attentions continued. A like fate would befall the performer if he were discovered making clandestine acquaintance with any woman not connected with the circus; and the same rule, the other way round, applies to the ballet girl. All told there are some thirty or forty rules governing the performer’s conduct. His costume must be spotless, and his speech decent and without profanity—perhaps for this very reason many a circus performer is startlingly profane and Rabelaisian in private conversation. But so is many a college boy, and in both cases the profanity is curbed, and Rabelais scuttles out of sight, in the presence of women. The stains of the circus are the stains of human nature; the fortunately exceptional cases where man is brutal and debased exist in every occupation, and no single occupation can be held responsible. It is so with the stage, but perhaps even more so with the circus, for here the occupation demands an almost universal condition of perfect physical training.

Yet it is not so very long since British law classed all actors together as "rogues and vagabonds." Respectability drew aside its skirts — all who made a livelihood by acting were, as the saying is, tarred with the same stick, and therefore none could be humanly domestic or attain to the commonplace, but desirable, respectability of "other people." It may be questioned whether the modern respectability of acting, as a profession, has actually improved the art of the individual actor; at all events it has opened the door to many whose vocation for the stage would hardly have been strong enough to overcome the earlier condition. In the general estimation, the circus to-

day holds in this country a position not unlike that of the stage in England more than a century ago — although it has no Garrick to dignify it; but in Europe the circus artist has visibly emerged into middle-class respectability. And for much the same reason. His work, which had long seemed the idle amusement of an idle hour, has attained the dignity of something that appeals to a higher instinct than mere curiosity. His character, which had long seemed coarse and immoral as a natural result of his roving existence, has been found on closer acquaintance to compare favorably with that of the workers in any other sphere of human activity.

OCCUPATIONAL DISEASE AND ECONOMIC WASTE

BY C-E. A. WINSLOW

EXPERIENCE teaches most effectively when it comes in vivid and dramatic form. The loss of 350 lives in coal-mine accidents a year ago, in a period of three weeks, was so startling as to awaken the public conscience. Many, who never gave the matter thought before, know to-day that our annual tribute to carelessness in mining is 2000 lives a year. The stain which rests upon the operation of our railroads is recognized as blacker still; for the annual toll paid on train and track amounts to 10,000 lives. Most of this slaughter is preventable, — is prevented, by other nations. It was no over-zealous reformer, but the Governor of the State of New York, who recently said, "The shocking number of preventable casualties in our industrial employments, . . . in the light of comparative statistics, constitutes a disgrace to the country." These are signs of an awakening. The day is coming when we shall no longer remain "the scandal of the

elder earth" in our indifference to the waste of human life.

It is important to realize, however, that there are other dangers of industrial life, less obvious than exploding fire-damp or colliding locomotives, but even more sinister in their end results. These are the occupational diseases. When a mine explosion occurs, it is telegraphed over half the world. When, here and there, hundreds and thousands of workers grow pale and listless, and one by one drop out, and pass from the factory to the hospital, the tragedy is unnoted. Yet, year by year, disease causes ten times as many deaths as accidents.

Let us take tuberculosis as an example. In many discussions of this much discussed disease its relation to industry is scarcely mentioned. Yet a study of vital statistics shows that its prevalence is correlated with occupation to a significant degree. Among the stone-cutters at Barre, Vermont, and at Quincy, Mass-

achusetts, the death-rate from tuberculosis is double that of workers at other trades; and the cutlers at Northampton, Massachusetts, die from tuberculosis at four times the normal rate. Statistics give a pale and meagre picture of what this means. The following letter, written five years ago by a physician in a New England town, is more vivid than pages of figures:—

"I have been in practice in East Douglas since 1863, with the exception of some thirteen years following 1872. I have seen quite a number of cases of so-called grinders' consumption. I have examined one case *post mortem*. I found the smaller bronchial tubes thoroughly filled with the grindstone grit; the lung in the lower part looked and felt like the liver after cooking. The symptoms are excessive dyspnoea on slight exertion, dry cough, and great prostration. The grinders are from the Polanders and Finns for the past dozen years. The disease takes hold of them more frequently, and is more rapidly fatal than among the grinders of former years and of other nationalities. When I came here forty years ago, I found the victims among the Yankees who had ground some twenty years before. Those would grind eighteen or twenty years before having to give up work. The French Canadians were then grinding. They could work twelve to sixteen years. They became frightened off, and the Swedes took up the work. They would get the disease in eight or ten years. Now the Finns and Polanders are at it, and they last only three to five years, and the disease is more common among them."

The normal, healthy body has its "fighting edge;" and, if given a fair chance, is able to protect itself against such foes as the tubercle germ. The successful cure, even of advanced consumption, by fresh air and good food, exercise, and rest, shows how well the healing force of nature plays its part. In the East Douglas axe factory these defensive agents had no chance. The delicate lung-

tissue in which bacilli and body-cells were contending, was lacerated by sharp particles of steel, and aid and comfort were thus given to the invaders, rather than to the defending garrison. Metallic dust, which forms a scarcely perceptible cloud in the air, threatens sickness and death, by injuring the lung-tissue and favoring consumption, as surely as the unguarded railroad track invites damage to life and limb.

The injury to the lungs, and the consequent high death-rate from consumption, are most marked in industries which are associated with the production of sharp particles of mineral or metallic nature. Cutlery and stone-cutting, pottery- and earthenware-making, file-cutting, glass-making, horn- and celluloid-working, pearl-button-making, emery- and corundum-working, are examples of this sort; and they show tuberculosis death-rates from two to four times as high as the normal. Other dusts of non-metallic kinds are less injurious, but are serious enough. Among the felt-hat-makers of Orange, New Jersey, the pointed shreds of hair produce sufficient damage to double the amount of consumption that would occur under normal conditions. Shoddy-makers, rope-makers, rag-pickers, brush-makers, cigar-makers, workers in some parts of the cotton and woolen industries and of paper-making, carpet-makers, flax- and hemp-pickers and carders, operatives in horse-hair factories, and many more, suffer in varying degrees.

Even where there is no special dust, the ordinary vitiation of air must be reckoned with, as contributing its share to occupational disease. In the large cities of the East thousands of men and women work at cigar-making, in small and large establishments. Some are in excellent sanitary condition; others are very bad; and the Cigar-makers' Union, though a strong and intelligent labor organization, does little to improve them. In the summer, if the air be not too dry, windows may be opened and natural ventilation secured; but tobacco must be kept moist

in order to mould cigars efficiently, and if the outer air be dry, open windows are not permissible.

I visited, one afternoon in November, a hand-room in which 50 men were exhaling impurities, and eighteen gas-jets vitiating the air, in a space of less than 12,000 cubic feet. The temperature was 72 degrees, the relative humidity 78 degrees of saturation, and the air contained 35 parts of carbon dioxide per 100,000, ten times the value for good air. To the bad effect of such an abominable atmosphere was added the noxious irritation of the fumes of dry tobacco. The spitting habit is common in cigar factories; and, as the Massachusetts State Board of Health in a recent report points out, this "is particularly to be deprecated, in view of the fact that in the processes of manufacture considerable tobacco falls to the floor, and these fragments, if not gathered up and used on the premises, are very commonly swept up with all the dirt, dried sputum, and other matter, and sold as fillings for cheap cigars." It is not surprising that the Association for the Prevention and Control of Tuberculosis reports the tuberculosis death-rate among cigar-makers as 4.8 per 1000,—about twice the normal figure. I was once told by a cigar-maker that he could always recognize his fellow craftsmen by the "cough."

The actual amount of damage wrought by occupational disease is not known with any certainty. Vital statistics in the United States are deplorably faulty. There is no state or city in the Union which publishes accurate records of the death-rates in various industries from particular causes. Many records of death give no information as to occupation, and what information is given is often incomplete. It is possible, however, to make approximate estimates of the economic cost of dust and bad ventilation by a study of the ratio between the deaths from tuberculosis and those from all other causes. If, among grinders in a certain town, for example, the ratio of tubercu-

losis deaths to total deaths is twice or thrice that which obtains for the general adult population, it is fair to assume that the actual tuberculosis death-rate is at least twice or thrice the normal.

We know that ten out of every thousand adult persons in the United States die every year from all causes; and of these ten deaths, two or three are due to tuberculosis. Among grinders and cutlers and stone-cutters, the ratio of tuberculosis deaths rises from one-quarter to three-quarters of the deaths from all causes. Therefore it is fair to assume that at least five in every thousand workers at these industries die every year from tuberculosis as the direct result of their occupation.

The same line of reasoning enables us to gauge the economic waste in the larger industries, where the danger to the individual is less, but the number of individuals exposed to risk is vastly greater. I had occasion, a few years ago, to make a careful study of the statistics of operatives in the textile city of Fall River, Massachusetts. I found the ratio of tuberculosis deaths to total deaths, among all classes of operatives, to be 33 per cent, instead of 23 per cent for the corresponding general population. In certain branches of the industry it is less; among spinners and card-room hands, it is more. The records of a leading insurance company, to which I have recently had access, have confirmed my conclusion that the ratio of tuberculosis deaths to total deaths among textile workers of New England is fairly represented by that figure, 33 per cent. If that be the case, it implies that three or four of every thousand of these textile workers die of tuberculosis every year, against two or three of the population as a whole. The over-hot and over-moist and badly ventilated rooms of the cotton and woolen mills cost one life a year for every thousand operatives employed.

The textile industry does not stand alone. In the report on the sanitary condition of factories and workshops made

by the Massachusetts State Board of Health in 1907, is the following comment upon the boot and shoe industry:—

"In the majority of factories visited, the ventilation was found to be poor, and in many of them distinctly bad. Of the rooms not especially dusty, 102 were badly ventilated and 26 were overcrowded. In the rooms in which large amounts of dust are evolved, the number of machines with means for efficient or fairly efficient removal of dust was found to be 1630; the number either inefficiently equipped or devoid of equipment was 2769.

"Of 84 of the many dusty rooms reported, 40 were also overcrowded, 35 were dark, 21 were overheated, and 18 were overcrowded, dark, and overheated. In more than one-third of the factories visited, the conditions of water-closets were not commendable; most of them were dark and dirty to very dirty. In 50 establishments no spitting was noticed, in 173 there was some, in 115 considerable, and in 35 much."

Translate these bald facts into the experience of the individual worker. Figure him passing from the dark, overcrowded, overheated workroom into the chill night air of winter, with his throat and lungs filled with rasping dust. Imagine the facility with which the tubercle germs enter those lungs and grow in them and rot them away. Picture the infection of the wife and child which is so apt to follow.

The death-roll from occupational tuberculosis accounts, of course, for only a portion of the total industrial disease. Various of the lesser industries are subject to their own peculiar disorders. Specific poisonings supplement the general effect of poor ventilation and unsanitary conditions. Workers in lead, and those who make use of the metal in file-making, plumbing, painting, pottery, glass-making, and type-setting, assimilate minute quantities of this poisonous substance, which gradually accumulates in the body until serious results ensue.

Painters' colic and wrist-drop are among the early symptoms; serious nervous derangements follow, and death may be the final result. Workers in mercury and in arsenic, handlers of bichromate, and operatives who deal with other poisonous substances, suffer in definite and specific ways.

In some trades it is noxious fumes which threaten the worker instead of metallic poisons. Carbon bisulphide and naphtha, as used in certain processes for treating india-rubber and gutta-percha, produce serious disorders of the nerves and the digestive system. A joint committee of the Massachusetts State Federation of Women's Clubs and the Women's Educational and Industrial Union made, in 1904, a study of the conditions under which women were working in the rubber factories of New England. Their agent reported that most of the women handled compounds containing oxide of lead, many eating their lunch at the same work-bench, and some habitually putting the material in their mouths. Fumes of naphtha pervaded the air of most of the rooms. The women who made light rubber goods inhaled also a fine talc dust. Finally, in making rubber shoes the forms were pressed against the pit of the stomach in such a fashion as to produce serious internal derangements. The prevalence of anæmia, dyspepsia, and acute hysteria among rubber-workers was found to be a familiar fact to physicians who had come in contact with them.

It is unnecessary to dwell further on the dark side of this picture. Industrial disease exists. The important practical point is that its continuance is needless. All this waste of life and health is preventable. Dust in certain industries can be reduced to a minimum by substituting moist for dry processes. In others, it can be drawn off by special ventilation through hoods placed over the machines which produce it. In extreme cases, where these measures fail, the individual may be protected by the wearing of respirators designed for the purpose; and this should

not be left to the whim of ignorant operatives, but enforced by the employer and the State. Fresh air can be supplied to any workroom, and its temperature and moisture adjusted so that the industry in question may be carried on without undue damage to the workers. Against lead-poisoning, and naphtha fumes, and every other industrial danger, there are remedies which may be practically and efficiently applied.

It is no matter of theory that sanitary factories are possible. In the Massachusetts examination of industrial establishments, to which reference has been made, satisfactory conditions were found in certain factories in almost every industry. England and Germany, where these problems are older, and hence nearer to solution, teach us that factory sanitation is an attainable ideal.

Good factories cannot of course be had for nothing. Pure water costs, clean milk costs, and so does good air. Yet in each of these cases the investment yields ample returns. The worker in a ventilated factory gains in health and vigor and happiness, as well as in prolonged life. The employer gains, too, and not merely in moral satisfaction. I have heard of a rubber factory which was forced to close on half a dozen hot days in summer, because the women workers were fainting right and left; but this is poor policy. Human machines of low vitality mean a poor product. The increased efficiency obtained with healthy workers pays back in dollars and cents more than the outlay for fans and ventilators. Finally, the community gains, — in productive capacity and in physical soundness, for the present and the future. In the 1900 census the capital invested in cotton manufactures was estimated at \$460,000,000. The annual payment in wages, corresponding, was \$85,000,000. At 3½ per cent, this would represent a capital of more than \$2,400,000,000. The investment of "Life Capital" is then by far the largest investment in the cotton industry, and in most other industries as well. If this capital is

being squandered needlessly it behooves us to check the waste.

The community, the employer, and the employee are alike concerned in the betterment of factory conditions. All three must play their part if progress is to be assured. The State must be equipped with an efficient force of experts to discover where existing evils lie, and how they may be remedied. A few progressive states have advanced along this path already. In Massachusetts, a corps of fifteen medical inspectors was created for the task of factory inspection in 1907. A year ago a sanitary expert of high grade was added to the factory-inspection department in New York. The ideal board, with both medical and engineering knowledge at its disposal, is, however, yet to be created in most states.

The State cannot do everything. In this as in other reforms, it can, and should, furnish the best expert knowledge of evils and of remedies. If can, and should, establish a minimum of sanitary decency, and compel the reformation of the worst conditions. Beyond this, progress must come from private initiative. State inspectors can modify the worst conditions; only manufacturers can improve the best. A score or more of large establishments could be mentioned in which this opportunity has been generously realized. Far-sighted employers of labor have made it a point to go beyond law and custom, and have vied with each other in reforms which seem almost Utopian. Light and ventilation, the removal of dust and gases, guarding of machinery, provision of wash-rooms and locker-rooms with sanitary plumbing, establishment of lunch-rooms and emergency-rooms, are among the features of such model factories. More purely social enterprises, recreation-halls, classes for apprentices, dwellings for the workers, and insurance systems, supplement the direct physical provisions of "welfare work." The important point about it all is that the employers who have tried this policy find that it pays. According to "American

Industries," in one notable case in which new ventilation was introduced, "the cost of installation was six thousand dollars, but the reduction thereafter of the percentage of absences because of illness was so great that the employer was compensated for the outlay." Care of the living machine pays, — in the enthusiasm, the coöperation, the soundness of body, the efficiency of hand and eye, and the alertness of mind, which make a better workman.

Finally, a large share of responsibility for factory conditions must rest upon the worker himself. He alone is always on the spot. He alone knows, or ought to know, what actual conditions are. Unorganized, he may not be able to make his legitimate needs felt. With the growth of organization and the general recognition of the right to organize, the labor unions have a growing responsibility for industrial conditions. They have done much that is important in improving the lives of their members by shorter hours and higher wages. They have as yet done little in the intelligent reform of factory conditions in regard to sanitation. They have almost wholly failed to grasp the magnificent opportunity, which should be theirs, of bringing to the individual worker that knowledge of sanitary science which

will enable him, in the factory and out of it, to maintain a maximum of health and efficiency.

The betterment of factory conditions is a cause which should enlist the publicist, the employer, and the labor unionist, in a zealous and intelligent coöperation. Sanitary work-rooms injure none, and benefit all. Ignorance of the dangers which exist, and of their simple remedies, is what stands in the way of progress. As with so many evils, it is not a case for denunciation, but for education. It is not grasping selfishness of the capitalist which is generally responsible for bad conditions. Nor is it willful carelessness of the workers. It is lack of knowledge on both sides. As knowledge of the real conditions grows, the waste of life-capital through occupational disease will cease. What are we doing as a nation to spread that knowledge? A year's budget of the United States Navy amounts to more than a hundred million dollars. The combined expenditure of all the States of the Union for the campaign against occupational disease amounts to perhaps a tenth of one per cent as much. We know that ill-ventilated factories will cost the lives of many thousand workers in 1909 and 1910. Is the danger of war more imminent?

THE TREES

BY JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY

I

Now, in the thousandth year,
When April's near,
Now comes it that the great ones of the earth
Take all their mirth
Away with them, far off, to orchard-places, —
Nor they nor Solomon arrayed like these, —
To sun themselves at ease;
To breathe of wind-swept spaces;
To see some miracle of leafy graces; —
To catch the out-flowing rapture of the trees.
Considering the lilies.

— Yes. And when

Shall they consider Men?

*(O showering May-clad tree,
Bear yet awhile with me.)*

II

For now at last, they have beheld the trees.
Lo, even these! —
The men of sounding laughter and low fears;
The women of light laughter, and no tears;
The great ones of the town.
And those, of most renown,
That once sold doves, — now grown so penny-wise
To bargain with forlorn merchandise, —
They buy and sell, they buy and sell again,
The life-long toil of men.
Worn with their market strife to dispossess
The blind, — the fatherless,
They too go forth, to breathe of budding trees,
And woods with beckoning wonders new unfurled.
Yes, even these:

The money-changers and the Pharisees;
The rulers of the darkness of this world.

*(O choiring Summer tree,
Bear yet awhile with me.)*

III

For now, behold their heart's desire is thrall
To simpleness. — O new delight, unguessed,
In very rest!
And precious beyond all,
A garden-place; a garden with a wall!
To the green earth! All bountiful to bless
Hearts sickening with excess.
To the green earth, whose blithe replenishments
Shall fresh the jaded sense!
To the green earth the dust-corrupted soul
Returns, to be made whole.
For now it comes indeed,
They will go forth, all they, to see a reed
So shaken by the wind.
Men are no longer blind
To aught, save human kind.

*(O mellowing August tree,
Bear yet awhile with me.)*

IV

The wonder this. For some there are no trees;
Or in the trees no beauty and no mirth: —
Those dullest millions, pent
In life-long banishment
From all the gifts and creatures of the earth,
Shut in the inner darkness of the town;
Those blighted things you see,
But the Sun sees not at its going down:
Warped outcasts of some human forestry;
Blind victims of the blind,
Wreckt ones, and dark of mind,
With the poor fruit, after their piteous kind.

And if you take some Old One to the fields,
 To see what Nature yields
 With fullest hands to men already free,
 It well may be,
 As on some indecipherable book
 The Guest will look,
 With eyes too old, — too old, too dim to see;
 Too old, too old to learn;
 Or to discern
 (Before it slips away)
 The joy of such a late half-holiday.
 Proffer those starved eyes your belated cup:
 They look not up.
 Too late, too late, for any sky to do
 Brief kindness with its blue.

And what behold they, then?
 In the shamed moment, when
 Old eyes bow down again?

*Down in the night and blackness of the heart,
 The drowned things start.
 And he recks nothing of the meadow air,
 Because of what is There.
 Lost things of hope and sorrow without tongue:
 The human lilies, sprung
 Out of the ooze, and trodden,
 Even as they breathed and clung!
 Lost lilies, bruised and sodden;
 Lost faces, gleaming there,
 Where misery blasphemes the sacred young.
 Mute outcry, most, of those
 Small suffering hands defrauded of their rose;
 Faces the daylight shuns;
 Ruinous faces of the little ones, —
 Pale witness, unaware.
 Starved lips, and withering blood —
 O broken in the bud! —
 Blank eyes, and blighted hair.*

(O golden, golden tree!
 Bear yet awhile with me.)

So is it, haply, when
Dull eyes look up, and then
Dull eyes look down again.
Waste no vain holiday on such as these;
For them there is no joy in blossomed trees.

v

For them there is no joy in blossomed trees.
And with what eye-shut ease
We leave them, at the last, for company,
The Tree,
Whose two stark boughs no springtime yet unfurled,
Ever, since time began;
Nor bloom so strange to see:
Behold, the Man,
With His two arms outstretched to fold the World.

THE REVENGE OF CHANTICLEER

BY ERNEST DIMNET

ONE fine Sunday of last November, I happened to be, toward the end of the afternoon, in one of the quiet little streets just off the Luxembourg Garden. It being Sunday afternoon, I strolled along without any definite purpose, and with no more definite thought than that I was wandering through an extremely familiar locality. The streets were perfectly empty — not even one of the American students, who generally swarm in that quarter, breaking the provincial stillness of the place with his stride — and I only met a couple of lazy-looking *fiacres*. The day had been very fine, succeeding a rainy week, and the people had sought the country or the more lively scenes "on the other side of the water."

As I emerged from one of the by-ways into the rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs, and, turning mechanically to the west, as I had done millions of times in years not so long past, bent my course towards a thoroughfare with *omnibus* and cars, I was suddenly confronted by a broad strip of clean-washed amber sky, and my mood changed at once. The sunset, with its strange succession of disquieting and soothing phases, is wasted on the man who just turns the light on when the room begins to sadden; but place the same man face to face with the swift changing presences in the evening west, he will no more resist their weird power than the little birds in the eaves. In a few moments I found myself within the precincts of the old college where I dreamed away eight or ten of the happiest years of my life, with a passionate longing to see the garden once more before the light wasted.

The streets outside were quiet, but the college might have been enchanted. Not
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a soul in court or cloister, not a sound from the rambling white buildings. The garden looked more spellbound than the rest, with a trim Sunday look about it; not a leaf on the lawns; the glossy shrubs prim and decorous; only, over the aerial tracery of branches and bows, the daffodil drapery already fading into turquoise. There was in the atmosphere a strange quality which seemed to remove the objects beyond their natural distances, and yet imparted an exceptional neatness to their contour. I went round once or twice without meeting anything alive, except a tomtit — a rare visitor in a Parisian garden — madly twittering as he tried and tried to finish the round of a tree. On the other side of a low ivy wall the *pavillon* stood by itself in its courtyard, a noble piece of truly French architecture. There I had had my rooms for all those years, and it was difficult to realize that it was my home no more. I waited a while outside, watching the wild tomtit at his play, and then quite naturally passed into the yard and walked upstairs. The man who had taken the rooms after me was an old friend — one of those old friends one never sees, but one is always glad to meet. I did not expect that he would be in, and I gave the sharp knock one gives preparatory to going away at once. To my astonishment a voice was heard inside and I pushed the door open.

"Halloa!" said I, "what are you doing here on a Sunday afternoon? I'll bet you wanted no visitors. There was something in your '*Entrez*' which meant 'Who are you?' more plainly than any words."

"Sit down," was the reply. "I am delighted to see you."

My friend can be described as a

brusque, kind-hearted fellow, with occasional fits of reverie never even bordering on taciturnity, and I was surprised at his manner.

"For a man who is delighted to see another you really . . . But don't be afraid. I just wanted to see the old rooms again. I have no time for the cross hermit to whom I so kindly made them over. May I just look at the 'three houses' once more?"

He opened the window and I stepped out on to the leads where the old breezy air welcomed me. I looked around. The familiar outlines stood out unchanged against the deep blue sky. There was Quinet's house, on the other side of the garden, and Sainte-Beuve's homely dwelling, and, timorously retreating into the dark background of a deserted convent-garden, the glum crazy mansion where Victor Hugo first took his bride.

Between the street and the collegiate buildings there was the old jumble of studios, improbable little inns, and nondescript one-storied houses round the open space where the farm-house, the wonderful forgotten farm-house, was dozing as usual between its sheds and barn; and, just beneath me, the little garden and tiny cottage, just as it used to be, perhaps a shade more exquisitely tidy.

"They are out as usual on Sunday afternoons," I said from the roof to my friend, "how are they?"

"If you took as much interest as all that in those people you might have looked in before and not waited two years," he replied. "It amused you to look down every now and then and say a word or two, because the woman was pretty, but don't pretend you really cared a straw for those workers. They moved out long ago."

"Moved out long ago! . . . Where are they gone, I wonder? . . . But who lives there now?"

"Nobody lives there," Chevallier replied in a decidedly gruff tone. After a while, he added almost as if he spoke to himself, "They only die."

"What on earth is the matter?" I said, rather impatiently, "can't you be a little sociable and explicit?"

"Oh! there's nothing the matter, nothing whatever. It's only because God, as usual, has to obey the devil in this world, and life is a ridiculous farce, and men are fools and murderers, thinking themselves very wise and highly civilized all the time. Oh! just sit down; you deserve to hear the story."

He shut the window, pulled the curtains, and switched on every light in the room.

"Why not wait till it is quite dark?" I said, "it is a pity to miss the twilight on such a day as this."

"Nonsense," Chevallier replied, fumbling at some shelves and taking down an armful of volumes.

I noticed that a bookcase in a corner had been emptied of its contents, and the books lay in a great heap as if they waited to be packed up.

"Your people," Chevallier returned, "moved off a few months after I had taken possession. I was not sorry. Every time I appeared on the roof the woman would pop out of the hut and try to speak to me. I did n't want to be so very neighborly."

"I have no doubt that she was perfectly all right," I interposed. "If you lived at the bottom of a well like that you would probably be only too glad to see a human face — were it the very image of yours — appear on high from time to time."

"Oh! leave the woman alone. I only said that she was pretty and invariably spied me out. When they were gone, the stillness was so deep down in the yard that I thought the poor little lodgings were deserted forever, and I grieved sometimes, thinking that the two lilac trees would bloom a short springtide in the tiny garden, and no poor people be happier for it. But it was winter still and the lilacs were a far-away hope. Toward the Carnival I fancied I heard occasional noises rise up from the garden, and one morning I was suddenly roused by

a sound which I know I must have heard several times before, but of which I had been only vaguely conscious. It was the lusty cackling of a hen which, I don't know why, I immediately imagined as one of those honest homely hens you see in distant districts still innocent of imported fowls, and so like stout Normand *paysannes* in full gray petticoats with a dash of red somewhere. Whatever her appearance, she was a talkative old hen. One generally imagines that hens only cackle over their new-laid egg. One will always imagine the wrong thing. Hens talk all day, sometimes in a subdued tone as if they were only remarking on little things, sometimes in a frightened or indignant chatter, and they keep up a great cackling for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour three or four times a day, especially when they hear bells. It amused me to gather all these particulars about gallinaceous habits, and there was something delightful in hearing only the plainest country noises and forgetting that the stone waves of the Parisian streets rolled for miles around.

"Who had brought the hen into the little garden, and who looked after her, I had no idea. No sound helped me to guess, and I liked the admixture of anonymousness and familiarity in my feathered neighbor. However, happening one Sunday to return here immediately after lunch, instead of paying my Sunday calls, I was surprised to hear the voices of two children in the little garden. They had the exquisite ring habitual with Paris-born children, — no matter who the parents are, — and I began to speculate about them, wondering whether they lived in the cottage and, if so, how I had never heard them, when they suddenly broke into a song of their own which told me all I wanted to know.

" ' Dans le jardin de grand'mère,
Dans le jardin de grand'mère,'

they repeated in a sweet monotone which had more poetry in it than many a prize poem I had read.

"So there was a grandmother, who

had come along with the hen. Once, when the two little voices rose to a rather high pitch, somebody said from the cottage, 'Finissez! Granny does not like noise;' a woman's voice.

"Toward four o'clock I heard the same voice bidding somebody good-by, and from the silence which immediately set in, I inferred that the old woman had been left alone and that the children and their mother lived elsewhere. Only the hen went on a little while, and suddenly, almost angrily, as if she had been chased and protested against the indignity. I opened the window, and for the first time since the winter months I stole on to the roof. An old woman was in the garden, and, as I expected, she was trying to drive the reluctant hen — gray and round as I had fancied her — into a sheltered recess where a few fagots and boxes were heaped up. She was a country woman, probably a Southerner, — if one was to judge from her headdress, — tall and thin, with a general stiffness in her demeanor and a permanently frightened expression on her face. She suddenly saw me, and we both retreated as if by one impulse into our respective lodgings. I felt sure I had given the poor old thing a turn.

"I saw her another time, several weeks later, on Easter-eve. I had little dreamed that the Easter Bells, the dear Easter Bells of my childhood, would remind me of their aerial journey to and from Rome in any connection with the old woman's backyard. But they did; and while I was packing up for the vacation I was delighted to hear the two children's overjoyed outbursts at each fresh discovery of a bright egg in the parsley or in the box border. There was a red one, and there was a blue one, and there were three more red ones. I could not resist the wish to see the happy boy and girl, and I got on to the roof just in time to hear them suggest that the blue eggs should be given to the gray hen (which they called *la Grise*) to hatch, as the chicks were sure to be the same

color as the eggs. They were dear little children in plain white pinafores. The grandmother replied that no doubt this was a very feasible thing, but the safest might be to eat the blue eggs rather than wait a few weeks for wonderful chickens. She spoke with a southern accent, in a quick whisper well in keeping with her sad, timid face. Just as she spoke, the boy noticed and mentioned my presence, and the grandmother looked up with a faint smile which I was stupid enough to return awkwardly, falling back at once towards the window as if I had been caught eavesdropping. That was my only interview with a woman who was probably worth a dozen of such as you and I."

Chevallier was telling all these trivial details with an earnestness and an animation very unusual with him, and I wondered at his tone.

"About a month after my return from the country," he went on, "the chicks really came. I was apprised of their advent by a special song which the boy dedicated to them. There were six of them, the childish rhyme said, and they were all yellow. I would certainly have tried to see them but for the presence of a man, evidently the children's father, whose voice frightened me. He had the clear, the over-clear intonation you hear everywhere between Marseilles and Bordeaux, and spoke incessantly on a variety of subjects, but mostly on suburban politics, which he viewed from the most radical socialist standpoint. I did not miss one syllable of what he said, and in half an hour's time I could have described him and his dark sunburnt face of an Aveyronese navy, as accurately as if I had known him for years. He was not a bad fellow, and his love for the poor old mother whom his speeches terrified expressed itself roughly every now and then through his political bombast, — but I hate a race of men who will seem drunk when they are sober.

"I was glad to think that the man was too busy ranting in the Belleville

wine-shops, of a Sunday afternoon, to come and disturb us with his saltpetre eloquence. In fact, I never heard him again, and every time I noticed the children's presence, which was seldom, as I always went to Orléans for the week-end, they were with their mother. The summer, as you remember, was beautiful, and I enjoyed it as much sitting on a bench in the college garden or in the Luxembourg as if I had been in a Swiss valley. My rooms were beautifully cool in the morning. I did more work in those four months than in all the rest of the year."

"And what about the chickens?" I asked.

"I suppose they grew up and thrrove," Chevallier answered. "I never saw them, but I noticed for the first time in my life that their clucking was exactly like the melancholy piping of church rooks when they wheel round a steeple; and if you had been brought up, as I was, in a cathedral town, you would know that it means a great deal. I loved those chickens until I had to curse them."

"What do you mean?"

"You'll soon know. I went home, as usual, for the long vacation, and particularly enjoyed the two months' spell of deep quiet and half-slumbering rest. I know that I have not many of these peaceful periods in store, and the lurid glare and the bustle of Paris hurt me when I issued from the station the evening before resuming duty here. I reached the college about ten, found my rooms tidy, airy, cool, and quiet as ever, and after unpacking my things and putting away my portmanteau, and effacing all traces of recent arrival, which I detest, I sat down and thought. What did I think about? Nothing in particular. I only felt conscious that years go quickly by, that Paris eats one's life up fast, and that I had been very happy in the country. Just as the church bells chimed, preparatory to striking twelve, I was aroused by a clear, deep, all-awakening cock-crow, so near and singing that the bird might have

been roosting outside the window. For one moment two other clarions joined in, and the three chanticleers kept up a wonderful chorus till another crowing, lower-pitched, echoed somewhere in the direction of the Luxembourg. They went on for several minutes, filling the quiet night with that strange mysterious harmony which Shakespeare alone has really expressed. There certainly is a tuning between the nightly cock's notes and some deep chords in the human soul. Long after the birds had gone to sleep again I went on listening. 'Oh you darlings,' I said at last, moving towards the bedroom; 'to think that you are so grown!' The fact is that the soft clucking little creatures had grown into lusty adults while I was away. I heard them quite plainly in the day-time. It amused me to notice how positive and self-asserting the young fellows already were, and how the old hen's cackling savored of senile dotage in comparison.

"How can I explain to you that all of a sudden the pleasure I took in their crowing and bragging and squabbling was changed into insuperable aversion? One sleepless night, and one morning during which I wanted to work and could not, and put down my incapacity to their intrusion, were enough. I began to shut the windows to shut the crowing out, when the weather was warm enough for air and open casements. I dreaded being awakened by their furious empty music when twelve o'clock struck. I especially hated one of the three, possibly the least robust, who would insist on challenging the Luxembourg old fellow when the other two had long desisted. His shrill insatiable call was maddening. There was something foolish and stupid in it which I abhorred like the noise of an objectionable machine. One morning, after a feverish night of insomnia, I heard this particular cock going on in such a silly triumphant way that I rushed to the window and threw an old inkstand at him, just when he was jerking in his stretched neck and darting his round

eyes right and left with a stupid admixture of gratuitous elation and terror at nothing. The bottle hit a watering-pot in the gravel-walk and was smashed to atoms, while I got back into the room, half-furious and half-ashamed.

"The same day I spoke of the nuisance at lunch, and somebody told me that the police regulations were strongly against all nocturnal noises and I had only to write to the *commissaire*. But I could see that the fellows were amused.

"After a few days more of patience, or, I should say, impatience, I made up my mind to write to the old woman, and took out one of my cards. But I did not know her name. Then I wrote a letter which I intended throwing down at the window. Just when I was going to drop it, and knelt near the edge with my letter in my hand, I thought myself ridiculous, and when the letter went down it was in small fragments, upon which the wretched fowls pounced as if it were manna. This suggested another plan. I made up my mind that if, by All Saints' Day, the cocks had not disappeared, — for people sometimes kill a chicken or two on such an occasion, — I would buy a pennyworth of poisoned Indian corn, which would attract the cocks more surely than paper, and send fifteen francs to the old woman, by post, the next day.

"But ten minutes after resolving on this cowardly course, I met the college secretary, one of the fellows who had thought my tales of sleepless nights good fun, and, as he asked me how I was and how my cocks were, I coldly told him that his business was to rid me of the nuisance and not chaff me about it. I looked more than serious, and the secretary saw it.

"'Very well,' said he, half-humorously, 'I am to see the *commissaire* to-day; but won't you be sorry for your old woman?'

"'My old woman is not sorry for me,' I replied.

"I impatiently waited for the night, childishly expecting that my troubles would be over then. But midnight was

hailed with the usual dead-awakening fanfare, and, as it was the same the next day and the day after, I came to the conclusion that the secretary had only been joking at my expense once more.

"So, without further parley and consideration, I sat down and wrote to the *commissaire*, whom I knew a little, a forcible and rather cutting *petit bleu*. The night came, and no sound whatever broke in upon the deadly stillness. Was I rid of my persecutors? I listened the whole of the next day, and no crowing was heard. My first feeling was one of infinite relief and triumph, promptly succeeded by a vague anxiety. I had grown so used lately to listen and listen, now in anger, now in hope, that all my soul seemed to be in my ears, and the unbroken silence soon weighed upon me like remorse. The old hen was not heard any more than her wretched sons, and I missed her honest clucking. Toward six o'clock I was glad to notice the presence of the children in the yard; but soon after they raised such a piteous crying that it was heartrending, and I began to feel as guilty as I had been glad. There could be no doubt that the children were in tears over the death or disappearance of their pets. I would have given anything to undo what I had done.

"The poor children were heard sobbing for a long time. When my servant came in to settle the bedroom, he listened for a while, and told me, 'There's something queer going on outside here, sir. You should have heard the racket yesterday afternoon.'

" 'What was it?' I asked.

" 'A man,' old Pierre replied, 'an infuriated man who came into the yard suddenly, and evidently killed every fowl in it, with the most terrible oaths I ever heard. "Bandits!" he shouted, as he went to work; "brigands! murderers!" But it seemed to me those words were sometimes hurled at the fowls, and sometimes at somebody in this house.'

"This narrative set me thinking. At first I thought the man must have been a policeman, but the idea was absurd.

I soon came to the conclusion that it was the woman's son who had been apprised of my complaint, and was giving vent to his hatred against the *bourgeois* next door. The conjecture was rather a comfort. I preferred causing rage to causing distress.

"Early the next morning, there were sudden sounds, which I could not make out, in the little garden and in the long passage leading from it into the street. An irresistible impulse soon drove me to the roof, and I beheld a shocking scene. Four men, four workmen in Sunday clothes, were just lifting a coffin up before placing it on their shoulders, and a woman in a decent black dress was trying to prevent a man from laying the limp body of a dead fowl with a red comb on the shabby pall. Not a word passed between them, and the struggle was made more horrible by the ghastly grotesqueness of it, and by the absolute silence. At last the man said in an angry whisper, 'I tell you that the assassins must pay for it, shall pay for it.' And he marched behind the coffin with the bird dangling from his hand. The little procession was soon out of the passage, and I remained transfixed with horror and amazement."

"Do you mean to say," I asked, "that the poor old woman was dead, and that this was her funeral?"

"Yes, it was, and I shall not forget the scene in a hurry. I learned all the particulars at the police station where I called in the course of the day. A policeman was eating his lunch in a corner of the bleak room when I asked the *commissaire* what had happened. He heard my question, looked up, and pushed his plate away from him. The *commissaire* just nodded his way, as if he referred me to him, and the man answered me. There were sorrow in his face and voice.

" 'It's all been a very unfortunate business, sir,' said he. 'The *commissaire* had told me to tell the old woman of your complaint a week ago. But I could not find the house, hidden away as it is in that maze. When your second

letter came, I was beginning to eat my dinner as I am now; the *commissaire* spoke to me rather shortly, and I left my soup to go straight to the place with your letter in my hand. You had described the situation of the house so clearly that in less than five minutes I was in the yard, boiling over, I must say, with impatience at what I considered a — not very pressing case. I pushed the door open rather roughly, and delivered my message in a more angry tone than if I had had time to realize that there was no other tenant of the cottage than an old woman. I shall never forget her terror when she looked round and saw me. In one second she was as pale as her cap, and sat down in a chair without a word. She died in a few hours. I saw a nun die like that of mere fright, five years ago. I hope this is the last woman I kill.

" 'You see, my dear sir,' the *commissaire* said, 'she was a country-born and bred woman who had a mortal fright of Paris, and thought all the time that the police were after her son, and lived in such a state of anxiety, even in that quiet little yard, that the inspector here found a letter on the pincushion directed to her son in case of her sudden death. Poor

old thing! But of course you were quite right in sending in your complaints, quite right. The regulations are absolutely on your side. Of course — But it's useless now.'

"I saw what the *commissaire* meant. He might have put it in the words I was hearing in my inner ear all the time, and said, 'Of course, you are right, but you are what the poor people call *raide comme la justice*. You are a civilized man whose civilization taught him to speak to his neighbor through the police. You are a murderer by accident, but you are a canting hypocrite by nature. If one said good-morning to one's neighbor, one would run less risk of killing him unawares.' I shall die with that old woman's death on my conscience."

I did not know what to say, and remained silent for a long time. At last I suggested taking Chevallier over to some restaurant on the other side of the river, and he agreed. The poetry of the evening was gone when we walked out, and neither of us thought the streets very gay that night. It seemed to me as if we, and all the people we saw, were wolves in smart disguise, and all the policemen knew it, and abetted it, and despised us for it.

WOMEN IN THE YOUNG TURKS MOVEMENT

BY DEMETRA KENNETH BROWN

A NATION which the world believed to be decayed and ready for dismemberment; a nation in which the rich were ignorant, fanatical, and living only for sensual enjoyment, and the poor, downtrodden and miserable; a nation ruled by a depraved autocrat and a *backsheesh*-loving, dishonest officialdom; a nation in which the men were bloodthirsty warriors, and voluptuaries, the women mere instruments for the gratification of the baser desires of men: — such a nation has just passed through a revolution unmatched in history for restraint and orderliness.

And such a change, in such a manner, could not have occurred unless the women secluded in the harems, as well as the men outside, had grown and progressed in thought, in belief, in hopes. At the time of my last visit to Turkey, my native land, a few years ago, I could see the indications of this growth, and I heard prophecies of the coming change, although at the time I no more believed in its imminence than did the world at large.

Yet I had a high opinion of the Turks — of the men and of the women — which to most of the Americans to whom I have talked about them seemed ridiculous. I have met a few Americans who, having lived among them, knew them as I did: the men, as chivalrous and gentle; the women, as intelligent and generally contented.

"A happy people has no history," and I sometimes think that happy women have no aspirations. Happiness, like perfection in climate, takes away the desire for activity — "mere existence becomes sufficient." And Turkish women are happier than are the Greek, Italian, French, and American women I have

known. Perhaps because they do not hitch their wagon to a star. To them, to be beautiful, to be good wives and good mothers, sums up their ambitions, and they succeed in them as do the women of no other race. I have written elsewhere of them in their domestic rôle. Let me now consider those of them in whom the seed of discontent is working ravage. Some call the discontent divine: it may be — who can tell?

After several years' sojourn here in America, where gynocracy is at its zenith, it was quite an experience to visit my Constantinople friends again in their homes. It was the antithesis of all I had become accustomed to in the new world. Especially delightful was the repose these visits afforded me. Yet when I had been there a few days I became aware that there existed a change, not in the general air of the harems, but in the attitude of certain of the inmates. The manner of life was in most instances exactly as I remembered it; but there was an indefinable, underlying sense of unrest, a social feeling akin to the physical feeling which precedes the advent of an earthquake. Among the households of happy, careless women, there would be one who was silent and thoughtful, and seemed always listening to something the others were unconscious of.

Some of these silent ones spoke to me of ideals formerly unknown in the harems. Others, not speaking, yet looked at me with wide-open lustrous eyes in which was a light such as might be in the eyes of beggar women when the queen passed by. For to them I was more than a queen, I was a free woman while they were in bondage. I could come and go as I pleased, and could live the life I chose.

My privileges took on marvelous proportions, such as only the imagination can bestow.

It may sound heretical to say that the better class of Turkish women are the superiors of American women in cultivation. Well-educated and with more leisure, since they do not have to spend so much of their time as their "civilized" sisters in frivolous pursuits, they give their attention to reading and to thinking. The new movement took root in the minds of some of these thoughtful women, and, finding the soil virgin, flourished quickly. And, owing to the peculiar social conditions, they were able to render service to the movement which men were unable to, although often they had to sacrifice to it what is among a woman's dearest possessions — her reputation.

I was fortunate enough to meet the daughter of Kiamal Pasha, a woman of perhaps fifty, and, if I am not mistaken, the first woman to be initiated into the Young Turks party. Born rich, and the daughter of a powerful pasha, life might have held for her the fortunate lot of wifehood and motherhood, had she so desired. But at the age of eighteen the young *hanoum* announced to her father that she would not marry, but would study and devote herself to helping to uplift the women of her race. Her aspiration might have remained unfulfilled had she not been the daughter of one of the Turks who was even then dreaming of the regeneration of his country.

For several years Refeka Hanoum studied under different masters, and then herself became a teacher in one of the most important girls' schools in Stamboul. She did not find her desire to uplift her sex so easy of accomplishment as she had imagined it would be. In Turkey young girls are much the same thoughtless, self-centred, and immature creatures they are everywhere. Little by little, however, Refeka Hanoum's story became known, and the ever romantic mind of the young girl began to worship her.

I asked her why she had not married

and had children of her own to bring up in the new thought.

"I did not want to give my life to one set of children. I wanted to give it to all the women of my nation. Our system I believe to be wrong; but it is a gigantic undertaking to try to overthrow it. The majority of our women are happy, and you cannot reform a happy person. I studied the dispositions of my pupils, and when I found one that was of the right kind I set to work on her heart and mind. Thus in time I had quite a following, and not a little influence."

Knowing Refeka Hanoum to be an intimate friend of one of the Sultan's sisters, I asked if there was any truth in the rumor that the latter belonged to the Young Turks party.

Refeka Hanoum hesitated. Then, facing me squarely, she demanded:—

"You love Turkey, and above all Turkish women: why do you not help them?"

I laughed. "I don't believe in women's emancipation, for one thing. I prefer them as they now are in Turkey."

Unrepelled by my views on the subject, perhaps aware of my friendly feeling for her, personally, she plunged into a talk about her ideals, her hopes, and her work. And during that afternoon in her library I realized what it is to a woman to have a dream which embraces humanity. It was faith and religion to her. In her eagerness to convince me, she spoke with the utmost freedom of the plans of her party, and I was amazed at the information she intrusted to me. A little of it was enough to hang her, as I remarked.

"They don't hang people any more in Turkey," she replied.

"No, but they poison and drown them." I retorted. "They still manage to get them out of the way when they are troublesome."

She smiled at my warning, and in her smile lay her only beauty. Unlike most Turkish women, Refeka Hanoum was plain. Instead of the smooth skin and delightful complexion I always associate with the women of her nation, her face

was covered with innumerable lines, traced less by time than by thought and aspiration. Yet she was not ugly. A light burned in her eyes that often made her better to look upon than many a superb specimen of Oriental beauty.

She was the friend of men high in the government of the state; for, although Turkish women seldom see men who are not their relatives, Refeka Hanoum received many of them in her own home. Once the Porte forbade her receiving men as she did. The ever suspicious government was afraid of such a *colerie* as was gathered around her.

In telling me her life as frankly as she did, and in inviting me to spend the afternoon with her, I have an idea she had strong hopes of enlisting me in the Young Turks' cause. Her house was in Scutari, where the glorious scenery of the Bosphorus stretched out in front of us. It was a lovely September day, and Refeka Hanoum in her loose yellow gown sat cross-legged by the window, through the lattices of which we looked out. As she talked, her tone was not that of a person in conversation with another. She spoke with the level cadence, and rather monotonous effect, of a person reading. Thus in Turkey do we learn to converse on important topics; for reading aloud is a favorite pastime there, and if a spy should chance to be near, he would be less likely to pay attention to what was said if he were led to believe it only reading from a book.

"We were once a great nation," Refeka Hanoum said, "and shall yet be a great nation. The sun never sets except to rise again. But the women must do their share in the struggle."

"Do you find that you can trust them?" I asked.

Refeka Hanoum looked at me with severe disapproval. "You do not like women?"

"I do not like them where they do not belong," I answered.

"But they belong wherever they can help, and they are capable of tremendous

sacrifices for a cause in which they once embark."

"Refeka Hanoum, you have said that your women are happy. Why do you wish to upset them? What have you to give them in exchange for their present contentment? You do not know how refreshing it is to come to Turkey and find them as they are now."

"Thank Allah Turkey does not exist for your selfish pleasure. A happiness which does not elevate ought not to be."

I gave up trying to argue her out of her beliefs, and inquired, "Have you really made any progress, and will the Young Turks party actually do anything beyond dreaming great things?"

With impressive faith she replied, "You will live to see what they can do, and you will not be so very old, either."

"Tell me something the women have done."

She clasped her capable hands together and looked searchingly at me from beneath her eyebrows without replying immediately.

"I am not a spy," I assured her.

She smiled in answer. "I know that very well. Before I invited you here I knew all about you. A great many of us know about you. But you are very selfish. You freed yourself from the tyranny of your country's prejudices, and now you refuse to help others."

"Because I found out that what I had clamored for was not worth while."

"Then help others to find that out, too. The best safeguard for human character is to let it know the truth. Help us to become free to act as we may choose — as we think best."

"I don't believe that women are capable of deciding for themselves."

"There are men who cannot choose wisely, but you would not deprive all men of the liberty of choice. But in asking your help I am asking it for the regeneration of the whole country, not for women's privileges especially — although you must know that in every great country women

are considered the equals of men. In ours alone they are not."

"Please don't discuss women with me," I said. "I am afraid I am hopeless. Tell me something of your work, of what *you* have accomplished; for at least I appreciate what a privilege it is to know a woman like yourself."

"But you would not help make women like me."

"They are not made by human effort: they are born by divine right."

She resigned herself to the impossibility of converting me by direct argument, and proceeded to tell me of the work, in the even, colorless voice I have already mentioned. From her tone one would not have guessed that she spoke of anything in which she took a great interest.

The Young Turks party, having made way with Sultan Aziz, and having deposed Sultan Murad, brought to the throne Sultan Abdul Hamid, believing him to be favorable to reform — as at first he was. He accepted the Constitution, but never gave it a chance to live; and from a liberal ruler changed into a wicked autocrat, apparently conceiving his power to be based on the ignorance and superstition of his subjects.

Sultan Abdul Hamid was neither old and feeble, as had been Sultan Aziz, nor weak-minded, like his brother Murad. He was a man of great intelligence and tremendous will-power. It was no easy matter to depose him and place another man on his throne. Besides, he was a wonderful statesman — if he could only be made a good ruler.

The men who formed the Young Turks party were men of vast experience and great political knowledge. They knew that, in order to force the Sultan to give back the Constitution, and to permit progress and freedom of thought, he must be absolutely cornered and see no other way of retaining his own position. For this it was necessary to enlist in their cause the heads of all the departments, and to gain the adherence of the army. Time and money were necessary: they could give

both, and what they have accomplished since 1878 we have seen a few weeks ago.

Their work was done under the greatest difficulty. The Sultan is the son of an Armenian slave, and he inherited from his mother the most characteristic Armenian trait — cowardice; and being a coward he suspects everybody. The Young Turks soon learned that much of their propaganda could better be carried on by women than by men. Thus it was that Refeka Hanoum was approached: she was a dreamer of women's emancipation, they were dreamers of their country's regeneration. The pact between them was this: she was to prepare women to help on the great cause, and they, when the cause should be won, were to help her to ameliorate the lot of women in the new-born country. This bargain came easier to them since many of them lived abroad and had thus become imbued with modern ideas about women.

"And they did well to get us to help them," Refeka Hanoum exclaimed, her eyes flashing, and her voice losing its sing-song quality, "for only then can a nation be really great — when the women are raised to a level with the men. So long as women consider men their lords and masters, — so long as they believe that happiness only comes through serving them, — so long as women accept the love of men as an honor bestowed by a superior on an inferior, — so long will a nation remain degraded, no matter how happy its inhabitants may be."

With growing vehemence, my friend continued, "Woman is man's equal, although each has his sphere. If the man fights for his country, the woman cares for the sick and the wounded. Each has his work, and neither must be over-rated. I want our women to feel that, if it is an honor to receive man's love, it is also an honor to bestow her love on him. Only when the woman shall meet man on the same level will Allah bless the world."

She stopped and regarded me somewhat whimsically after her warmth.

"You do not care for this part of my

talk, do you? You would rather hear of deeds than listen to my theories. Very well! You asked if it was true that one of the Sultan's sisters was of our party. She is. She was my pupil for several years and is a person who loves to study and to think. I knew that she hated her brother, whom she always calls 'the usurper.' She does not believe that her other brother, Murad, has ever been insane. When she first joined us it was solely out of hate for Abdul Hamid, but now it is different. Now she realizes what our success would mean to the country, and she belongs to us because our cause has become the dream of her life. She has forgotten that she is the Sultan's sister, and remembers only that she is an Osmanli woman and a patriot.

"After gaining her, we began to have more adherents in the Patissah's very harem. We have been able to outwit him and his suspicions. He only smiles when he hears that a man of his *entourage* spends the night in a woman's boudoir, where the consorting together of men would put him at once on his guard. And our women have need of all their intelligence in their proselyting. It is no simple task to probe a man's political leanings, when he knows he is surrounded by spies and may lose his life by an incautious word. Before our women are ready to begin work they are taught political economy, the natural resources of our country, the history of other nations as well as of our own, and what it would mean to have a constitution and a free press.

"Besides their good heads, they have big hearts. They throw themselves into the work with fervor. The world at large thinks Turkish women contented to be what they are; but at least a part of them have begun to want to be elevated from a mere pleasure-doll to the rank of companion. They have been given to understand, however, that they must move without haste and without noise, and that the emancipation of women will not at once follow the regeneration of the country. They understand that they may not

be striving for themselves, but only for those who are to follow them. And here is where women are superior to men: when they espouse a cause they will labor for it unselfishly — not for their personal gain, as men do."

I could not help laughing, as I interrupted: "Refeka Hanoum, you have one thing in common with all women's rights women. While you are urging me to help you to make woman the equal of man, you convince me that what we both ought to be doing is to strive to elevate poor men to the superior plane of women."

Refeka Hanoum laughed too. "There's something in that," she admitted. "But what I said is true nevertheless. When women rise, it is to heights untouched by men. And that is another reason why woman should be uplifted: because she alone can help man to reach perfection."

This thought is by no means original with Refeka Hanoum. It is held by the majority of the thinkers among the Osmanli women, though they may not be in favor of "women's rights." I know one, the first of four wives, and a fervent believer in the old régime, who told me that it is the woman's forbearance, her sweetness and forgiving disposition, which will ultimately help to make men one with their God. It is rather a prevailing thought among them that to them is entrusted the uplifting of the human race.

"There is in the palace a Circassian of extraordinary beauty," Refeka Hanoum continued, "whose charm is so great that every one feels it. She has the reputation of a Borgia, although I know that there is not a woman living purer than she. She had to sacrifice her reputation to the cause, and if we had saints in our religion she would be canonized after her death. All the difficult tasks inside the palace are entrusted to her, and thus she is supposed to change lovers as the year changes months. If we had chosen a woman less charming, the usurper might have become suspicious; but a woman with her beauty can easily be

supposed to entrap men; and thus he only smiles when he hears that another has fallen a victim to her charms. Perhaps some day he will find out the truth. Then, if he still has the power, she will die suddenly. But what of that? She has given her reputation — she can easily give her life."

"But since she is so beautiful and wonderful, why does she not try to convert the Sultan? Then the rest would be easy."

"You think we have not tried? But the Sultan dreads the power of women. That is why he has the smallest harem of any sultan, and why he passes so little time in it. No woman has ever had any friendship with him. Even his first wife seldom sees him; and, as for favorites, he has none. He is the worst tyrant in the world, because there is no softness for women in his heart."

"How do you manage to send women into the different harems to carry on your work?" I asked.

"We sell them as slaves. When their work is done, we buy them back again. Sometimes these slaves are the wives and daughters of rich and powerful men, who are no longer in their youth. I will give

you an instance. There was one of the heads of the army who seemed unapproachable. He considered the Sultan sacred. We wanted him to learn that the good of the country was above that of the ruler. One of our clever women was sold into his harem. She studied all the inmates and reported that he worshiped his youngest daughter. It took us a year to win her; two years more to fit her for our work; and not until five years had passed had she won her father to our cause.

"This is the work women have done for the Young Turks. When they shall be strong enough to act, Turkey will astonish the world. I do not say that the emancipation of women will immediately follow. We can wait. It is better to take time. But come back to see us again. If you find our women going about without being veiled, it will be because our men have learned that we can be trusted; and if you find us looking out of the window without lattices, it will be because men have learned that we can look upon the world unharmed. And women will have all these privileges because they have worked side by side with men and have proved to be their equals."

SORTING THE SEEDS

A SURVEY OF RECENT FICTION

WHEN Psyche was commanded by a cruel taskmistress to separate all kinds of seeds, — wheat, barley, millet, beans, and lentils, — and was told that all of the same kind were to be put in a parcel by themselves, it is recorded that she sat stupid and silent, until a kindly god sent ants to take compassion on her. To be young and bewildered is but natural, and Psyche was only sharing the common lot; but to be in possession of the years that should mean wisdom and discernment, and yet to feel bewildered, in the presence of the piled-up novels of the last six months, with the task of discovering the trend of things, is harder fate, and no friendly ants are forthcoming to help in the matter of classification.

It is difficult to discover, in form or in matter, decided tendencies in this recent fiction. There is no assured new style, but a free use, and often a mixture, of various shades of manner of earlier days, while themes range all the way from those wherein the novel made its début down to the most recent philanthropic plea. Psychological analyses of character abound, as usual; the tendency to discuss social problems is always with us nowadays, — so far, but little further, one may play the part of discerning ant. For the rest, one wonders whether the impulse to write concerning patent medicines is to be as lasting and as irresistible as is the impulse to glorify the motor car in fiction.

With *Araminta*¹ one steps into "The Artificial Comedy of the Last Century." It brings a sense of momentary relief, if also a sense of loss, to leave the world where the modern novelist is pondering heavily on many things, — as Mr. Snaith

himself does at times, — and to enter a world innocent of thought, destitute of problems. It would be impossible to imagine a type of fiction lighter than *Araminta*; undoubtedly amusing, it arouses now a shout of laughter, and again a quiet chuckle. Here we have, in prose narrative, the comedy of manners, with its juxtaposition of contrasting types, and its constant effort, in situation and in grouping, to bring out shades of social difference. The wicked old lady; her worldly-wise friend, Lord Cheriton; the sentimental companion; the awe-inspiring butler; and, above all, the rustic maiden who goes up to London and takes the town by storm, — we have met them all, in type at least, in comedy, and in novel. Mr. Snaith manages this well-known art with practiced skill, and there is freshness in his character-presentation. To make the descendant of Harriet Byron and of Evelina six feet tall, and to draw attention constantly from her sensibility to her appetite, shows daring that none has equaled; to make her at the same time charming is a triumph. *Araminta* with her flapping hat, her pet ferret, Tobias, her lack of mind, her engaging frankness, is a refreshing young person to encounter.

The book reminds one of Thackeray, the announcements say. Alas, most novels of society remind one of Thackeray by way of contrast! This, in the figure of the worldly old lady and her cherished counsellor, comes nearer than is usually the case; and the repartee between the two shows Mr. Snaith's jibing audacities of thought at their best; but the resemblance to Thackeray is not deep. The remarks of Thackeray's ancient, wicked folk are always a play and

¹ *Araminta*. By J. C. SNAITH. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

sparkle of light on the surface of a deep and sympathetic study of human life; here these critical comments represent the profoundest element in the book, and give us the impression of two smart old people discussing the farce as it goes on.

One sees often upon the stage a play that would be better in story form; here we have the reverse, and the story, in its situations and in its character-treatment, continually begs for a stage. The humor is, for the most part, stage humor; the incidents, the funny sayings, are, many of them, of the kind repeated in farce-comedy to extract the ultimate shout from the gallery. There is at times, if the expression may be permitted, something labored about Mr. Snaith's spontaneity. Engaging as the heroine is, her properties are overdone; the cream bun appears all too often, the epithet "goose" becomes unnecessary, and huge Araminta, bouncing into the centre of the stage again and again, at last comes to seem a kind of puppet, worked by an all-too-apparent cord. Mr. Snaith here, as in *Lady Barbarity*, does not always know when he has given us enough, and his undoubted skill in working out a humorous situation would have shown to far better advantage if Araminta's adventures had been half as long.

Another comedy type, not so well executed, appears in *The Post Girl*,¹ the work of a new author. Here we encounter, not emphasis on accent, clothes, manners, and laughter at incongruities, but the good old-fashioned adventures, and the good old-fashioned emotions of the romantic stage, not without the use of machinery, as ancient as Greek romance itself, in the disguised maiden of gentle birth, growing up among peasant-folk. As is always expected, her finer instincts show in her untutored years, and win her the love of a man of her own rank. Chloe in this case carries the mail; Daphnis is an unspeakably gifted musician. Of course one partaking more or less of the

nature of a villain interposes between them; the white face, black coat, and convulsive passions of the village school-master work what havoc they may; but not schoolmasters, nor raging tides, nor earlier engagements on the part of the hero, can keep asunder those whom the public insist on seeing united.

A quaintness of characterization in depicting Yorkshire peasant-folk, and the engaging priest, Father Mostyn, who shepherds his flock with many a mental crook of real philosophy; a power of dealing picturesquely with Yorkshire country, a freshness and zest in telling the old story again as it came to a girl of unspoiled charm and winsomeness, make the book an agreeable pastime for tired hours. The style, vigorous and spirited, is at times too intentionally vivacious, and it lends an air of over-great coquettishness to the young muse of Mr. Booth, busy in sketching backgrounds, or soliloquizing for the heroine, or working out the important dramatic scene, as the case may be. All the way through, the afore-said muse is a bit loquacious, and too much inclined to strain word or phrase in modern fashion to produce more vivid effect. If she would but use fewer words, and at times be more fastidious in her choice, her distinction would be greater, as in the description of the heroine, where we encounter: "The dispassionate, narrow nose, sprinkled about its bridge . . . with a pepper-castor helping of freckled candor; . . . the quick throbbing throat, and the burning lobes of red, like live cinders in her hair!"

Nobility of theme, delicacy, and reserve in art are seen in *Katrine*,² whose careful finish in plot, characterization, and setting bespeaks long hours of work. Yet, to those who delighted in *Nancy Stair*, *Katrine* brings a sense of loss, for the fire and spirit of the earlier book are not here; and *Katrine*, less individual in type than *Nancy*, never for a moment wears her convincing air of being alive. The wo-

¹ *The Post Girl*. By EDWARD C. BOOTH. New York: Harper and Bros.

² *Katrine*. By ELINOR MACARTNEY LANE. New York: The Century Company.

man intended here is of higher type than Nancy, but she fails in reaching the verisimilitude of the latter, and nowhere do her struggle and her choice touch us with their pathos so deeply that we forget the humor of *Nancy Stair*. The plot, with its combination of unconfessed marriage difficulties, and missing bills of divorce, with the renouncement on the part of a woman of genius of all for love, has no new elements, nor does it combine the old in any guise of unusual interest. Valuable as *Katrine* is as a revelation of something fine and exquisite in the author's nature, it will hardly rank as achievement with *Nancy Stair*, wherein a lighter type of fiction with historical setting was done perhaps as well as it can be done.

Those who in early days yearned for fuller accounts of the female ogre of the fairy story, and never had enough of Sally Brass or of Mrs. Pipchin, will experience unusual pleasure in reading that book of absurd title, *Corrie Who?*¹ Four hundred and eighty-three solid pages of ogress seem more than an answer to the prayers of childhood; the "loose-jowled, dark and solemn" face, with "dull eyes, peering between thick and heavy lids," the "flabby lips that part with a gleam of teeth," make the reader share the "creepy, crawly feelings up and down Corrie's spine;" and it is enchanting to encounter a lady who "grunts thickly, smacking her lips and chuckling softly and grinning to herself," and whose cane continually thwacks the floor, "thump, thump along the hallways, the ivory hook reaching out unexpectedly and seizing like a claw." For all this, with the proper accompaniments, — imprisoned beautiful maiden of gentle birth, gallant hero, and the like, — to be set in modern New York, well within sight of glaring lights, and within hearing of electric cars and motors, gives the added pleasure of having the princess and monster brought up to date, with all modern improvements.

¹ *Corrie Who?* By MAXIMILIAN FOSTER. Small, Maynard & Co.

The book is amazingly clever of its kind, with that rapid-speeding action that for some reason seems to have come into fiction along with the motor car, constant if somewhat repeated and overprolonged incident, and with its unusual power of grotesque portraiture. One cannot claim that it rouses the finest kind of æsthetic pleasure, but there are moments, when, even in Boston, the finest kind of æsthetic pleasure palls, and to fill these, probably nothing more entertaining could be found than *Corrie Who?*

*The Three Brothers*² belongs to a well-defined type of fiction, and one distinctly modern. The background of Devon coast and moorland is constantly kept before you, in its beauty of color and its freedom of wide spaces open to the sky, with so deep a sense of the association of human beings with the life of rain and sun and wind, that you almost expect to see the characters in the book putting down roots, or spreading suddenly into gracious green foliage. If one might say that this belongs to the Vegetable School of fiction it would be with wholly pleasant meaning, and it is with genuine sense of relief that one escapes to these wide stretches of heather and of gorse, from tales full of psychological subtleties which are not so subtle after all, and from American novels where a thin layer of culture, record of correct demeanor on the part of all the characters, and constant automobile-suggestion bespeak our demand that we be recognized as people of importance and of wealth. There are no subtleties in *The Three Brothers*, nor is there any affectation of smartness of our modern world. It is a kindly picture of life in its physical aspects, and in certain ethical aspects as well, done with a large stroke, by means of a generous brush which is not sparing of color.

The novel has more plot than is apparent, or than the author at first seems willing to admit, though in a way it reminds one of something which is said concern-

² *The Three Brothers*. By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. The Macmillan Co.

ing the Chinese drama, that its basic idea of unity is the family, all incidents connected with any member of it being considered germane to the subject. Somewhat overgrown by vegetation, somewhat obscured by rustic discussions of matters profound and otherwise, and by the account of picturesque old customs, such as the Saint George play, lies the tale of Humphrey Baskerville, an elderly misanthrope, who is won by tragic suffering, partly the result of his own blunder, to insight into the real meaning of things. By uttering cruel truths to his son's betrothed, he helps break the engagement between them, and the son commits suicide. Grief nourishes in the heart of the cynic seeds of mercy which had never sprouted, and the way in which he atones for the sins of his brother Nathan, whose secret marriage and whose speculations constitute the mystery of the plot, and for the human shortcomings of the other brother, make up a story of genuine, if not absorbing interest. The gnarled and crabbed character of Uncle Humphrey, with his rustic keenness, his sense of the deep realities of life, and the grim, if mistaken heroism which makes him dare to end, a few hours earlier than nature would have done, his brother Vivian's suffering in his last illness, is very real, and the touch of human sweetness which comes to him at last reminds one of the spring-time blossoming of an aged apple tree.

The Vegetable School, — surely the name fits the way in which the characters are done, the very fashion in which the people are introduced reminding one of the differentiation of species in a nursery-man's catalogue. The first phrase that meets the eye upon the casual opening of such a catalogue to verify this remark proves an all-too-appropriate statement of the case. "Hardy Herbaceous Perennials Continued," leaves little to be said, if a mere pun may suggest the name of this author's master in the art of fiction. Mr. Phillpotts, while presenting life, as Hardy does, primarily in its physical aspects, has not the older author's

skill, nor his knowledge of human passion. Beyond certain simple limits of observation, most of the personages in *The Three Brothers* are not characterized. You get, indeed, an idea of certain types whose counterparts you might meet any day in the next meadow or on the nearest roadside, and you see no reason why these should not go on flourishing as long as the soil of Devonshire remains fertile. One could wish for Mr. Phillpotts a keener humor and a deeper insight into ironic contradictions of life, which rustic folk themselves usually possess in greater degree than do any of the people who are writing about them.

*Tono-Bungay*¹ is Mr. H. G. Wells's first venture into fiction out of the realm of fantastic adventure. Following the fortunes of a youth from childhood to mature years, he presents a serious study of the growth of a soul, trying to develop in a world where the old order is changing, and nothing solid has, so far, appeared in the new. From the beginning of a hard struggle for existence, full of intellectual and spiritual endeavor, George Ponderero is suddenly carried into business competition, and shares the success of an uncle who makes a fortune out of a patent medicine, presenting the familiar spectacle of the idealist inextricably involved in the system which he despises but finds necessary. Among the various adventures and misadventures of the hero's lot, marriage proves not the least of his misfortunes, and love brings more loss than gain. Though the best that is offered him in the matter of thought and belief has to do with undirigible balloons and worthless remedies, which he sells without believing in them, he preserves a certain fineness, whether he is victim or deceiver, and we leave him at the end of the story with a sense that actual inner attainment has been won in spite of all obstacles.

It is impossible to conceive an art larger, more loose in ideas of structure, than that shown in this prose epic, *Tono-*

¹ *Tono-Bungay*. By H. G. WELLS. New York: Duffield & Co.

Bungay. Swinging, as it does, in point of view, between huge deeds of physical adventure and psychological processes, it admits, not only everything that could happen to the hero, but also everything that the author could think about him. This picaresque novel of the soul is done with a De Morgan freedom, if not quite with a De Morgan length. The announcements say that Mr. Wells has been writing the book at intervals during the past years, and, in a way, it suggests those desk-drawers where treasures of thought accumulate in scraps as time goes on. All the garnered bits of wisdom of the years of mental adventure, brought back in his kit from strange flights of fancy on wings or otherwise, Mr. Wells embodies here. This species of novel seems, in certain ways, less an art than an industry.

Puck, turned philosopher, has, as might be expected, many wise things to say. The spectacle of Mr. Wells pursuing British respectabilities and British and American disrespectabilities with ironic laughter recalls more than once the merry wanderer of the night who asserted his programme of reform in: "I will lead them up and down!" In comment, in character-study, and in incident, we find many shrewd turns of thought, and sudden gleams of insight. The most vivid character in the book is Uncle George, with his questionable business methods, his mysticism, his applied poetry, his power of convincing even himself by his lying advertisements. His plea for the working of faith, suggesting in satiric fashion the comic side of the quack spirituality astray in the materialism of our age, is delightful.

"We mint faith, George," said my uncle one day. "That's what we do. And by Jove, we've got to keep on minting! We've been making human confidence ever since I drove the first cork of Tono-Bungay!"

The aunt, whose mood of ironic detachment does not seem to belong to her class, if one may make an essentially English remark, is always amusing with

her attractions, her repulsions, her study of life "with the little quizzical wrinkle of the brow." One cannot help feeling that a mind so acute deserved a better vocabulary, and wishing that some of the subtleties of American slang could be substituted for the dull British equivalent.

The style of *Tono-Bungay* is more or less journalistic, and sometimes a bit slipshod, like Uncle George's mouth. The trail of the story of startling adventures is over this, which aims at something higher. Perhaps one should not be surprised if, in the matter of gait, Puck fails to have a stride all his own; if he sobers at times to Mr. De Morgan's pace; if his nimble, impish footing in circles about Uncle George suggests Meredith's dance of intellectual delight around Richmond Roy; if sometimes, as in the story of the unhappy married life, the measured tread reminds one of Miss May Sinclair's relentless little step.

In spite of a lack of distinction in manner, *Tono-Bungay* the book is wholesome, whatever the tonic may have been; and it is, as one might expect of Puck, a good philosophy, which is worked out through the hit-or-miss happenings of the story; a belief, surviving even the crash of aeroplanes, of gigantic business enterprises, of social distinctions, even faith in the beloved; surviving even base success,—a belief in the worth of the chase. A philosophy of the zest of long pursuit, characteristic alike of Hegel and of Puck, is deliberately voiced:—

"All my life has been at bottom, seeking, disbelieving always, dissatisfied always, with the thing seen and the thing believed."

"We are all things that make and pass, striving upon a hidden mission out to the open sea."

Of far finer art and deeper, if less consoling thought, is Mr. John Galsworthy's *Fraternity*.¹ Here we are introduced to a number of people grouped about the Human Predicament, as in the old-fashioned

¹ *Fraternity*. By JOHN GALSWORTHY. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

British story and picture they used to be grouped about the social tea-table; there is grave difference between the smiling faces at the latter, and the grim questioning of the faces here. The book at first seems to be merely a study of the relation of class to class, but further reading discloses a profound irony. The author of *The Country House* possesses too deep insight to belong among those thinkers who trace all human tragedy to social conditions. In *Fraternity*, the inability to reach a compassionate hand from so-called upper to so-called lower class without doing more harm than good, is but one phase of the tragic isolation of the individual soul. It is hard to recall anywhere else a more poignant expression of the loneliness at the heart of the closest relationships of life; you do not feel the full sting of the title until you reach the end and find each character, high and low alike, withdrawn into himself in utter isolation, facing his problem alone, and greatly the loser, not the gainer, because of his contact with humankind.

Fraternity has a compact, closely worked-out plot, wherein the artist's power of concentration is shown in the presentation of the central situation, and the artist's sense of economy in the choice and the relation of incidents. Greater skill appears here than in some of Mr. Galsworthy's earlier work in introducing his characters and sketching preceding events. Carefully planned incidents lead from the opening to the final dilemma of the book, with, for the most part, true causal relationship worthy of dramatic art, and with little of the unessential. One might quarrel now and then perhaps with the retarded movement, for at times a tendency to finish and elaborate separate scenes interferes with the progress of the action, and gives the effect of stationary study of conditions rather than of story. The intrusion of the little model into the artistic home of Hilary Dallison and Bianca his wife, who are already beginning to travel apart; Hilary's philanthropic desire to help the friendless girl,

which gets tangled in wholly human fashion with the little that is left in him of elemental manhood, and so brings about the tragi-comedy of the tale, — all this is presented in crisp and logical incident, on to the catastrophe, which is all the more dismaying because nothing very dreadful happens.

The character-study is full of thoughtful analysis, and the carefully varied types in *Fraternity* are skillfully grouped in a way to bring out fine shades of likeness and of difference. In a world where men and women have lost their way among their finer instincts and ideals, two characters serve as foils, bringing out admirably the exact degree of unreality in each thinker and dreamer, — the little model, with the appealing touch of common life about her; and Martin, the severe young socialist, who preaches a drastic gospel of action. For the rest, we have a study of Hamlet and his family, — his next of kin, not his relatives by marriage, — though Hilary Dallison is perhaps characterized more by uncertainty of mood than by uncertainty of thought, and has not the excuse of the royal Dane of possessing a mind too large for immediate decisions. In depicting him, his brother, a bit like yet more unlike him, and Bianca, "never willing to yield either to her spirit or her senses," Mr. Galsworthy shows keen insight, though there is nowhere quite so fine and so sympathetic rendering of human experience as in the portrait of Mrs. Pendyce in *The Country House*. About this group of people drifts the ironic figure of Mr. Stone, the aged, futile prophet of universal brotherhood, whose sayings sometimes envelop the atmosphere as in a fog, sometimes startle one into a region beyond the reach of mere thought.

Fraternity is finely wrought in thought and in art, and one is always aware of a certain finish in the style, in descriptive touch, in plot, in character-study, yet it is in certain ways an overthoughtful, self-conscious art. The people here are dressed too much in costume for any-

thing except the stage, and too much of tableau-effect comes in their presentation, the curtain rising again and again on groups varied a bit in attitude, without change of expression. All through the book — and this is surprising in the work of a master of stinging realism, whose acute thought is ably seconded by a power of vivid concrete presentation — there is too great an effort to enforce psychological processes by external effects. Mr. Stone's smoke-gray suit appears too often; and the little moonlight-colored dog, trained to act as symbol throughout the story, to suggest, by its over-refined instincts, its wavering, appealing paw, the character of its master, becomes a bit too insistent, as did the spaniel John in an earlier story. It has been whispered that women sometimes own dogs to match their hair or gowns, but not as yet that men own them to match their souls. When the realist borrows the symbol from the symbolist he is prone to overuse it, to demonstrate, prove with it, and thus deprive it of its only real power, that of suggesting. Here, too, one might protest the too-obviously allegorical names. Mrs. Tallents Makepeace; Dallison, the modern Hamlet; Thyme, his daughter; Creed, the ex-butler, who stands for ancient respectabilities; Worsted Skeynes, in *The Country House*, — these devices seem crude and unworthy of the author's real skill. Comparing this latest book with some of his earlier work, one is tempted to ask whether Mr. Galsworthy is nearing the danger line where realism, through a too shrewd selection of details all of one kind, fades into allegory, convincing perhaps as abstract idea, but never as art, because one feels that the many-sided facts have not been fairly used, and that endeavor to prove a certain point has led to one-sided selection, with consequent loss of fairness.

Mr. Galsworthy has undoubted power, and is an author to be reckoned with. His sympathy with human suffering and animal suffering is deep and poignant; his irony is keen and pungent. One cannot help hoping that the thought which

cuts so far into human experience may in time cut farther still, with discovery of still more vital truth. In *Fraternity* we miss the larger view, the changing mood, the wholeness of presentation of life, with its encouragements, its fluctuations, its despairs of earlier writers. It commits the blunder, the essentially modern blunder, of seeing all of human life in one mood, relentlessly narrowing all to a single sad conception. It is significant that no moment of happiness is recorded for any character in this story of dull suffering, nor any moment of pain deep enough to tell the worth of it all.

It is perhaps hardly fair to keep on reading Meredith while looking over the fiction of the last six months, but doing so gives one food for thought. Are we past the days when the artist was permitted to hold the mirror up to nature, selecting, but selecting from the manifold, and presenting in his work a rounded view? It would seem that the artist who commits himself to dramatic form is in honor bound to give something of the complexity, the lights and shades that inevitably accompany the course of real events. To look at the great pageant and choose only the facts that are of one color is hardly fair, and the old fashion of confining the expression of single moments of feeling or of thought to the brief form of the lyric or of the short essay is one that we could wish were not outgrown.

For the rest, as one turns over the novels of the last six months, one cannot fail to notice, as perhaps the most decided trend of all, the way in which major and minor writers dwell on the purely physical aspects of human passion. This makes up the warp and woof of *David Bran*; surprises one with a sense of sudden shock, unconnected with all that has gone before, in *Thyrza*; is never absent from the author's consciousness in *Arminel of the West*; and it is only this side of human love which appears in *Fraternity*.

It seems as if our novelists of recent years must feel that no novel can justify

its existence, or can succeed, without this element, and so introduce it by force, if necessary, whether or not it is an integral part of the theme, often regardless of dramatic values. Fashions set in France are, perhaps, followed too blindly by English-speaking folk, whether they have to do with the canons of art or with the cut of sleeves; and there is often a lack of intelligence, or of skill, in the way in which this special French mode is copied. In French fiction the outspoken treatment of this side of human experience means, usually, steady adherence to a single point of view, with study of causes and effects; and something of perspective, of remoteness, is gained by the fact that the material wins to art form. While we are gaining in the matter of being outspoken, we are hardly making corresponding advance in art, and our English treatment of these subjects too often resolves itself into a bald record of apparently meaningless facts, or with too protracted lingering over moments of sense-experience. It is perhaps doubtful wisdom to single out one human impulse, and dwell on it too exclusively; in earlier novels, even in Fielding, we find it offset to some extent by mental processes, and by free exercise of brawn and muscle.

It used to be admitted that a man might possess soul and body too; in modern work — these are days of specialization — he usually has to choose, and too often he chooses the latter. It is a curious fact, evident as one recalls the fiction of recent years, that there is a tendency to treat the things of the mind, so far as they are treated at all, by themselves, the things of sense by themselves, with consequent lack of grasp of both. May we not hope that, in time, the author's mind, and not his senses, may predominate in his discussions of these matters, and that the present too-frequent suggestions of decadence may disappear from our fiction? One thinks wistfully of *Richard Feverel*, wishing that something of the nobility of treatment here could creep into the more modern presentations of

sex-problems, and that we might once more have genuine study of development, setting forth a large and vital philosophy of life. Would it be too much to ask of some of our writers of to-day, that they leave out discussion of these matters until they can handle them better?

In attempting to suggest the danger, both to art and to ethics, of condoning too far the tendency to linger overlong in regions of mere sense, one might instance *David Bran*,¹ whose plea seems a bit obscure so long as our social standard remains monogamous. The huge figure of the hero, swaying between the woman of the home and the woman of the headlands, remains, as to significance, something of a puzzle. Purporting to be a study of fisher-folk on the English coast, the tale narrows to a long-drawn-out dwelling on the physical aspects of passion, scenery and characters serving as a thin veil or disguise. David does little fishing, and his heroic strength is more a thing of statement than of proof. One feels throughout the book a lack of sincerity, and of direct observation, and the impression is strengthened by a false pseudo-poetic quality in the diction. It has commonly been supposed that the years of experience in novel-writing have brought clearer and clearer study of life, and keener sense of artistic truth. In the late sixteenth century, when Lodge wrote his *Rosalynde*, he made the shepherdess Phoebe speak thus: "Love, sir, is chary in his laws, and whatsoever he sets down for justice, the sentence cannot be reversed. . . . I know Montanus is wise, and women's ears are greatly delighted with wit, as hardly escaping the charm of a pleasant tongue as Ulysses the melody of the sirens. . . . Montanus is wealthy . . . Danaë was won with a golden shower when she could not be gotten with all the entreaties of Jupiter." We smile at the fantastic folly of the speech, in our modern knowledge that the phrase must be fitted to the person; yet are the following

¹ *David Bran*. By MORLEY ROBERTS. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

remarks of David Bran nearer than Phoebe's to the actual speech and thought of peasant folk?

" 'I've given up Lou,' he said. 'I've given her up!' The tears ran down his face as he spoke. . . .

" 'No, by God, I have n't, and I never will! She's been mine these many years, and if she'd had a child doubtless she would have married me. . . .

" 'She's my dear, the first I ever loved, and though Kate's got me, she can't put Lou aside. Kate's sweet — oh, so sweet, there's none like her. 'T is a maid out of the sea, out o' the moon, and her hair's all gold, and her eyes are blue and make me mad; but the brown arms of Lou are always about my neck, and she's the sweetest voice, and I've never heard Kate say things to make me dream. Kate will give me children, and I'll love her dear, and fight for her and the unborn ones, but I'll never give up Lou.' "

Oh, for one moment of the pen or the tongue of Dr. Samuel Johnson to express one's sense of both the import and the manner of this!

Turning to Miss Alice Brown's *Thyrza*, from that delightful comedy, touched with melodrama, *Rose MacLeod*, wherein deft characterization, abundant humor, and sound philosophy more than atoned for too sudden movements in the machinery of the plot, — turning to *Thyrza*, one pauses in disappointment. The book has a great theme, but a great theme alone does not make a great novel, and this is presented in so fragmentary a fashion that it fails to convince. The intellectual old lady whose wickedness constitutes the chief charm of *Rose MacLeod*, was brilliantly and consistently portrayed, and was decidedly original; the intellectual young girl, *Thyrza*, is a studied and inconsistent sketch of a type often done before and better done, whether we think of her as Jane Eyre or Maggie Tulliver or Rebecca. The dark-haired child with elf-locks and an imagination, set off

¹ *Thyrza*. By ALICE BROWN. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1909.

against her placid, smooth-faced blond sister or friend, needs something fresh and original in her rendering if she is to continue to appeal, and the new elements added by Miss Brown only detract from the spell that she has long exercised.

There is an essential incongruity in the way in which tragedy comes to her; it might indeed have come, but never in that guise. Miss Brown's heroine at this crucial moment is dropped many degrees lower in the scale of being than she has been up to this point; a girl of her instincts, and one, moreover, educated in that finest of all schools for girls, friendship with a high-minded man, would have been incapable of the step she took. Surely *Thyrza's* fate could have come to her only through her deepest affections; to have it come through mere momentary intrigue is revolting; it breaks the chain of *Thyrza's* development, and interferes with the dramatic causality of the tale. Lacking consistency and continuity, this study of a woman's development fails to satisfy. Miss Brown is more successful in setting forth intellectual dilemmas than emotional, and the theme of *Thyrza* demands a deeper knowledge of human passion than is shown here.

In different fashion the prevailing tendency mars the art of another recent novel, *Arminel of the West*.² Not interrupting in isolated incident, but subtle, pervading and tainting the whole, it perceptibly lessens the real charm of the tale. Cross-currents of love and of family pride in the attachment of Brian Challacome, of an ancient Devon family, to a moorsman's daughter make up an appealing story wherein you follow with rather unusual interest the fashion in which obstacles are piled high in the path of true love. The aforesaid obstacles help create a resourceful charm in the low-born heroine, who is nevertheless a lady, and her struggles and her triumph rouse increasing interest and sympathy until the final page is reached. *Arminel* captivates the

² *Arminel of the West*. By JOHN TREVENA. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

reader as she did her husband's grim relatives, though that reader is forced to confess that there is a break somewhere in the character-presentation, and that the heroine of the latter part of the book is a distinctly different person from the girl who bears her name in the earlier pages.

It is a relief, after the many tales in which the appeal of Devon is rendered with a bit too much apple-blossom and clotted cream, to find a semi-realistic treatment of this corner of England and its inhabitants. Mr. Trevena has a graphic touch in presenting both, and the charm of country-side and country-folk gains by reason of his truthfulness. Real beauty and genuine idyllic charm appear at moments.

The pity is that an author, keen in perceiving, undoubtedly clever in plotting situations, does not approach in a somewhat different manner the situations he has created. One objects, not to that which happens in the tale, but to the author's way of telling what happens. A wrong note, a suggestion now and then of flippancy in dealing with sex-questions, a relish in recording the practices and the moral lapses of both the peasantry and their betters, interfere with full enjoyment of the book. We have a right to demand dignity of treatment where we no longer demand reserve. It decreases, too, in lamentable fashion, the power of the satirical underplot, wherein are set forth the sins of a clergyman, whose gospel of self-control, never once applied to his own life, brings to his daughter an absolutely logical but most cruel fate; worst of all, it lessens the appeal of the story of the rector's wife, wherein the everlasting dilemma of sex reaches grimmest tragedy.

Many kinds of instant relief are experienced in coming to *Septimus*; ¹ the half year's output of fiction would be depressing indeed but for this homely figure, God's fool. Mr. Locke, perhaps the kindest spirit in English letters since Lamb, has a way of carrying you into a region

¹ *Septimus*. By W. J. LOCKE. New York: John Lane Company.

above your noblest convictions and your most insistent ideals, a very good world to which to be taken. Here simple goodness, in the form of absolute unselfishness, not only exists, but is unconscious of itself; and Mr. Locke achieves the impossible, here, as in *The Beloved Vagabond*, in making such goodness seem real. A few hours with him are always a summer vacation for the soul; better a few grains of this ripened wisdom than harvests of pungent criticism, or systems, invincible on paper, of social regeneration. After all, what achievement is finer than such fine understanding of humanity's best?

The plot of *Septimus* is, as might be expected, simplicity itself. The magnificent heroine, Zora, going out into the great world to search for its hidden treasure, finds it, but does not wholly recognize it in *Septimus*; the story of his great service to her through the rescue of the sister she loves, and of the way in which *Septimus* quite unexpectedly comes to his own is for the author to tell. The delicacy and reserve of Mr. Locke's manner in dealing with a situation full of possibilities in the way of unpleasant suggestion is something for which to give thanks in comparing him with those of his contemporaries who love to say or to hint that which is better left unsaid. The ending of the tale has his own stamp, humanly if not romantically satisfying. There are no complications, no subtleties in structure, and few surprises, yet the tale is fully told, and the charity which believeth all things, hopeth all things, becomes, in incident and in creation of character, visible, tangible, credible.

Of the few people whose fortunes make up the story, the magnificent heroine herself, Zora, is the least real, a man's woman, whose creator appreciates her spectacular effect better than her inner nature. The effort to make her produce upon the reader the effect she produces upon *Septimus* is not entirely successful. Next comes Clem Sypher, "friend of humanity;" surely no one but Mr. Locke would have thought of so extreme an ex-

pression of faith in humanity as making the inventor and promoter of a patent medicine believe in it himself! Naturally the character-study of the book centres in the insignificant Septimus, with the touch of the grotesque in his appearance, and his flawless soul. If the book misses something of the golden glow which attends the footsteps of the Beloved Vagabond, the witchery of strange paths through southern lands and through human souls, it gains in subtlety of character interpretation. Here we have less broad laughter, less broad pathos, something a bit less obvious, to be discovered by search.

Mr. Locke, inheritor of more than one tradition of the English novel, does not scorn its ancient function of teaching, though none of his predecessors have succeeded in concealing so definite a doctrine behind so whimsical a smile. The way the touch and shock of experience act upon all the characters, the purifying processes even of sin itself, make up a creed of belief in life, refreshing in a world full of questioning and doubt.

Mr. Locke's manner of writing is different alike from the analytical and the anecdotal styles of his contemporaries. It is a dainty, whimsical art, full of delicate suggestions and significant omissions and eloquent silences, and it owes much to Laurence Sterne.

"Septimus," said Sypher, 'is one of the children of God.'

"But he's a little bit incoherent on earth," she rejoined with a smile." . . .

"Those whom God had joined together" . . .

"He did n't," snapped Cousin Jane. 'They were joined together by a scrubby man in a registry office.'

"This is a wild and unjust way in which women talk. For aught Cousin Jane knew, the Chelsea Registrar might have been an Antinous for beauty." . . .

"Bah, mon vieux," said Hegisippe, 'what are you talking about? You owe me nothing.'

"I owe you three lives," said Septimus."

The last marks Mr. Locke's way of announcing the advent of Bébé. That power of the single thrust, of the word that speaks volumes, is almost equal to Sterne's own. To Sterne's manner also can be traced those odd tangents of thought, representing a kind of pun in idea, not mere word. So rare in our modern prose is the power of imaginative suggestion, that one gives a double welcome to Mr. Locke's art. Ideas nowadays are carved out as with a sharp knife in very definite outlines, and set down before you with a thud, so limited, definite, and tangible that you often get no further than the outlines; hence the great relief in finding an artist whose touch sets your imagination at work, and starts your mind in quest of subtler ideas and images than those written down.

It must be confessed that the late output of American fiction is distinctly inferior to the English, in imaginative power, depth of feeling, and, though this is perhaps the greatest blow of all to our pride, in quality of humor. When the British mind detaches itself sufficiently from the solid mass of the race to realize significances and to play, we get a humor that is rich and sweet, and more profound than our own. Their novelists have been doing better work than ours, though they have done nothing "choicely good;" and nothing comparable to Miss Sinclair's *Divine Fire* has been produced lately. So thin in quality, so lacking in depth and in richness, is most of the fiction recently produced on this side of the water, that one begins to wonder if there is something in our climate or our soil that prevents this species from taking deep root. *The Atlantic* would not suggest as news the self-evident fact that the great American novel has not appeared in the last six months, though this assertion would seem to convict the publishers of misunderstanding. The great English novels of earlier days stay unchallenged on their shelves, unless, indeed, we take them down and plunge into them for pure relief.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

COURTESY OF MIND

At a casual glance these words may not imply all they really stand for. They may seem to mean merely the knack of listening well, — although one should apologize for the word "merely" in this connection. To listen well is not merely a bit of luck; it is no slight accomplishment, no second-hand virtue. It is always a quietly attractive charm, and one deserving a higher place than it gets in any list of good resolutions. Just here one is tempted to add, that if to listen well is worth something, certainly the art of knowing when not to talk at all is worth more; for even the most garrulous of us likes now and then a pause. The man or woman who unremittingly ploughs through people's ideas, regardless of the conversational soil, may be a good, steady workman, but is none the less a bore. The pleasure of many a drive, a sail, or a summer's-day walk, has been quite spoiled by the one member of the party who felt it necessary to "keep things going." We do not always want our minds to be cut into furrows. There are times when we long to let them lie fallow, absorbing color and sound, and the hundred and one little impressions of sky and grass, or the warmth of a restful room.

But to return to our phrase. Courtesy of mind implies more than conversational good manners, more than a willing quietness. It means, first of all, a genuine respect for the other person's opinion, a desire to hear that opinion expressed, and an eagerness to modify one's own if something better can be learned. Have you never noticed how many people state their own views clearly, and then relapse into a state of nervous inattention while others speak? It may be done unconsciously, but its very unconsciousness is the more telling. When the first speaker's

turn comes again, he takes up the argument where he dropped it, as if nothing had been heard during the interval, no modifying impression received. Like the farmer in the Berkshires, who could not see the view because the hills were in the way, so we fail to see the next man's point because our own looms too large on the horizon. Indeed, just as one may be bright, yet crude; clever in speech, yet dull in the gentle art of understanding; so one may grasp firmly and with clear-mindedness big intellectual problems, yet fail to bring forth this finer flower of culture and of a loving heart — courtesy of mind. Its roots lie deep in unselfishness, and it grows only in the clear air of tolerance and the bright light of an open mind.

A deeper reason for cultivating this infrequent charm is the sincere wish to help other people think through their difficulties and solve their individual problems. To do this we must make them feel that they have our full attention, our responsive interest, and that every shade of feeling which they express is worth hearing. A kindly priest of the Roman church once said to the writer in speaking of the confessional, "The average sin told me is of a gross nature; there are rarely any subtle distinctions of conscience to be decided. I could tell instantly what should be done; but you can't do that; you must let the people talk; let them tell it all. It does them good." There is no doubt that this priest has gained the unusual power of understanding which he possesses, as much by his unflinching courtesy as by any more brilliant quality.

After all "courtesy of mind" is but an often overlooked phase of unselfishness, and its secret is expressed in the quiet lines of a quiet hymn, —

A heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathize.

THE CONFIDANTIST

IN these days when quaint ministering agencies — cleverly commercialized, perhaps, but nevertheless helpful — are springing up on all sides, there seems to the writer to be distinctly a place for the Confidantist. The word is obviously coined to mean one who makes a business of receiving confidences. Confidante would not answer as the dictionary has it. Read the elegant words of Dryden, considerably appended to the definition by way of illustration: —

You love me for no other end
Than to become my confidante and friend;
As such I keep no secret from your sight.

Exactly! "Confidante and friend." But your Confidantist might or might not be your friend. It is the noun-suffix "ist," denoting one who practices, that saves the day.

First, the need of the Confidantist. It must have been apparent to all that every man — and woman — must, at some time, confide in some one. Suppose the case of an unhappy husband who is depressed by a friction between himself and his wife, and who, after brooding long over it, feels he must tell of it. To whom shall he go? His doctor will hardly do. His minister will come nearer; but perhaps he has none, being, let us imagine, a backslider and a bit shy of the clergy. Pride or actual fear of advice may deter him from confiding in his friends. But suppose, too, there is a Confidantist in the next block. The gentleman can relieve his mind for a nominal charge, and no one will be the wiser, except possibly himself. Expression may mend his sense of proportion, and show him what a molehill after all was his mountain.

The duties of the Confidantist would be simple and few. First, and perhaps last, he would need to listen sympathetically. Whether or not he should actually offer advice, particularly unpleasant advice, would depend on his discretion. Some of his "patients" — if the word is permitted — would not want it. Advice

might be legitimately included in his field, however, and so render him tremendously influential. Strangers stranded in the city might seek to escape their loneliness simply by talking to him, and in such case, of course, he would need to take, at least, a small part in the conversation.

It may be objected that the so-called heart-to-heart columns of the newspapers and periodicals fill the need of the Confidantist; but while they prove it, are they not often inadequate to fill it? To an extent, of course, writing relieves a man's mind, but it cannot be compared to talking. Most of us talk more easily than we write. Moreover, unless a man wants advice or an answer to a question, he does not write to these columns at all, and his case remains unhelped. But, supposing he does want advice. The spoken word counts for more than cold, unfeeling type. The personality of the Confidantist would be his capital; that and his ability to listen sympathetically. The personality of the patient would also be of importance. Many printed replies to questions would be very different if the editor could meet his correspondent. But, as has already been hinted, many would visit a Confidantist merely to confide in him, and in their cases writing would be of no help.

Who cannot think for himself of beneficent results following the Confidantist? One alone would justify his existence: the harmless disposal of ideas, which, to express it inelegantly, have been kept too long. We all know that some thoughts, if unexpressed, become dangerous to the thinker. We say they work in. Or if they work out at the wrong time, they may take form in action harmful to others. In either case, some one is bound to suffer. If such thoughts had been confided to a Confidantist at the logical moment, that is, when they were ripe for expression, they would have passed off naturally and painlessly.

The very fact that a fee would be charged (which should be based on a sliding scale, whereby the longer and drearier a patient's story the higher the

charge) would induce many conscientious people who might otherwise suffer in silence to share their burdens with another. They would not scruple at distressing the listener if they were paying him for the privilege. Again, many would tell the Confidantist what they would tell no one else on earth, because they could be sure their confidences would never be repeated.

But another result not to be despised would be that we should possibly be protected from being confided in quite so often. The writer happens to follow a pursuit which seems particularly calculated to expose him to the confidences of total strangers. If there were enough Confidantists, he might reasonably expect to be spared. He therefore humbly offers the suggestion, hoping that some one may begin the profession of "confidentializing." Although his experiences have led him to suppose he might be a success in this line himself, he lacks the pioneer spirit to lead forth.

Hasten the day when we may behold such signs as this in golden letters:—

A. B. SMITH

CONFIDANTIST

Office Hours, 9-10 A. M. and 2-4 P. M.

FROUDE'S DEVONSHIRE: A SKETCH

It is one of the quietest and loveliest, one of the cosiest and most restful of all the picturesque and fascinating corners on the coast of far-famed Devonshire. On the day I spent in Salcombe the blue of the summer sky arched brilliantly above the quiet harbor, and a gentle breeze was lending just a few slight wrinkles to the tide-borne waters which were moving up between the rolling hills.

I had gone there because of my interest in the life and writings of the historian Froude, — for it was there, a few miles distant from the village of his birth, that Froude had lived for many years, and

there, in accordance with his wishes, he was buried.

The two abiding passions of Froude's life, it seems, were Devonshire and the sea. In the midst of a career of deep research and constant literary toil, he often longed for the shaded lanes and fragrant fields and sheltered harbors of his native county, where he might rest and be at peace; while of the sea itself, which never is more beautiful than off the cliffs and downs of southern England, he wrote and spoke with fervor and devotion to the last. "To a man of middle-age," he declared in his *Sea-Studies*, "whose occupations have long confined him to the unexhilarating atmosphere of a library, there is something unspeakably delightful in a sea-voyage. . . . Above our heads is the arch of the sky, around is the ocean, rolling free and fresh as it rolled a million years ago, and our spirits catch a contagion of the elements."

James Anthony Froude was born in Dartington, a little village of South Devon, some ten or a dozen miles from Dartmouth, on the upper waters of the famous stream from which both places take their names. The "Parsonage," or Rectory, which was his boyhood home, — for his father was rector of the church at Dartington, and archdeacon of Totnes, — is crouched demurely in an angle of two cross-roads, some way back from the quiet highways, and underneath great trees. It is a typically English house, — long, and low, and dignified, yet distinctly homelike, — with heavy ivy clinging to the walls, and roses creeping boldly up, and looking shyly in at the open door. The pretty entrance porch is on a level with the winding drive, and broad, deep windows reach down to the lawn, and open on a quiet garden at the side. It was here that Froude was born and grew to manhood; and it was here that he imbibed a love of outdoor life, together with an interest in the wild adventures and the weird romance of history.

Not half a mile from the rectory is Dartington Hall, — one of the most inter-

esting and beautiful old manor-houses in all England, — adjoining which, with stately tower, was his father's church. The Hall was built in the time of Richard II, by a half-brother of the king, and is rich in ruined glory and historic charm. It was the early home, I believe, of Katharine Champernowne, the mother of Sir Walter Raleigh; and the Champernowne family, after five long centuries of ownership, are still in proud possession of the great estate. Archdeacon Froude and the lord of the manor in his day were close and constant friends; and the churchman, who was something of an architect as well, designed the pretty lodge which stands at the gateway of the noble park. It was natural therefore that the rector's son should freely roam about the ancient Hall, and dream the dreams of splendid pageants which were held there in the days of Queen Elizabeth and earlier.

Moreover, close behind both Hall and rectory there lie deep stretches of dark wood, which are softly bound around by the silver girdle of the Dart. The woods and stream supplied the boy with a natural and enchanting playground, which, so far as the river was concerned, was almost equally a school. The youth no doubt had sometimes taken boat, and gone upon the ebb of the hurrying tide to Dartmouth, the famous harbor at the river mouth, whence so many brave and gallant men had embarked in other days to sail the Spanish Main, and engage in dangerous expeditions of discovery. As he rowed back on the force of the swirling flood, he passed beneath the front of Greenway House, high perched upon a wooded bank, the early home of Sir Walter Raleigh and the Gilberts. Beyond, in a quiet cove, lay Sandridge Farm, the birthplace of John Davis, who gave his name to Davis Straits. If scenery and surroundings have any influence on character and destiny, — as it can hardly be doubted that they have, — we might trace to the romance and beauty of the whole neighborhood of his birthplace something of the freshness and fervor of the

historian's character, and the grace and vivid splendor of his style in writing.

Much of Froude's entire life, as I have said, was associated with this special section of what he called his "beloved Devon." It was in Torquay, some ten miles distant from the village of his birth, that he preached his first and only sermon. He lived and worked for a time in Babacombe, another famous spot in Devonshire, a suburb of Torquay, where great red cliffs of rock and clay reach down, all belted with green shrubs and ferns, and bathe their sandy feet in the blue and gray of the changeful sea. Finally, the happiest, longest, and most restful days of his somewhat troublous life were spent at Salcombe, a little crevice in the cliffs between old Plymouth and Dartmouth.

It is not unlikely that these same surroundings, when looked at from another point of view, had much to do with the special work in life to which he gave himself with earnest purpose and a long-continued passion. Leaving aside his general and perhaps instinctive love of history, the things in history which most appealed to Froude were *men*, and the men he loved best to write about were men of *action*, men who *did* things, and engaged in fearless enterprises, whether in religious or in worldly things. But these were just the kind of men that Devonshire had wondrously produced, — those men who wrought so much upon the sea to render glorious the age of Queen Elizabeth. It was from Dartmouth, almost within sight of his native village, that Raleigh and Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed away on voyages of great discovery. Drake and Hawkins, the two most famous sea-fighters of the same, or almost any age, were reared and trained in Plymouth, which was only a few miles farther distant. Moreover, it was in Plymouth, as everybody knows, that the English fleet lay quietly at anchor awaiting Philip's great Armada, and it was thence that it sailed forth boldly to achieve its stupendous victory. It all took place in this quiet neighborhood where he was

born, and where in his later years he lovingly returned to live. As Kingsley, also a Devon man and lover, wrote his absorbing stories of *Westward Ho!* and *Two Years Ago*, which abound in local color, so Froude selected for his central theme in history the age which culminated in the sinking of Spain's giant fleet.

Besides all this, the southern shore of Devonshire is not without its relics and mementos of the great encounter. In Torquay is the "Spanish Barn," — a portion of old Tor Abbey, — so called because a batch of Spanish prisoners from a captured galleon were held there. The church at Dartmouth, I believe, has a pulpit taken from a vessel of the fleet; for Philip sent his navy forth equipped with religious furniture as well as instruments of war. And in Plymouth the tourist still may take his stand upon the famous Hoe, where the English captains were engaged in a game of bowls when news was brought that the Spaniards were in sight.

Such things as these may well have stirred the fancy, as they kindled high the admiration, of young Froude. He read of them as he browsed at will within his father's library, or wandered through the ruined Hall so near his early home. Perhaps he heard them talked of as a boy by the fishermen and sailors at the mouth of the historic river that flowed near his door; while among the friends and neighbors of his father's household were not a few descendants of the great sea-captains of the sixteenth century.

On a radiant summer day I made a pilgrimage to the little niche upon the seashore that he loved so well in life, and where he stipulated that his body should be laid in death. The village of Salcombe is tucked away upon a long thin arm of the neighboring sea, and nestles back upon a shoulder of green hill which rises sheer and soft from the water's edge. The little town is sheltered so tenderly and completely from the cold winds of the north that winter scarcely ever touches it with frigid hand and icy breath. The

seasons come and go with a minimum of change. Groves of ilex trees, in gray and silver, wave their branches on the hillside. Oranges and citrons flourish in the open air the whole year round. All is peace and quiet and retirement and beauty, with the nearest railway six miles distant, and glorious vistas up the tidal estuary, and out beyond into the boisterous sea. It is an ideal spot for days of alternating work and rest, of toil and recreation.

Froude's garden-wall was washed by the ebb and flow of the ceaseless tides, and his study-windows opened on the quiet harbor, which was often white with sails of yachts and fishing-vessels. As he walked along the solemn cliffs, or fished in the waters that he loved so well, or sailed across the shining waves that broke in white confusion on the famous headland of "the Start," he was looking off to the very spot where the English vessels opened fire on Spain's great Armada. There, in a house that hung above the ruins of a castle built by Henry III, he wrote a large part of his brilliant history. There, at a later time, he prepared for the press his popular *Short Studies*, and wrote that graphic *Sketch of Cæsar* which he thought the best of all his books. And there, in the shortening days of a mellow autumn, he waited with calm patience for the dark-sailed ship of death to come and bear him on his last long voyage out beyond the familiar headlands to the waters of the great uncharted sea. Within sound almost of the rippling tides and the whispering waves, may be found the final resting-place of a Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford.

CONCERNING CHOICE SENTIMENTS

I AM not referring to those abstract sentiments of love and loyalty, and honesty and patriotism, which I hope have taken root in the soil of my mind, and which may, it is still more devoutly to be hoped, bring forth fruit in their season;

but I am referring now to those sentiments which are printed in red and green and gold, in the most artistic of type, on the choicest of cream-colored paper, or, perchance, are passe-partouted with funereal black edges, and neatly hung by rings from the back.

The sentiments are beautiful, ennobling; but what under the sun shall we do with them all — not the sentiments, but the reiterated expression of them? The things burden me, and, to tell the truth, not only do the oft-repeated phrases themselves become trite, but I grow positively hostile to them, after having them "rubbed in," as it were, season after season.

The first printed sentiment of the sort to which I refer, which came to me nine or ten years ago, gave me great pleasure. It was that paragraph from William Henry Channing, known, far and wide, as *My Symphony*. I hung my dainty card, from its cord of dull blue silk, up in my room, and was greatly elevated by the perusal of it. "To live content with small means" — certainly that was the road to bliss, and I decided that I could be happier listening to "babes and sages" than using the pink lustre tea-set which I had been coveting each time that I passed the window of a certain antique shop.

But by the time that I had been presented with *six* of those symphonies, — every possible anniversary for the next year bringing one or more, — I grew antagonistic, and read, with rebellion in my heart, "To live content with small means" and went out and bought a marabout boa, which I knew I could n't afford (the pink lustre tea-set had been taken from the antique-shop window before this). Then I packed away every blessed one of those symphonies in a drawer of my desk, and went to a club meeting in that distracting feather boa, with an unholly joy in my soul.

The *Footpath to Peace* was next sent to me. I thought the first one lovely, as indeed it was — so they all are; but by the end of two years I had trod so many

footpaths to peace that there was n't a particle of room left in my soul for flowers or fruit, or even grass to grow; it was positively dusty with footpaths.

The *Goodnight* sentiment — "Sleep sweet within this quiet room" — pleased me mightily the first time and the second that I saw it, and even on the fifth I still remained peaceful; but by the *tenth*, I was in such state of mind that, when I found it in the guest-chamber where I was visiting, I could n't get to sleep for at least half an hour — and I am naturally one of those sleepers who simply "shut their eyes and go," conscience or a late supper notwithstanding.

I was having a season of the blues, partly from an attack of malaria and partly because Dick had lost a lot in copper, the first time that that sentiment about turning your clouds "wrong side out to show the lining" was given to me, and I braced right up, and turned my silver lining (though I did wish it was copper!) to the world, with great spirit; but by the time sympathizing friends had sent me *nine* of those things, I was rebellious clear through, and would n't even pretend or try to "turn my cloud about"!

This is all very wrong, I know; as wrong as when, at the age of twelve, I was required for the third time to begin at the beginning and read the Bible through (a chapter a day and three for Sundays), and suddenly felt that life was becoming unendurable, and stamped my foot and declared that I hated the Bible, — to the unending horror of the good aunt who was trying to lead my willful soul along the paths of righteousness — but some way I can't seem to help it.

It's an awful state of mind to be in, and I am properly worried about the tendencies of my own soul, but I am also perplexed as to what I shall do with the things themselves!

Six *Symphonies*, eight *Footpaths to Peace*, four *Goodnights*, nine *Clouds with Silver Linings*, seven *Smiles*, three *R. L. S.'s*, four *Lovesome Gardens*, and no-

body knows how many *Listens* by week after next!

I can't send them to my best friends on their birthdays, because they have sent them to me, and besides they must themselves have a stock sufficient to set up a store. One thinks of the missionaries, of course; but I have a horrible feeling that everybody else has thought of them, too, in this same connection, and that the walls of their domiciles are so hung with passe-partouted *Footpaths* and *Symphonies* that they could n't find a place for a real jolly poster even if we should be so misguided as to send them one. And then suppose that a poor missionary's wife, out on the frontier, should get, in the course of time, to feel as I do about them, what an awful responsibility to add to the weight of sin on her already exhausted conscience!

What do other people do with their "sentiments," I'd like to know, after they have accumulated them by the dozens? I really feel the need of advice. I *should* like to do the reasonable thing.

But sometimes — I blush to write it — I almost wish Dick had invested his money in a printing-press instead of in copper; the printing of "sentiments" must be profitable!

IN OUTER DARKNESS

MUSCLES triumphing over the conquered ascent; lungs exulting in the glorious air of the hill-top; meadow and mountain stretching dim and blue before your eyes; breezes of heaven lifting your hair, and a joy beyond understanding in your heart — and yet you are in outer darkness, for you have not picked one specimen to analyze, and you do not even remember whether it is cinquefoil or blueberry bushes through which you have been scrambling.

This is not a vindication that I am about to attempt, — for this reason if for no other, that I myself am in outer darkness, and can hardly expect much weight

to attach to argument proceeding from that negligible region. Neither is my spirit the spirit of those strange persons who glory in their limitations, and proclaim with ill-masked complacency that they dislike poetry or do not care for classical music. With my last breath I stand ready to defend the poor sort of pleasure in nature that is mine own; but I recognize a great lack in myself, I confess a black ignorance, and from my soul I respect the naturalist.

Let me own the worst at once. I am one of those who know only the commonest birds, only the commonest flowers, and no stones at all. There is a confusion in our minds regarding stalactites, pyrites, and stylites. If confronted with it, we can recognize a field of daisies, and if it is sun-drenched and wind-swept we are almost certain not to pass it by unnoticed; we know a smoky spray of asters when we see it, and we like it; but for the most part the roadside tangle or the meadow carpet is a closed book to us, fair to look at, but mysterious to consider. As for birds, the return of robins in the spring excites us immensely; we are aware that the sight of a crow flying northward is encouraging; and we think bluebirds very pretty. Some little modest knowledge of bird-notes we may have. We identify immediately, at any distance, the cheerful responses of cocks; and when a partridge bounces up from under our feet we know perfectly well, after a moment, what it is that has deafened us; but we make no pretension to fine skill in discriminating. However, we do not sit at the symphony with our ears stuffed with cotton. It is true that if a list of the performers' names should be handed to us, we could not fit them to their owners, and that we are not always sure whether that fresh burst of music is a different piece or only another movement of the same one; but we listen with all our ears, and while we do not know much, we know enough not to applaud if we are hoping for an encore.

Perhaps you are of our inglorious com-

pany, and know all about it. You too have loved the wild rose and left it on its stalk; and left it with a suspicion that possibly it was not a wild rose at all, there are other blossoms so similar. You too, at the sudden rush, crackle, and crashing in the autumn woods, have known the fearful joy of feeling yourself within arm's length of whatever wild wood-creature your fancy might select — a joy out of the reach of the more sophisticated, who know the volume of sound that should accompany the transit of rabbit, bear, or mouse, and cannot taste the delight of uncertainty. And you, too, alas! have suffered the contempt of the instructed — contempt sometimes impatient, sometimes tolerant, sometimes pitying, sometimes even sorrowful, always deep.

How blind they think you, and how dull, the other people at the inn! You come down some perfect morning, with the blood racing so fast in your veins that if the breakfast were less good you could not stop for it, in your desire to be out and away. You mention the goal that you have chosen. Some one asks if you can find walking fern on the way. You cannot tell. You only know that the woodland you take dips down through Arden, Sherwood, Arcadia, all the enchanted places known to man in one; and this fact you suppress, as scientifically unsatisfying. Some one else asks if any glacial boulders can be seen from the hilltop for which you are bound. Again you cannot say. You know that the hilltop is the spot nearest heaven that you have yet discovered, but you are not so foolish as to offer this bit of information to an eager geologist. When you decline a proffered field-glass, a very fine one, they wash their hands of you. They have done their best to stimulate your apperceptive centres, but wanton obstinacy is best left to go its own way. So down the road you swing, the sun on your face and the wind in your eyes, blind and dull, — you freely admit it, — but, in your mulish way, so royally content!

You have a wonderful morning. Your

mood is not intellectual, it is perhaps barely intelligent; but you never miss your brain in the exaltation of — of what? Is it after all only your glorified senses? It feels remarkably like soul. You are immoderately amused by the mannerisms of a preposterous brigade of ducks that troop across your path: could a bird-expert, stalking a hermit thrush, spare so much enthusiasm for a domestic duck? Was that odd, angular rock near the bridge deposited by a glacier or by a dump-cart? You are glad that you need not decide. If the beauty of the early morning was a thing to gasp at in the glitter of the dew, it mellows and deepens from hour to hour. If you started feeling half tipsy, you return feeling like an archangel.

At luncheon, the talk is all of polypody and fly amanita. Some one has found delightful specimens; some one else disputes their identity; discussion grows warm; and at last chairs are simultaneously pushed back, and there is a quick adjournment to the piazza, where the causes of war are lying neatly on newspapers. You are feeling pleasantly fatigued, well-fed, and companionable; and sitting down by the naturalists, on the edge of the piazza, you ask some light question. Then are you relegated to your proper place in outer darkness. Some one turns an absent stare upon you; the rest do not hear you; your careless inquiry receives not even a careless answer; cries of delight and cries of dissent are going up; and every head but yours is bent over specimens, microscope, and reference-book.

It is stupid, no doubt, it is obstinate, it is wrong-headed; but as the excited wrangling rises upon the air, it is pleasant to lean your averted head against a pillar, to stare with dreamy eyes at the blue hills against the far-away sky, to listen to some bird — Heaven knows *what* bird: a thrush, perhaps, a cuckoo, or a pelican, for all you care — piping divine melody in the wood below the hill, and to feel that it all is very good.

